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BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.
Class 24

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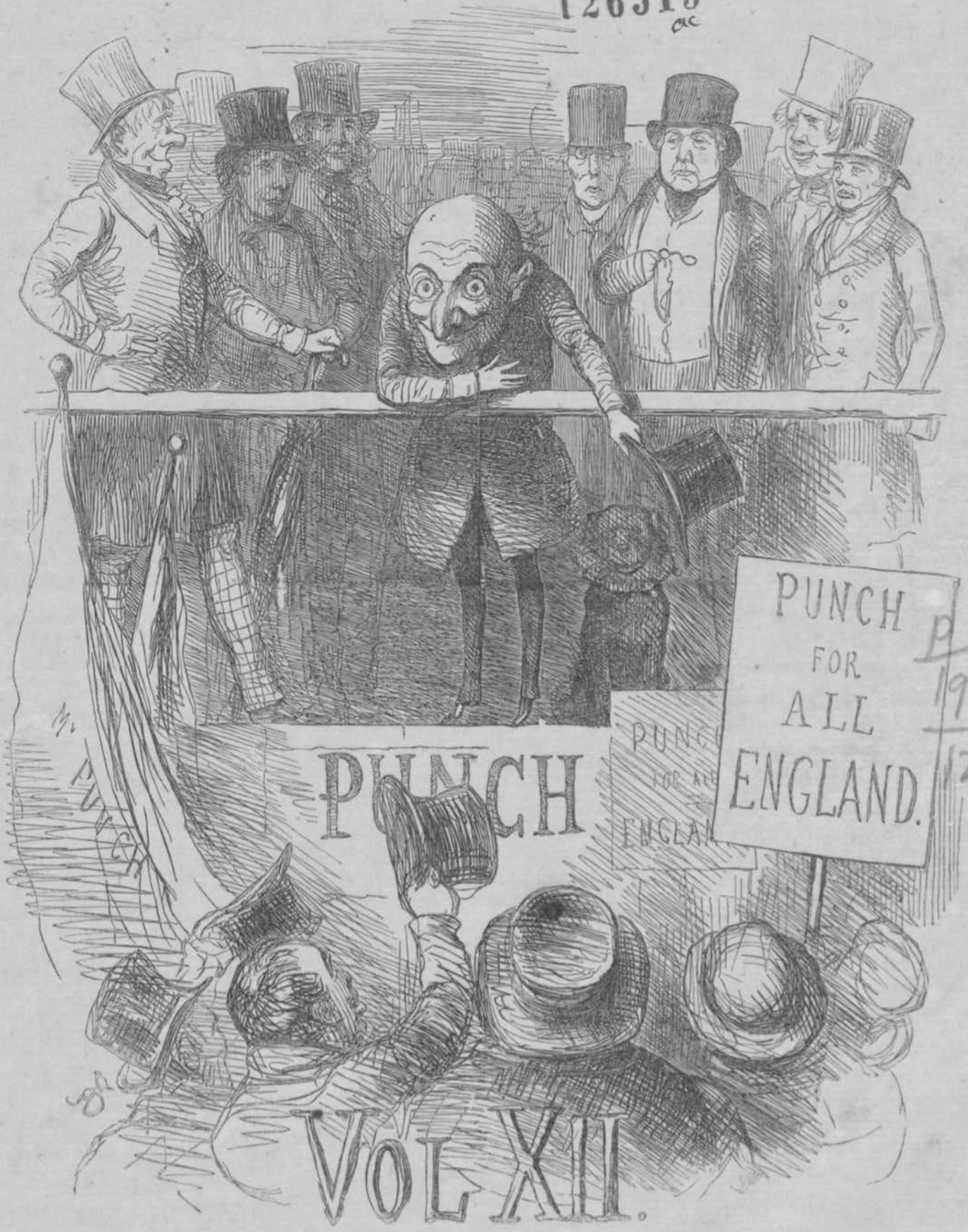

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1847.

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LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PRUDENT, wise, and happy men who have selected their libraries as a squirrel lays by his winter hoard—without one decayed or hollow nut in the lot—have, of course, on their shelves the ELEVEN VOLUMES OF PUNCH. There they stand—(hear you not HANDEL'S organ ?)—

"In burning row!"

On the shelves of Windsor Castle Library, *Punch* has eleven magnificent coats of gorgeous crimson, "smeared with gold." For, representing English Letters and English Art, *Punch* is the pet of the Palace, and is cherished by his QUEEN and his Prince with a condescending tenderness unknown even to royal pups and royal parrots. How often has a Cabinet Council broken up, leaving some state riddle still unsolved, when, not to mention names, the Highest Lady in the Land has consulted the crimson-coated *Punch*, and straightway the enigma has been clear as sunbeam!

Amid the shades of venerable Lambeth, clothed in morocco of episcopal purple, and shouldered on either side by tall saints and corpulent fathers, stands *Punch*—the delight and monitor of Archbishops; Bishops; Deans; Prebends; and Church Pluralists—(holy men, with twenty hands, and a loaf or a fish in either of them)—in particular!

In the Court of Chancery, bound—(the word has a terrible significance)—in law-calf, *Punch*, dilated into Eleven Volumes, gives a fragrance to mustiness, and casts a rosy colour upon parchment, that then does *not* appear the dead, discoloured skin of flayed Justice.

From Palace Library to swing-shelf or cupboard of Two-pair back, does *Punch*, in his Eleven Volumes—coated, now in Imperial velvet, now in decent cloth—stand as the Guide, Philosopher, and Friend of rejoicing thousands. His Volumes are now the Press Lares, the Household Gods (with an additional two every twelvemonth) of English homes.

Well, *Punch* blandly requests any one or all of his million readers to refer to his First Volume. *Punch* came upon the political stage with the present moribund Parliament. *Punch* felt that he had fulfilled his mission in the streets and highways of life, and resolved to take higher ground. In his First Volume he published his Address; a meek, modest, little manifesto, whose chariness of profession is most delightfully, most tremendously, contrasted by universality of deed. *Punch* hates a cock-a-doodle crow of triumph, as he hates the undertaker note of the raven; nevertheless, *Punch* will do a violence to his besetting modesty, by asking of every member of the House of Commons—who began *his* functions about the very time that *Punch* first made his bow on paper—if *he* can think of his promises to his constituency with that pleasant dilatation of the heart affecting *Punch* when contemplating the modest proposals in his first number, with the enlarging achievements, the growing triumphs of the past six years! Talk of the doings of St. Stephens! Pooh!—ponder on the conquests of *Saint Punch!*

Why doth *Punch* refer to these his early days? Why doth he ask the reader—(*i. e.* all the A. B. C. world)—to cast an eye upon that modest paragraph that, nearly six years since, like a small phylactery, was worn about the brow of infant *Punch*—sweet, foolscap baby, fed on printer's ink?—For this one reason: to measure, if the reader's imagination will do it, the future doings of *Punch* by the past.

The Sun, that lights the world, makes no professions of splendour—neither does *Punch*. He shines, and never talks about it. The Sun does not say—"Ladies and Gentlemen below, I will get up to-morrow." Certainly not; but he does it. Neither will *Punch* say *what* he will do in the course of the next Parliament; but he will do it.

And is *Punch* surprised at what the last six years have made him? Certainly not: he expected it, intended it.

Once upon a time, the wind shook an acorn to the ground. The swine were munching their meal; thousands of acorns were swallowed. But this one acorn fell into a nice soft piece of earth; and the dews fell upon it, and in a brief time it seemed to open its mouth, and then it said—"I am now but an acorn; but I will grow into a huge oak; and I will become part of a ship that shall sail to all corners of the world, bearing about all sorts of good things in my hold; and carrying the white flag of peace at my mast-head to all nations." Now this acorn was *Punch*.

At this election time, when so many men may ask how often they have turned themselves inside out by their votes, and may therefore doubt another appeal to "an enlightened constituency"—*Punch*, certain of his re-election, says nothing, but points to his now completed Twelve Volumes!

And the nation uplifts its millions of hands, and—with a laugh and a shout—exclaims—"We Vote for Punch!"

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

AFTER A PARENTHESIS, THE GENERAL DISCOURSES UPON CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

EFORE I go on with this little account of the Britishers, I may jist sot down two or three lines in answer to a cloud of letters that has come upon me from citizens of America, located in this country. Many on 'em—and Mr. Bancroft in special, our ambassador—fault me for what they call the imperfect use of my mother tongue. Well, I can't say: praps they're right, and praps they're wrong. But the truth is, they do speak the wust English in London—and in special about the squares—that any critter ever heerd on this airth. And when it's remembered, as it ought to be, how much I have mixed in high life—that is, how many tables of the aristocracy I 've danced my hornpipe at evenin parties upon—some allowance, I think, might be made for any error or so of a mistake in, what Barnum has told me to call, "the hurry of composition." Howsumever, when I 'm once clear of these British critters, and am agin under the wings of the Columbian eagle, my English—Barnum is ready to wager it—will come agin purer than ever. Shouldn't wonder.

As I do not belittle meself to write to the English, but to the citizens of inlightened America, I shall break off for a leetle bit from my 'count of my first appearance at the 'Gyptian Hall, to talk about the way in which the Britishers pass their Christmas; a day which has jist turned round the corner.

In the fir[illegible] place, long afore Christmas, every family begins to fatten its own bullock—its own sheep—and its own pig. They don't feed the critters upon corn and peeches, as in the model republic, but cram 'em with almond cakes, and pine-apples, which, thanks to the West Indies—that will be soon annexed to America, being, in fact, only bits broken off her by an airthquake or somethin o' the sort, and therefore our rightful property,—which pine-apples, I was about to say, are as plenty as periwinkles, and plentier. Well, all the beasts are druv near to Portman-Square; where Prince Albert, as a patron of the fine arts, and the Duke of Cambridge, as the friend and adviser of all the cooks in London, and therefore a mighty stout judge of what jintes of all sorts are—come with a band of music belongin to the Horse Guards—(and you should see how their silver kittle-drums sparkle!)—and give away silver meddles for first prize beef, and bunches of horse-radish for the second.

And after the prizes are given out, all the masters of the workhouses—they are called Unions out of joke, acause they break the weddin-ring in 'em, and part man and wife—all of 'em buy the cattle, and puttin green boughs about their horns, and collars and bows of ribbons round about and all over 'em, drive 'em to the workhouse; and for the pigs and sheep as can't walk, they hire cabs and hackney-coaches. This very Christmas as is gone, the fattest ox was druv to the Union of St. Pancras; but I don't know what for—and when I axed Barnum he wouldn't tell me—the St. Pancras ox was dressed in black ribbons; and so was an ox that was druv to St. Marrowbone.

There will, next Christmas, I have heerd, be a sort of poultry show—kinder fancy fair like—for ladies; so that the lords of the airth, as the men critters call themselves, mayn't have the fat all their own way at the Portman. The ladies and young gals will show their turkies, and their ducks, and their geese, and roosters and hens, and be prized accordin. Only right and proper this. Why should great, big, hulkin men carry away all the meddles for fat beef—(and after all, when they think they're growin meat, they're only makin tarnation dear candles)—and the dear little pussey critters not have so much as a silver thimble for a plump rooster? 'Taint the straight line by no means; when the airth was made, woman was to have half of it; but the truth must be said; we have wronged the pretty critter precious. And how kind she always was and is to us! Never keepin nothin wholly to herself; for as I said to Barnum the other day, who only larfed and couldn't say nothin in answer—when, poor soul, she hadn't no more than one apple, didn't she give Adam half of it?

And so the ladies' poultry show—as Lady Dorcas said to me yesterday—only proves a leetle more of the spirit of the times, and the growin rights of women. (Dear critters! since I've been kissed as I have been, you can't think how I take 'em all to heart.) Lady Dorcas tells me that she's goin to fatten ring-doves upon peppermint-drops; whilst a great agricultural Duchess as she knows, has already got

a pen of turkies crammin on custards, tipsy-cake, and blank-mange. I'll wager one of my dimond studs, that Royal Highness giv me, that the women's poultry, with fair play to back 'em, will beat the cattle. "Tipsy-cake aginst ile-cake," ses I, and not a doubt on the matter.

However, as I'm upon Christmas, I'll tell you all about it—I'll shake you all the flour out of the bag, and more than's in it, as the miller said down east, to COB, the miser, who was buried in a flint-skin waistcoat. Their beef—'xceptin always the prize, which does railly make one think of a candle-stick—is first chop; and their plum-puddin is somehow gathered from all the best eends of the varsal airth. But they have a custom which is terrible to think on, 'specially for young single fellars like me with their hearts to let, and so many pretty critters wantin to take the lodgins.

It is this.—The gals go out on the last moonlight nights afore Christmas, and—now, I've had all this story from LADY DORCAS, and, in course, it's as true as a thunderbolt—and searchin up and down the woods about Lunnun, Highgate, and Hornsey, and Saint John's Wood in particular—they climb up the oak and apple-trees, and cut off branches of mistletoe; a thing that, as a free Republican, I am proud to say does not grow in smart America. Well, they bring home the mistletoe and hang it up wherever it *will* hang in their houses; and there—as LADY DORCAS ses to me—it is no sooner hung, than one Cupid at least goes and perches in it, like a sparrow in a bird's-eye maple; and there he sits, a fingerin his bow and his arrow, awaitin for his prey, like a hunter of old Kentuck for a 'possum.

Well; when a young fellar enters the house, one of the gals lookin as if she wouldn't drink dove's milk, she is so innocent—sidles and sidles right under the mistletoe, and a half-larfin, and a half-poutin, without sayin a word axes the young fellar to come under the 'dentical branch also; and when there—he can't help it; twenty thousand giants couldn't hold him from doin it—he kisses the gal smack; and at the very moment twang goes the bow-string in the mistletoe, like the fiddle-string of OLE BULL—and the young fellar is hit right through his waistcoat, without a drop of blood a showin the wound. Well, now you may larf at me or not, as you like; but in six months that young fellar 's that gal's husband. It was never known to fail. With mistletoe-berries, they make bird-lime—ses LADY DORCAS to me—and with mistletoe they make bride-lime too.

One thing, however, is special good in English Christmas; and it has been specially attended to this Christmas as is jist over. It is this. All the money that was won at cards—from pounds to half-pence—was the very next mornin sent to buy small comforts for the poor of the parish. "BARNUM," ses I, for I'd been very lucky, "BARNUM, take this leetle fifty."

TOO POPULAR BY HALF.

Boy (singing.) "LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, OH LOVER-LY LUCY NEAL, HIF I AD YOU BY MY SI-I-HIDE, OW APPY I SHOULD FEEL!"

A VOICE FROM POPPINS' COURT.

BY A. COCKNEY, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "LECTURES ON ORTHOEPY."

EVERY one knows—or if, perchance,
He knows it not, it matters nought—
If along Fleet Street you advance,
On the left hand is Poppins' Court.

Who POPPINS was, or whence he came,
Authority runs very short
Of telling us, or why the name
Of POPPINS decks that humble court.

But it exists, and has its rights,
And its oppressors must be taught,
That each one who for Freedom fights
Will also fight for Poppins' Court.

"But," the impatient reader cries,
"Cut sentiment and pathos short;
Tell us—Who should the nation rise,
Bent on avenging Poppins' Court?"

Well then, the poet shall be brief;
And, though with passion he is fraught,
He 'll coldly, calmly tell the grief,
The wrongs, the ills of Poppins' Court.

It seems, then, many months ago,
Workmen the little passage sought,
And wooden beams began to throw
From house to house in Poppins' Court.

The natives, of their air bereft,
Their light block'd out by what was brought,
Quickly demanded right and left,
"What would ye do with Poppins' Court?"

A surly answer from a man
At length the natives did extort,
"Those beams across the street we ran
To make a sewer for Poppins' Court."

* * * * * *

Long days, weeks, months, have passed away
Since those huge timbers first were brought,
And nothing has been done, they say,
Towards the new sewer in Poppins' Court.

The beams, which run across the street,
Make lodgers say, "This vast support
Shows we're not safe, let's beat retreat,"
And off they go from Poppins' Court.

Nor will new lodgers take the rooms;
Those rafters danger do import;
They cry—"Who'd come to live in tombs,
Boxed up with wood in Poppins' Court?"

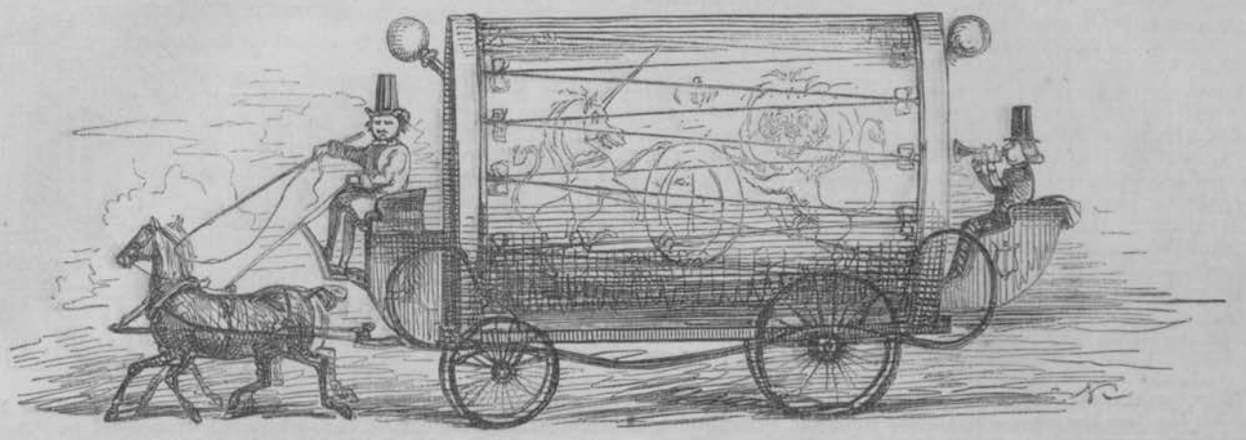
GUN-COTTON VERSUS GUNPOWDER.

IT is said that the manager of some Continental theatre has adopted the use of gun-cotton instead of gunpowder for all dramatic purposes. We confess we do not see the advantage of the change, for the gun-cotton makes very little noise or smoke, which are always most important parts of any grand military spectacle. The only thing gained by the gun-cotton is power; and unless it is intended to add to the *vraisemblance* of a piece by killing the performers in earnest, we think the increased force obtained by the new invention would be rather an objection to its application to theatrical purposes. If mere noiselessness is the object, it may be easily achieved by using toy-guns instead of real fire-arms. It is only the noise that causes the illusion on the stage, and a military *tableau* would be nothing without the smoke, which, gradually clearing off, discloses a brilliant arrangement of victorious troops, lighted up with a blaze of red fire from above, while the vanquished soldiery at their feet are illumined by a quantity of blue, which gives a death-like aspect to their ghastly features.]

NOTICE OF MOTION.

MR HUME to move for a statistical return of sums given away annually in Christmas boxes in Scotland.

MUSICAL MOVEMENTS.



The Monster Drum has left town with Monsieur Jullien, to make a promenade tour through the provinces. It is travelling with two horses, which the talented *maestro* conducts with his usual skill. It forms a very convenient diligence to Monsieur Jullien and his band, the interior being fitted up as a *rotonde*, which will contain twice as many persons as a metropolitan omnibus—that is to say, any indefinite number—and seats being fixed outside to represent a *banquette*. This is occupied, in addition to Monsieur Jullien, by the cornet-à-piston, who plays at intervals the *Post-horn Galop* and the *Postilion Quadrilles*. The ophicleide is only called upon to mimic the "wintry blast" whenever a gate is closed at night, and it is requisite to wake up the sleepy pikeman; which has given Jullien a notion for a new overture in five bars. This Monster Drum is making a great noise wherever it goes. It silences all opposition, and Monsieur Jullien has strong hopes that, after a little bracing exercise, it will fill the whole world with the echoes of its fame. As sound travels quicker in cold weather, it is preceded everywhere by the loudest reports. It was heard of last week in Manchester, though it had only just left London.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Obility. From the Latin *nobilitas*, the class of Nobles. The word *nobiles*, or, as some call it, nobs, simply signifies notables, which leads to the inference that nobility is not-ability. According to an old Latin proverb, *Virtus est sola nobilitas*, Virtue is the only nobility; but if this maxim were enforced, there might be some changes in the House of Peers, which would greatly disturb the present arrangements. A peerage of all the virtues is, after all, rather impracticable; for we cannot fancy the Marquis of Morality, —Viscount Veracity, or the Baron of Benevolence. The only Virtue to whom wealth is generally attributed, is Wisdom, who is said to possess a plentiful stock of pearls, but these pearls are not of the kind usually found in coronets. The only way in which Virtue is connected *ex officio* with the peerage, is by the fact of the members sitting in the House of Lords by virtue of their offices. We have heard of an old quotation to the effect of somebody having made all his nobles "into ninepins." A sad illustration of this occurred in France during the revolution, when all the nobles were treated as ninepins, by being knocked unscrupulously over.

Notary. From *notarius*, a person so called from his habit of taking down the words of a speaker. The modern notary not only takes notes, but brings bills for payment, and takes down the words "No effects," "Not at home," "No orders," or other pithy sentences that are often the only answer to his application. Their chief business, now, is in attesting deeds; but the deeds they in these days most frequently attest is the refusal to honour a bill, which is not so much a deed or thing done, as a person done by the acceptor of the document.

Notes of Hand. A stop-gap to the importunity of creditors.

Note, Bank of England. Pieces of silver paper that may be turned into gold.

Nuisance. From *nocere*, to hurt. Anything which occasions annoyance, damage, or inconvenience. Nuisances are either public or private, and as a specimen of the former, we may point to the fountains in Trafalgar Square, the Wellington Statue, and other works of art in the metropolis. Private nuisances are such as annoy individuals only; as if a man obstructs my ancient lights, either by blocking up my windows, or injuring my eyes by placing his flat in unpleasant propinquity. The remedy for a private nuisance is an action on the case, which I may certainly have if the nuisances, in interfering with my personal views, should have also smashed my spectacles. The abatement of a nuisance is literally beating it down, as was lately done by a baton in the celebrated case of "*Punch versus* the Statue of the Duke of Wellington."

Nun. A mystery to us, from which we beg leave to decline the trouble of attempting to remove the veil.

ARTISTIC POWER.

A provincial critic, speaking of a popular actress, says that "when she ran out to meet her lover she carried the whole of the audience with her." We have heard of pieces "embracing the entire company," but the idea of an actress running off the stage and carrying with her an entire audience, gives us the image of a lady with such a pair of armsfull as it is really painful to contemplate. We make a good deal of allowance for the power of genius, but its strength does not usually consist in such *tours de force* as that which is described by our provincial critic. This beats the ordinary theatrical feat of "bringing the house down," or "eliciting thunders" by electrifying the whole audience.

We have seen occasionally such a "beggarly account of empty boxes" that the most fragile female performer might have "carried the entire audience with her," for it has consisted of a boy and a baby; but we cannot believe a lady, so attractive as our provincial critic's description indicates, could possibly have been in such a desolate position.

BOXING DAY.

Mr John Bull called upon Sir Robert Peel to ask him "to remember that little matter he had promised him four years ago. He meant the Repeal of the Income-Tax. The smallest trifle would do." The answer brought to Mr. Bull was, that Sir Robert "had nothing for him, and to go about his business."

Several authors called at the British Museum, and hoped the Trustees "would not forget them this year, but let them have something upon the Catalogue, anything would be acceptable." They were directed to call again in 1856.

An Old Ancestral Shade.

The *Trinidad Spectator*, in speaking of the Governor of the Island, calls him Lord Harris. We do not believe in the existence of such an individual. We are sure our Trinidadian contemporary is either hoaxed or hoaxing. We hereby give him "notice to produce" the Harris of the nobility. We address to the imaginary Lord the celebrated invocation of *Caspar* to *Zamiel*, "Appear, a Peer!" Whatever faith we may put in the aristocracy, we must say that in the *Harristocracy* we have none at all.

NEW OXFORD STREET AS IT WILL BE.

It appears that the expensive interference caused by the new Building Act has been the cause of weakening instead of strengthening all the houses constructed in conformity with its provisions. When no District Surveyors, Official Referees, and others, were allowed to have a voice in the matter—a voice, by the bye, which is accompanied by charges to a pretty tune—people built their premises substantially enough for their own security. Now that the new Act brings District Surveyors about your ears, your house is likely to tumble about your ears also. We have a representation of what new Oxford Street may shortly become, in consequence of the regulations of the New Metropolitan Buildings Act having been strictly attended to. Though you must not touch a brick or interfere with a chimney unless the officials get their fees, you get from them no advantage in the way of safety or solidity. Everything is required to be so substantial, that the foundations cannot bear the weight of the superstructure. It may be said of the new Act, that it—

Levels all ranks, drawing-room to kitchen bears,
And makes the highest attics fall down stairs.

THE IRISH JOSEPH ADY.

On Monday last an old man, named DANIEL O'CONNELL, was brought up on the charge of having practised a trick very similar to that of the celebrated JOSEPH ADY, of "something to your advantage" notoriety. It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner had been in the habit of sending round for some years and soliciting subscriptions on the promise of being able to put the subscribers in the way of obtaining something for their advantage. By this delusive proceeding he had contrived to practise on the credulity of persons of all classes, and it was shown that he must have received, from first to last, an amount of money that we do not name, lest it should seem incredible. On being asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that what he promised was really likely to prove advantageous to the persons who subscribed their money.

The magistrate said, that even if it were, which he very much doubted, there was no proof that the prisoner had any power to give what he undertook to give, for though he had been taking money for doing so during a number of years, he was not now in the slightest degree nearer than he was at first to the fulfilment of his promise.

The defendant declared he was, but a person, named SMITH O'BRIEN, who professed that he had been one of the Irish ADY's dupes, came forward to contradict him with much earnestness.

It seemed on further investigation that the defendant had been instrumental in proving the right of a large number of persons to Catholic emancipation, and on the strength of his reputation for having done this, he had been ever since coming forward continually with "something to the advantage" of those who were willing to pay him.

The Magistrate said it was a very bad case, and indeed it was melancholy to see a man, who might have become a most useful member of society, reduced to his present degraded condition. It appeared that no sum was too small, no pocket too scantily supplied for him—the prisoner—to dip into. On looking into the nature of the promised advantage, it was found to consist of Repeal, to which, in the first place, the right of O'CONNELL'S victims was very questionable; in the next place the good it might do them was more doubtful still; and in the last place, there was no doubt that O'CONNELL had neither the intention, nor the power to give it them.

The prisoner said he was an old man, and must do something for a livelihood. He had left a profitable business because he thought he could let the Irish people hear of something to their advantage; and it was very hard, after the trouble he had taken, to have his right to be paid for his trouble disputed in this manner.

The magistrate said that whatever trouble might be taken, no man had a right to be paid for merely promising what he could not accomplish, nor indeed for any misrepresentation of any kind. Doubtless, the begging impostor, who stands shivering in the streets on a frosty day, and bares his limbs to excite sympathy, has a harder task than even the lowest labourer, but the fraud and misrepresentation deprive him of all claim for removal or sympathy. He was afraid the case now before him was not unlike the one he had alluded to. The prisoner, O'CONNELL, no doubt, found it troublesome enough to continue his delusions, but this was the natural consequence of having neglected a career of honest industry. In consideration, however, of his age, and some former good conduct, the prisoner might be discharged with a caution.

The Irish ADY immediately retired from the dock, exclaiming, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not," &c., &c., and had scarcely got outside the door of the Court before he was at his old tricks, promising every Irishman he met "something to his advantage."

Epitaph on a Prize Pig.

HERE LIES
ALL THAT WAS EATABLE
OF A PRIZE PIG.
HE WAS BORN
ON FEBRUARY 1, 1845:
HE WAS FED
ON MILK, POTATOES, AND
BARLEY MEAL:
HE WAS SLAUGHTERED
ON DECEMBER 24, 1846,
WEIGHING 20ST, 9LB.
STOP, TRAVELLER!
AND REFLECT HOW SMALL A PORTION
OF THIS VAST PIG
WAS PORK, SUITABLE
FOR HUMAN FOOD!

The Best Destination for the Statue.

As there seems to be a variety of opinions as to the material of which the rewards for the Peninsular veterans should be made, the best way to end the dispute will be to break up the monster statue at Hyde Park Corner, and have him melted down into medals. There is plenty of metal in the charger for this purpose, and the long-agitated question about the real breed of the horse would be settled at last by his turning out to be a cross. SIR FREDERICK TRENCH should have the superintendence of this job, as he can point to his numerous reverses in matters of Art as having stamped himself the most finished *meddler*.

NEVER SAY DIE.

SUCH appears to be the motto of the old bridge of Westminster. Though his existence has been marked by various closings, we find him once more giving symptoms of vitality. He began receiving company last week, and though he seemed to be a good deal shaken, he exhibited on the whole far more firmness than might have been expected.

Now yer Honour's Let the money
What will I be hearing "to my Advantage"!
Verily Friend when thou canst get it
Thou will have Repeal
RINT

THE IRISH JOSEPH ADY.

PADDY HEARING "SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE."

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

We are happy to find from the papers, that there have been recently a great many instances of seasonable benevolence. The following cases have, however, been accidentally left out of the reports of our contemporaries, and we, therefore, hasten to supply the omission.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth was about to publish another portrait of himself in one of his magazines, when, seized with a sudden fit of seasonable benevolence towards his readers, he altered his mind.

The poet Bunn was just sitting down to commence another libretto, when a faithful domestic, in a spirit of the purest and most seasonable benevolence, secreted all the writing materials from the eye of her master. This honest menial deserves the gratitude of all the *habitués* of Drury Lane theatre.

Lord Maidstone had written another letter to the *Times*, when a friend, to whom the communication had been read over, threw it, with seasonable benevolence, into the fire.

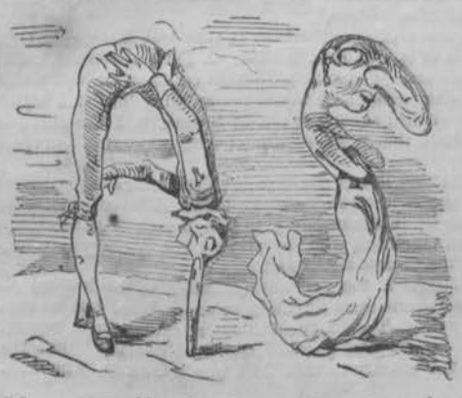
The usual Christmas fare was liberally served out among the police by the cooks and maids-of-all-work throughout the Metropolis, who exercised on behalf of their masters and mistresses this very customary piece of seasonable benevolence.

But perhaps the most wonderful instance of seasonable benevolence was that practised by *Punch* himself in issuing a double allowance—an ordinary number as well as his Almanack—in Christmas week.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLIV.—CLUB SNOBS.



I wish to be particularly agreeable to the ladies, (to whom I make my most humble obeisance, offering them every compliment connected with this festive season) we will now, if you please, commence maligning a class of Snobs, against whom, I believe, most female minds are embittered.—I mean Club Snobs. I have very seldom heard even the most gentle and placable woman speak without a little feeling of bitterness against those social institutions, those palaces swaggering in St. James's, which are open to the men; while the ladies have but their dingy three-windowed brick boxes in Belgravia or in Paddingtonia, or in the region between the road of Edgeware and that of Gray's Inn.

In my grandfather's time it used to be Free-Masonry that roused their anger. It was my grand aunt (whose portrait we still have in the family) who got into the clock-case at the Royal Rosicrucian Lodge at Bungay, Suffolk, to spy the proceedings of the Society, of which her husband was a member, and being frightened by the sudden whirring and striking eleven of the clock, (just as the Deputy-Grand-Master was bringing in the mystic gridiron for the reception of a neophyte,) rushed out into the midst of the lodge assembled; and was elected, by a desperate unanimity, Deputy Grand-Mistress for life. Though that admirable and courageous female never subsequently breathed a word with regard to the secrets of the initiation, yet she inspired all our family with such a terror regarding the mysteries of Jachin and Boaz, that none of our family have ever since joined the Society or worn the dreadful Masonic insignia.

It is known that Orpheus was torn to pieces by some justly indignant Thracian ladies for belonging to an Harmonic Lodge. "Let him go back to Eurydice," they said, "whom he is pretending to regret so." But the history is given in Dr. Lemprière's elegant dictionary in a manner much more forcible than any which this feeble pen can attempt. At once, then, and without verbiage, let us take up this subject matter of clubs.

Clubs ought not in my mind to be permitted to bachelors. If my friend of the Cutty Kilts had not our club, the Union Jack, to go to (I belong to the U. J. and nine other similar institutions), who knows but he never would be a bachelor at this present moment? Instead of being made comfortable, and cockered up with every luxury, as they are at Clubs, bachelors ought to be rendered profoundly miserable, in my mind. Every encouragement should be given to the rendering their spare time disagreeable. There can be no more odious object, according to my sentiments, than young Smith, in the pride of health, commanding his dinner of three courses; than middle-aged Jones wallowing (as I may say) in an easy padded arm-chair, over the last delicious novel or brilliant magazine; or than old Brown, that selfish old reprobate, for whom mere literature has no charms, stretched on the best sofa, sitting on the second edition of the *Times*, having the *Morning Chronicle* between his knees, the *Herald* pushed in between his coat and waistcoat, the *Standard* under his left arm, the *Globe* under the other pinion, and the *Daily News* in perusal. "I 'll trouble you for *Punch*, Mr. Wiggins," says the unconscionable old gormandiser, interrupting our friend, who is laughing over the periodical in question.

This kind of selfishness ought not to be. No, no. Young Smith, instead of his dinner and his wine, ought to be, where?—at the festive tea-table, to be sure, by the side of Miss Higgs, sipping the bohea, or tasting the harmless muffin; while old Mrs. Higgs looks on, pleased at their innocent dalliance, and my friend Miss Wirt, the governess, is performing Thalberg's last sonata in treble X, totally unheeded, at the piano.

Where should the middle-aged Jones be? At his time of life, he ought to be the father of a family. At such an hour—say, at nine o'clock at night—the nursery-bell should have just rung the children to bed. He and Mrs. J. ought to be, by rights, seated on each side of the fire by the dining-room table, a bottle of Port Wine between them, not so full as it was an hour since. Mrs. J. has had two glasses; Mrs. Grumble (Jones's mother-in-law) has taken three: Jones himself has finished the rest, and dozes comfortably until bed-time.

And Brown, that old newspaper-devouring miscreant, what right has *he* at a club at a decent hour of night? He ought to be playing his rubber with Miss Mac Whirter, his wife, and the family apothecary. His candle ought to be brought to him at ten o'clock, and he should retire to rest just as the young people were thinking of a dance. How much finer, simpler, nobler, are the several employments I have sketched out for these gentlemen, than their present nightly orgies at the horrid club.

And, ladies, think of men who do not merely frequent the dining-room and library, but who use other apartments of those horrible dens which it is my purpose to batter down;—think of Cannon, the wretch, with his coat off, at his age and size, clattering the balls over the billiard table all night, and making bets with that odious Capt. Spot!—think of Pam in a dark room with Bob Trumper, Jack Deuceace, and Charley Vole, playing, the poor dear misguided wretch, guinea points and five pounds on the rubber!—above all, think, O think, of that den of abomination, which, I am told, has been established in *some* clubs, called *the Smoking Room*,—think of the debauchees who congregate there, the quantities of reeking whiskey-punch or more dangerous sherry-cobbler which they consume;—think of them coming home at cock-crow and letting themselves into the quiet house with the Chubb key;—think of them, the hypocrites, taking off their insidious boots before they slink up stairs, the children sleeping over-head, the wife of their bosom alone with the waning rushlight in the two-pair front—that chamber so soon to be rendered hateful by the smell of their stale cigars! I am not an advocate of violence; I am not, by nature, of an incendiary turn of mind, but if, my dear ladies, you are for assassinating Mr. Chubb and burning down the Club Houses in St. James's, there is *one* Snob, at least, who will not think the worse of you.

The only men who, as I opine, ought to be allowed the use of Clubs, are married men without a profession. The continual presence of these in a house cannot be thought, even by the most uxorious of wives, desirable. Say the girls are beginning to practise their music, which in an honourable English family, ought to occupy every young gentlewoman three hours; it would be rather hard to call upon poor papa to sit in the drawing-room all that time, and listen to the interminable discords and shrieks which are elicited from the miserable piano during the above necessary operation. A man, with a good ear especially, would go mad, if compelled daily to submit to this horror.

Or suppose you have a fancy to go to the milliner's, or to Howell and James's, it is manifest, my dear Madam, that your husband is much better at the Club during these operations than by your side in the carriage, or perched in wonder upon one of the stools at Shawl

and GIMCRACK'S, whilst young counter-dandies are displaying their wares.

THIS sort of husbands should be sent out after breakfast, and if not Members of Parliament, or Directors of a Railroad or an Insurance Company, should be put into their Clubs, and told to remain there until dinner time. No sight is more agreeable to my truly well-regulated mind than to see the noble characters so worthily employed. Whenever I pass by St. James's Street, having the privilege, like the rest of the world, of looking in at the windows of BLIGHT'S, or FOODLE'S, or SNOOK'S, or the great bay at the Contemplative Club, I behold with respectful appreciation the figures within—the honest rosy old fogies, the mouldy old dandies, the waist-belts and glossy wigs and tight cravats of those most vacuous and respectable men. Such men are best there during the day-time surely. When you part with them, dear ladies, think of the rapture consequent on their return. You have transacted your household affairs; you have made your purchases; you have paid your visits; you have aired your poodle in the Park; your French maid has completed the toilette

which renders you so ravishingly beautiful by candlelight, and you are fit to make home pleasant to him who has been absent all day.

Such men surely ought to have their Clubs, and we will not class them among Club Snobs therefore:—on whom let us reserve our attack for next week.

VOYAGE ACROSS THE STRAND.

FROM the difficulty experienced by passengers crossing the streets in the crowded thoroughfares, it may be interesting to hear the following particulars from the narrative of "A Voyage from the Thirty-fifth lamp-post in the Strand to the Shop directly opposite." Extract from log:—"Three o'clock P.M. Cleared from the curb-stone, with fair weather, hoping to reach the opposite side of the street before dusk; carrying main-top-coat and reefed umbrella.

"3 h. 2 min. Tacked to post to avoid an omnibus; shipped a mud, which damaged the patent boots.

"3 h. 4 min. Stood to the south, coasting along a reef of cabs; nearly run down by a butcher's cart; passed a milliner girl in distress, who had missed stays.

"3 h. 7 min. Saw an apothecary's light; tried to take an observation, but the light was lost in a fog of cabriolets.

"3 h. 10 min. Ran into by a coal cart; carried away larboard coat-skirt; stood off and on to wait for an opening in the cab-bergs.

"3 h. 15 min. Fetched the end of the coach-stand; hailed a buss under blue colours and easy sail, bound for the westward, making towards Kensington; hauled to the north-east, and steered with great difficulty among floes of waggons.

"3 h. 20 min. Lighted a cigar, and put on all steam; hoisted the spencer.

3 h. 30 min. Came in sight of land, and two minutes afterwards anchored in the roads by a street-post."

THE PUNCH ANECDOTES.

ELOQUENCE.

I think it was LORD BROUGHAM, who, upon being asked whether O'CONNELL made much money by his eloquence, said, "Why, sir, he coins money—he makes bank-notes out of the very rags of his countrymen."

DEMOSTHENES (who was called by TULLY "the First of orators and the Last of men") had one great weakness,—he could not refuse a bribe. When he did not want to plead, he would appear in court with his face muffled up, and pretended he had lost his voice. "The voice of DEMOSTHENES," said one of his miserable clients, "is very like himself; it is to run away at the beginning of an action."

He asked one day in court, when he was holding his handkerchief up to his mouth, and was shamming to be in great pain, what was the best cure for the toothache? "Getting a client," answered PHOCION, "to stop it with gold."

JOSEPH HUME was told that the toe of the statue of St. Peter at Rome was nearly worn away with kissing. "I'll be bound it's all the women's doing," exclaimed the greatest orator of the day; "they're so fond of kissing, wherever there's a bit of *mizzletoe*."

GRACCHUS always had a flute-player at his side whilst he was speaking, in order to regulate the pitch of his voice. He was questioned why he chose particularly a flute; "To mind my stops," answered the noble father of the GRACCHI.

It was a favourite saying of PORSON'S, that all Directors of Railways and Insurance Companies must be very great dunces, for he never knew one yet who could decline "*bonus*."

The laconic eloquence of the Spartans is very well known, but the following illustration of it, we think, is new. A Persian general, called EUDAMSAUNIAS, made sure of beating a Spartan commander, and sent a herald to ask him what weapon he would prefer being thrashed with? "Axe," indignantly replied the brave son of Sparta, and the effect of that one word was such that not a soldier of EUDAMSAUNIAS' survived that day.

"It's all nonsense," exclaimed SHERIDAN; "members may deliver speeches, but it is the reporters who make them. I have often been surprised, on waking up in the morning, to find myself a great orator. Every reporter is an ORPHEUS, who, by playing the literary lyre, extracts music out of the veriest sticks and stones."

The following anecdote is too well authenticated to be doubted:—"Several *huissiers* were sent after SCARRON to arrest him, but he supplicated their mercy in such an eloquent manner, asking them repeatedly, 'if they were men?—and whether they had hearts?' that the only man who had the cruelty to take him was a Gascon, who happened to be deaf."

"Those who were fortunate enough to see, on June 19th, 1846, the blush of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, will agree with me," says MR. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, "that it is not necessary to speak in order to be eloquent. The most thrilling speech could not have produced a more thrilling sensation. The effect was such that the house adjourned shortly afterwards. His oldest friends were surprised, and his enemies completely confounded, by this unparalleled display. I must do SIR JAMES GRAHAM the justice to confess that I did not think it was in him."

BONAVENTURE, in his *World of Words*, says, "The reason there are so very few female orators is because a woman, when once she begins to talk, never knows when to leave off."

It was mooted a twelvemonth back to have the new frescoes in the House of Commons painted in wax. "You had better not," said SERJEANT MURPHY—"the Irish members, with their eloquence, will melt them all."

SHIEL learns everyone of his speeches by heart. He rehearses them always at home to a collection of old parrots, whom he has taught to say, "hear," "order," and to whistle, scream, crow, and make all sorts of deafening noises. The interruptions he receives from them in the course of his speech, as he gets energetic, give him confidence, he says, for the House of Commons, as he imagines, when he addresses the members, that he is only speaking to so many parrots. He has given each of them a different name, but we will be generous, and not repeat one.

SPORT OF THE SEASON.

A VARIETY of the game of Snapdragon is one of the favourite sports and pastimes of the City of London. It is played by dabbling in the Stocks and in Railway Shares; but whilst a few, here and there, get plums by this amusement, very many more burn their fingers.

GEOGRAPHY FOR OUR GRANDCHILDREN.

UCH mighty changes are taking place daily in the division of kingdoms, that we expect by the time we are octogenarians, that Europe will have quite a new face. She has changed lately so many of her old features—Poland on one side, and the Pyrenees on another—that it will be impossible to recognise her, in a short time, for the same Europe that she was in the present century, before she had turned forty. We are indebted to a celebrated *clairvoyant* for the following insight into the state of the world in, say, 1896, the period when Prussia will probably be receiving her long-promised constitution.

Spain will be annexed to France, and Portugal will, as a matter of course, go with it.

Tunis, and the Northern part of Africa, will be attached to Algeria, which will be ruled by Bugeaud le IIème, *Autocrate de toutes les Afriques.*

The Isle of Man will be under the sway of Joinville, who will likewise be the absolute monarch of all the Hebrides, with the right of succession to Eel Pie Island and Waterloo Bridge.

Russia will be permanently enlarged, and will occasionally publish a supplement, either in the shape of Egypt or the Caucasus, or a bit of Turkey.

Austria and Prussia will divide Germany, the students of which will sing oftener than ever, "*Was ist das Vaterland?*" and drink endless *chopines* of beer, in the hopes of getting an answer.

Ireland will be recognised an independent state by all the powers of Europe, which is strong presumptive evidence that it will be seized upon by one of them the following year. The Blarney Stone will be carried to Dublin, and Smith O'Brien will be crowned upon it Dictator of Ireland. The fact of his dictatorship will be published in a five-shilling advertisement in the *Nation*, and will be proved by his dictating half-a-dozen letters a day.

Italy will be governed by Pope Puseyus I.

Greece will be let on a repairing lease, to any king who likes to become a tenant of it.

Belgium will be a vestibule to France, and Holland the landing-place leading into it.

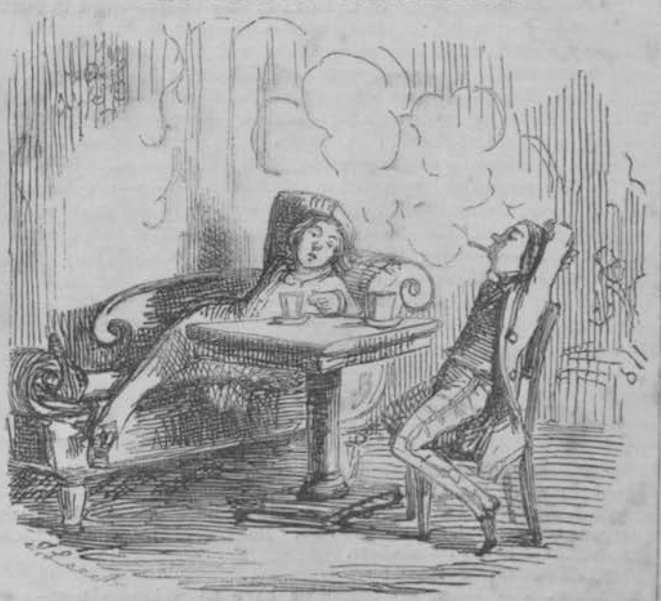
America will have annexed the Cannibal Islands, the Canadas, the Atlantic Ocean, New South Wales, Alderney, and the North Pole, besides an enormous National Debt, which it will repudiate at the earliest opportunity. The throne will be filled, as a matter of course, with a Coburg, which will still be maintained as a nursery for kings.

England will be—but at this interesting point a full stop was put to the *coma*, under the influence of which our *clairvoyant* had been giving us the above authentic revelations, by his suddenly jumping up when the dinner-bell rang; and we are sorry we cannot say what England will be in 1896. We might guess, but we are sure our readers can do that just as well as ourselves. *Clairvoyance* is too sacred a subject to be jested upon.

THE BEY OF TUNIS AND LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

The Bey of Tunis has, it is said, been persuaded by Louis-Philippe to make him a present of Cleopatra's needle. The king of the French has had an eye upon this needle for a long time, and has at length made the Bey of Tunis believe that it will be the means of sewing up any rent that may ever have existed in their relations, and indeed repairing the most extensive breaches. The ceremony of removing the needle from its present position is to be conducted in solemn silence, so that it may hereafter be said, "At the fall of the needle you might have heard a pin drop."

THE RISING GENERATION.



Clever Juvenile (*loq.*) "Shakspeare? Pooh! For my part I consider Shakspeare a very much over-rated man."

WAR-SONG OF THE CITY.

Lumber Troopers, to arms! Be alive to your fame,
And don't prove too worthy, brave corps, of your name;
Arise from your tables, awake from your slumber,
If you would not be thought to be truly but lumber.

Can you lazily banquet, and slothfully snore,
Whilst sedition around you is all on the roar,
And the fell Common Councilmen, braving the mace,
Fly right in the Mayor and the Aldermen's face!

Don't you know what a traitorous project they nurse,
To lay violent hands on the corporate purse?
Yes, they would, if they could, the prerogative dash
From their King and his Court of controlling the cash!

The River's conservancy shall they disturb,
On its trifling expences by putting a curb?
Shall they Swan-hopping's moderate charges reduce,
And prescribe to their Monarch their notions of use?

Shall they grudge a few thousands to scatter away
On municipal pageant and civic display,
At the day of their Sovereign's accession,—and oh!
At the banquet that follows his Majesty's show?

No; by all the tureens, and the haunches so prime
Of turtle and venison you've had in your time,
By the treats that you owe—the allegiance you own—
Rally round the Lord Mayor's irresponsible throne!

"Monster, Away!"

A Correspondent suggests that instead of removing the Monster Statue by machinery, which must be a very slow process, it would be very much better to blow him up, and let him alight on the spot where he is engaged to make his next appearance. If this plan of firing a horse should be adopted, it will be necessary to conduct the experiment with gun-cotton, as gunpowder, it has been proved, is the last thing in the world to make the Duke fly.

A DOUBTFUL TITLE.

Last month, according to the papers, the half-yearly examination of Gentlemen Cadets at Woolwich took place. *Gentlemen* Cadets! After the late disclosures at Woolwich Academy, is not the propriety of the designation somewhat questionable?

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

SCENE—*The Elysium of Artists.* ALBERT DURER, RAFAEL, MICHAEL ANGELO, TITIAN, PAUL VERONESE, RUBENS, REYNOLDS, &c.

P. Veronese. And you saw this English Painter, who has last arrived among us, SIR JOSHUA?

Sir J. Reynolds. I did, and, faith, with the more interest that such arrivals become, every day, more rare. But I would rather keep back his tidings from our friends here.

All. Nay—speak—speak!

Rubens. You know, my friend, we have no jealousies here—nor schools.

Rafael. Our noble MICHAEL has forgiven my youthful presumption.

M. Angelo. Not a word of that—I was to blame. *Basta!* You acted nobly, gracefully, kindly as ever.

Titian. The outline of Rome embraces the colour of Venice; and TITIAN here, after life, recognises the might of MICHAEL ANGELO, and the saintliness of RAFAEL.

Rubens. Strange how blind we were on earth!

A. Durer. But the news from England?

M. Angelo. I love your commercial races and their merchant princes. Florence should have been my home. Has England such patrons of art as SODERINI—

Rafael. Or as my dear AGOSTINO CHIGI? He was a banker, but had the soul of a king. How I loved him! Are there such bankers in England?

A. Durer. Or as my worther burghers of Nuremberg—the friends of LUTHER and MELANCTHON—are such the shopkeepers of England?

P. Veronese. Or such traders as my noble Levantine merchants of the Rialto?

Reynolds. Hush! friends, one at a time, or I drop my ear-trumpet, as I used to do, when BOSWELL would put troublesome questions. I fear England hardly boasts such men as you have mentioned. But there is a large subscription to the Art-Union, and bad pictures are greedily bought at small prices; good ones at large prices are few in number, and of that few still fewer are sold.

Rubens. I grieve to hear it. But what of your English sovereign? HIS MAJESTY, CHARLES THE FIRST (I was ambassador to his Court, you may remember, from my royal friend, PHILIP of Spain) would stand by my easel for hours, watching me at work, and discoursing to me of art. Doubtless, your sovereign shews like grace to our brethren of this later time?

A. Durer. Nay, you are modest, my RUBENS. For the *Liebe Deutsche Schule*, I must speak for you. Not CHARLES alone—but the GONZAGA of Mantua, DUKE ALBERT, PHILIP the Spaniard, and the queenly MEDICI, glorie l in calling you their friend and counsellor.

M. Angelo. They did not honour Art—Art honoured them. How often have I told that hard truth to our Holy Father, fiery old JULIUS! He cuffed his Chamberlain once, for denying it. But for my own part, I never much affected your kings and great folks.

Rafael. Thy noble nature disdained such shelter as we weaker and more luxurious spirits were faiu to take under their escutchcons. And our LEONARDO here—FRANCIS, seemed never so great a king as when he picked up thy pencil, oh, my friend, lord not only of thine art, but of all knowledge!

Leonardo da Vinci. Is Art so honoured by the great of England?

Sir J. Reynolds. Hum! Oh, HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE III. was pleased to give a charter to the Royal Academy. I have been presented—but, certainly, I don't remember to have seen him in my painting room at Leicester Square, or to have been asked to take a seat in the Privy Council.

Rafael. But your reigning monarch is a Queen. Woman has ever loved the Beautiful. Surely she much affects you painters.

Sir J. Reynolds. Hum—ha—I am extremely deaf.

P. Veronese (*shouting into his trumpet*). Does the Queen give due honour to our brethren?

Sir J. Reynolds. I am assured she has had painted already ten portraits of her gracious self, thirty of her Royal consort, twenty of the Royal infants, and fifty of the Royal pets, from paroquet to Brazilian monkey.

M. Angelo. These are your court painters, who so disgrace their calling. But your *Artists?* How goes it at the palace with them?

Rubens. Seated at the Royal board, doubtless—in places of honour.

L. da Vinci. Where else should sit the architects, engineers, philosophers, poets of the nation—in whom all knowledge is orbed around the Beautiful, and grows to Art?

Sir J. Reynolds. I am not informed that they *do* sit *exactly* at the Royal board, but the equerries' table is excellent—and no doubt—

M. Angelo. Basta! Do not mince words, man—out with it. The painters' table with the lackeys! Excellent England!

Titian (*aside*). These islanders! But our pictures which adorn your English galleries, my Bacchus and Ariadne—I painted it for GONZAGA.

M. Angelo. Well remembered, VICELLIO. There's SEBASTIANO'S picture, too, in your gallery; I painted the LAZARUS, my RAFAEL, to shame thee. Blister my hand for it! How of it?

Rafael. It is a noble work, and I was honored by such a rivalry.

Rubens. And my Peace and War? I painted it for your CHARLES, before I opened my negotiation for peace with Spain. Surely it is well cared-for, as a historic record, if not as a picture?

Sir J. Reynolds. Really my trumpet is out of order—I must go.

P. Veronese. (*pulling him back*). Nay, nay, you must tell us of our pictures. Do they stand your fogs and damps? Are they still brightly mellow, defying time and circumstance as such art should do?

Sir J. Reynolds. Why, the fact is, my friends—I am sorry to say—but our climate is so very damp, and London so smoky—that they have been cleaned.

All. Cleaned!

Titian. My Bacchus and Ariadne! Oh my tints! Oh my glazings! A picture of mine cleaned!

Rubens. My Peace and War! Cleaned! say flayed rather. I know your cl aners. Oh wasted labour; reputation obscured; thoughtful work rudely scrubbed away!

All. Shame and horror!

M. Angelo. So much for your *oil-painting.* Nay—excuse me, my RAFAEL—I sympathise with you; but why not work in fresco? Cheer up, my TITIAN.

Titian. Alas my favourite work—my Bacchus! Cleaned! Oh Ghost of GONZAGA! Barbarians!

Leonarda da Vinci. Nay, weep not, my beloved friends and brothers. Is it not all of a piece? Art-Unions, royal lapdogs, condescensions which are insults, and your great pictures ruined and destroyed. Why should you wish to exist in a country where your works have been impotent to implant the seeds of Art, or aid in their growth and nurture.

Titian. Oimè for Venice.

Rafael. Oh Roma, Roma!

A. Durer. Nay—Nüremberg, also, is a town of burghers, and it is not so with them.

Sir J. Reynolds (*aside*). I cannot console them. Their indignation is too well grounded. I, too, am a painter, but I alone am ashamed of my country!

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLV.—CLUB SNOBS.

UCH a sensation has been created in the Clubs by the appearance of the last paper on Club Snobs, as can't but be complimentary to me who am one of their number.

I belong to nine clubs. The Union Jack, the Sash and Marlingspike — Military Clubs. The True Blue, the No Surrender, the Blue and Buff, the Guy Fawkes, and the Cato Street—Political Clubs. The Brummell and the Regent—Dandy Clubs. The Acropolis, the Palladium, the Areopagus, the Pnyx, the Pentelicus, the Ilyssus, and the Polupłoisboio Thalasses—Literary Clubs. I never could make out how the latter set of Clubs got their names; *I* don't know Greek for one, and I wonder how many other members of those Institutions do.

Ever since the Club Snobs have been announced, I observe a sensation created on my entrance into any one of these places. Members get up and hustle together; they nod, they scowl, as they glance towards the present Snob. "Infernal impudent jackanapes! If he shows *me* up," says COLONEL BLUDYER, "I'll break every bone in his skin." "I told you what would come of admitting literary men into the Club," says RANVILLE RANVILLE to his colleague, SPOONEY, of the Tape and Sealing-Wax Office. "These people are very well in their proper places, and, as a public man, I make a point of shaking hands with them, and that sort of thing; but to have one's privacy obtruded upon by such people is really too much. Come along, SPOONEY," and the pair of prigs retire superciliously.

As I came into the coffee-room at the No Surrender, old JAWKINS was holding out to a knot of men, who were yawning, as usual. There he stood, waving the *Standard*,

and swaggering before the fire. "What," says he, "did I tell PEEL last year? If you touch the Corn Laws, you touch the Sugar Question; if you touch the Sugar, you touch the Tea. I am no monopolist. I am a liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice; and if we are to have Free Trade, give me reciprocity. And what was SIR ROBERT PEEL'S answer to me? MR. JAWKINS, he said"—

Here JAWKINS'S eye suddenly turning on your humble servant, he stopped his sentence, with a guilty look—his stale, old, stupid sentence, which every one of us at the Club have heard over and over again.

JAWKINS is a most pertinacious Club Snob. Every day he is at that fire-place, holding that *Standard*, of which he reads up the leading article, and pours it out, *ore rotundo*, with the most astonishing composure, into the face of his neighbour, who has just read every word of it in the paper. JAWKINS has money, as you may see by the tie of his neckcloth. He passes the morning swaggering about the City, in bankers' and brokers' parlours, and says:—"I spoke with PEEL yesterday, and his intentions are so and so. GRAHAM and I were talking over the matter, and I pledge you my word of honour, his opinion coincides with mine; and that Whatd'yecallum is the only measure Government will venture on trying." By evening-paper time he is at the Club: "I can tell you the opinion of the City, my lord," says he, "and the way in which JONES LOYD looks at it is briefly this; ROTHSCHILDS told me so themselves. In Mark Lane, people's minds are *quite* made up." He is considered rather a well-informed man.

He lives in Belgravia, of course; in a drab-coloured genteel house, and has everything about him that is properly grave, dismal, and comfortable. His dinners are in the *Morning Herald*, among the parties for the week; and his wife and daughters make a very handsome appearance at the Drawing-Room, once a-year, when he comes down to the Club in his Deputy-Lieutenant's uniform.

He is fond of beginning a speech to you by saying "When I was in the House, I, &c."—in fact he sat for Skittlebury for three weeks in the first reformed Parliament, and was unseated for bribery; since which he has three times unsuccessfully contested that honourable borough.

Another sort of political Snob I have seen at most Clubs, and that is the man who does not care so much for home politics, but is great upon foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere *but* in Clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles, at an expense of some ten thousand a year each. He is the man who is really seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia, and the atrocious treachery of LOUIS-PHILIPPE. He it is who expects a French fleet in the Thames, and has a constant eye upon the American President, every word of whose speech (goodness help him!) he reads. He knows the names of the contending leaders in Portugal, and what they are fighting about: and who it is says that LORD ABERDEEN ought to be impeached, and LORD PALMERSTON hanged, or *vice versâ*.

LORD PALMERSTON'S being sold to Russia, the exact number of roubles paid, by what house in the city, is a favourite theme with this kind of Snob. I once overheard him—it was CAPTAIN SPITFIRE, R.N., (who had been refused a ship by the Whigs, by the way)—indulging in the following conversation with MR. MINNS after dinner.

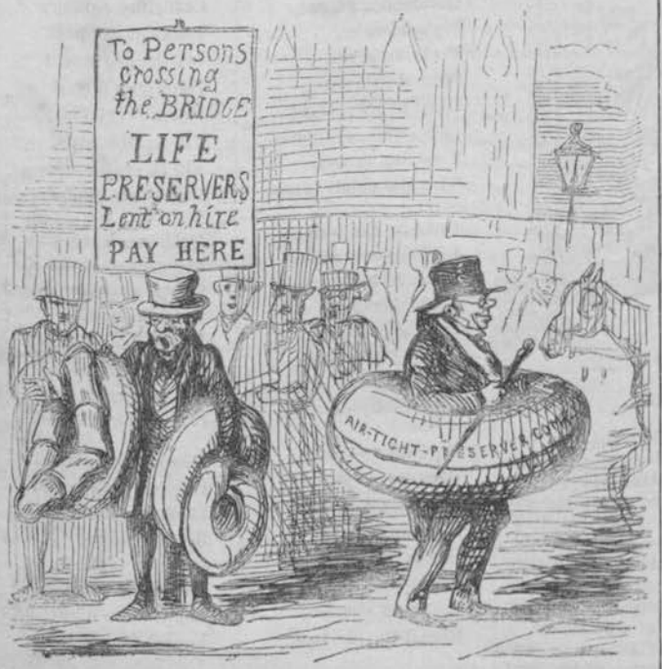
"Why wasn't the PRINCESS SCRAGAMOFFSKY at LADY PALMERSTON'S party, MINNS? Because *she can't show*—and why can't she show? Shall I tell you,

MINNS, why she can't show? The PRINCESS SCRAGAMOFFSKY's back is flayed alive, MINNS—I tell you it's raw, Sir! On Tuesday last, at twelve o'clock, three drummers of the Preobajinsk regiment arrived at Ashburnham House, and at half-past twelve, in the yellow drawing-room at the Russian Embassy, before the Ambassadress and four ladies' maids, the Greek Papa, and the Secretary of Embassy, MADAME DE SCRAGAMOFFSKY received thirteen dozen. She was knouted, Sir, knouted in the midst of England—in Berkeley Square, for having said the GRAND DUCHESS OLGA's hair was red. And NOW, Sir, will you tell me, LORD PALMERSTON ought to continue Minister?"

MINNS. "Good Ged!"

MINNS follows SPITFIRE about, and thinks him the greatest and wisest of human beings.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.



THE interest taken in this feeble old structure, renders it necessary that we should publish occasional bulletins for the information of the public. We have appointed a sort of medical attendant, or rather a standing counsel, to whom we have given what may be called a watching brief, with instructions to watch every turn in the case of this venerable piece of masonry. The following are extracts from the note-book of our learned friend, who has been specially retained to observe the changes in the aspect of the structure:—

"6 o'clock A.M. The Bridge has passed a tolerably quiet night, and seems to exhibit more than its ordinary firmness. Once or twice during the night it was much agitated by the heavy night-mares passing over it.

"8 o'clock A.M. The bridge has received a few visitors, but did not seem to be very greatly affected. It shed one big drop from the centre of its arched brow at the approach of an old familiar omnibus. The bridge soon resumed its firmness, but it was natural that it should be somewhat moved on the first occasion of a visit from an old and early companion, who had not seen the unhappy bridge since that day which was generally believed to have been the closing one of its existence.

"12 o'clock at noon. The poor thing is in a violent state of *delirium tremens* from the nervous excitement occasioned in consequence of the influx of company. Fearing that my poor friend would give way under it, and that the result might prove more than I could possibly stand, I determined on retiring while yet unmoved, and I am therefore unable to record anything further in my note-book."

Our learned friend's weak and imbecile desertion of his post left us in a most awkward position, for we were without any accounts of the state of the Bridge during the afternoon, which may be called the daily crisis of its miserable existence. If it gets through the period when the traffic is at its height, a quiet night may generally be looked for; but it is during the afternoon that its condition is most precarious, for the feverish beating on the crown of the poor old thing continues incessantly. We have, however, heard from a private source which we—but no one else—are in the habit of relying on, that life-preservers for man and beast are to be sold at the foot of the bridge on either side, until further notice. The two engravings annexed will furnish a clue to the manner in which this arrangement can be applied to the human and equestrian passengers. We think, in fact, that while the Bridge remains open, no horse weighing more than so many hundred weight, and no gentleman exceeding so many pounds in weight, should be allowed to peril his life upon the Bridge without one of the preservers. Whether the arrangement should be at the expense of the public or of the authorities who allow the dangerous pass to continue open, is a question that may be hereafter considered.

LIFE PRESERVER FOR HORSES.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

1846 (*speaks.*)

I FAINT upon December's lap of snow,
I watch my lees of life drop one by one;
Young forty-seven is on the watch below,
To fill my shoes, almost ere breath be gone.

But listen, greedy heir, tho' faint and old,
My heart is big with work, not worked in vain;
This hand, now palsied, forced Protection's hold
And loosed the giant Commerce from his chain.

And all this night, the last night of my life,
Ere I go hence to join the ghosts of Time,
I have had glorious visions.—War and Strife
Lay dead, and by them Hunger, Hate, and Crime.

And Peace and Plenty, Knowledge, Hope, and Love,
Shone round my bed like angels, and bowed down
To my dim eyes; and then there came a dove,
That placed on my frore hair an olive crown.

Who will crown thee, young upstart? What remains
Of glory such as mine beneath the stars?
The year, that shook from industry her chains,
The year that spoke the doom of human wars!

1847 (*answers.*)

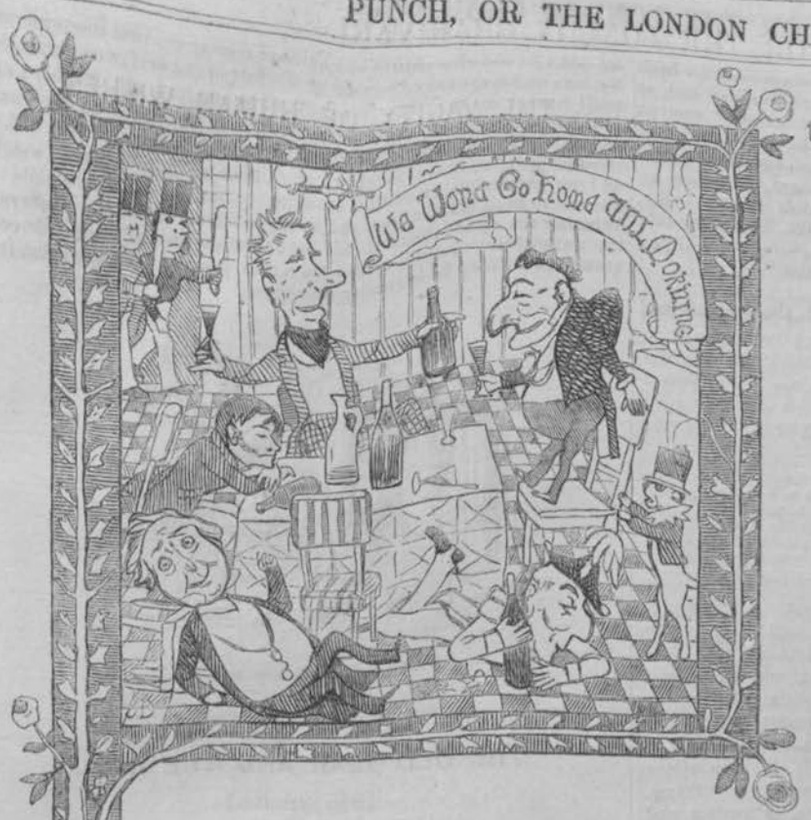
Scowl not in death, old sire, nor think my hand
Would break one leaf from off thy crown:—In thee
I bow to a great year; but through the land
Achievement large enough is left for me.

Thy boon is incomplete; what thou hast given,
Material blessing to material man,—
Who waits what I must do, ere he have striven
Up to the compass of his human span.

Thou gavest wealth,—I'll teach him how to use it;
Thou gavest peace,—its arts I must bestow;
War, thanks to thee, is such, that they who choose it,
Choose isolation, beggary, and woe.

But Ignorance is left, and where that is,
Is war 'twixt light and darkness; be it mine
To chase that darkness back to the abyss,
To lift that light, wide as age, sex, or clime.

What schools must I not build? What prisons purge?
What self-contented foulness clear away?—
Oh, there is work for me—and in my dirge
Deeds may be told, great as in thine, to-day!



WINDSOR FESTIVITIES.

It is with warm and unaffected satisfaction that we call attention to a distribution of beef, bread, and pudding, to the poor on New Year's Day, in the presence of HER MAJESTY at Windsor. Nor were the interior linings of the needy the sole objects of regard, for there were blankets, cloaks, rolls of flannel, and other materials, intended to provide comfortable external covering for the recipients of the royal bounty. A slice of beef is well enough for the hour, but a good bit of flannel will last the entire season. Pudding is delicious for the day, but there is more permanent advantage in a petticoat.

Our good-natured old friend, the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, was of course present at the scene, but the distribution of the beef seemed to have more charms for him than the giving out of the clothing. When the smoking sirloins began to be served up, he could no longer keep his distance in the balcony, but he came down and mingled with the crowd, to whom he addressed a number of remarks on the beef, in the true spirit of a *connoisseur* and a critic. He gave a synoptical glance at the early history of suet, in a few rapid but *recherché* observations; and gave an illustration of "What to eat, drink, and avoid," for the benefit of the humble partakers of the Royal Charity. In two or three instances he tasted the object of his eulogy, and in the spirit described by the poet, when

"Those who went to scoff remained to pray,"

the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE placed himself immediately in such a position, with regard to the beef, as to allow us to say of him that

"He who went to give remained to eat."

We beg to be understood most fully as having no objection to see His Royal Highness condescending to "pick a bit" with the poor on such occasions. We had rather he should sympathise with the guests at such a feast as that which the QUEEN gave at Windsor than take the chair at the grandest banquet that ever graced the Hall of the Freemasons.

FROM THE COURT CIRCULAR.—(OMISSIONS.)

THE *Court Circular* one day last week, informed the public that PRINCE ALBERT had, on the previous morning, amused himself at Frogmore by skating. It omitted, however, to mention the following interesting circumstance:—

"His Royal Highness, in compliment to his august consort, and to the great admiration of the lookers on, cut out the letters V. R. on the ice."

Another omission was made by the *Court Circular*—of course from motives of mean jealousy:—

"His Royal Highness, amid cheers and laughter, endeavoured next to cut out the letters P. U. N. C. H.; but the attempt was not quite successful."

It was remarked, "that clever as his Royal Highness was, he was hardly able to cut out *Punch*."

unch Singeth of Christmas.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill:
Little care we.
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing, do ye see:
Good fellows' shins
Here, boys, are found,
Twisting around
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to night,
Round the old tree.

THE PECKHAM WOLF.

THE papers have lately announced the alarming fact that a wolf has been shot at Peckham. The incident has given quite a romantic reputation to this undersized suburb, and Peckham is beginning to place itself on a sort of par with the Pyrenees. Peckham, infested with wolves, is really a grand idea. We shall be hearing next of an avalanche falling from Snow Hill, or a horde of brigands at Battersea.

We remember to have seen a hare-hunt in Paternoster Row; and a wild-goose chase along the Strand is a very common pastime; but a wolf at Peckham is something as new and startling as a bison on Battle Bridge, or a coatamundi prowling about the Temple. We should scarcely be surprised to see a tiger dart out from the jungle in Leicester Square; but we say again, we have no faith in the story of a wolf at Peckham.

The Real and Ideal.

The *Morning Post* puts its readers on their guard against the purchase of imitation brilliants which are said to be very ingenious and very plentiful. It is one of the peculiar advantages of *Punch*, that his brilliants are so unquestionably of the first water as to be wholly inimitable; and though ingenuity has now and then been displayed in trying to get up a counterfeit, the public has always, at once, detected the difference.

THE DIPLOMATIC BOUQUET.

CERTAINLY that great cook, SOYER — the only true Minister of the Interior— has resolved that France and England shall not mutually retire into a state of isolation. No; SOYER would carry the olive into the very bowels of France, and bind the two countries together in one *Bouquet de Gibier;* or what may be freely translated, a nosegay of game. To which end, he despatched from the Reform Club, on the 23rd ult., the aforesaid nosegay to their Majesties of the French. "The height of the bouquet," says the *Times*—

"Was about ten feet, and wide in proportion; the frame was richly covered with Christmas holly, laurels, misletoe, and evergreen, with a great variety of winter flowers. There were twenty-two head of game, consisting of larks, snipes, woodcocks, teal, French and English partridges, grouse, widgeons, wild ducks, blackcocks, pheasants, a leveret, a hare, and golden plovers. The interstices were lightly filled with wheat and oats, the whole ornamented with tri-coloured ribbons."

We see a profound political lesson in this bouquet. The oriental mode of a declaration of love by means of flowers is well known; and SOYER, like a great genius, has elevated a comparative common-place into the grand and instructive. LORD PALMERSTON may write long letters with the quill of the thunder-bearing eagle, and the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, with face of diplomatic stone, may present them,—but what is all this to the significance of SOYER's bouquet? There is matter in it for a whole winter night's contemplation, long as winter nights are at this present writing. Let us first consider the frame. The "holly" with its prickly spikes, hints of English swords and bayonets, and, moreover, if LOUIS-PHILIPPE be a reader of SOUTHEY, which no doubt he is, suggests to him, that

"All vain asperities he day by day
Should wear away,
'Till the smooth temper of his age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree."

The "laurel" is, as *Ophelia* would say, for memory of certain little affairs in the last war with perfidious Albion; whilst the "misletoe" suggests—and we thank SOYER for the suggestion—the propriety of a kiss of lasting peace between the two nations. The "larks" have a playful allusion to the friskiness of LOUIS-PHILIPPE at Eu, when he out-diplomatised (we choose to make a word now and then) our good, unsuspecting little QUEEN. (Perhaps lapwings, that only pipe to cheat, would have been a truer illustration; but, possibly, a little *too* strong.) The "woodcocks," living only on suction, indicate the condition of England depending upon the mere word of the King of the French. The "wild-duck" gaily points to the sportive DUCHESS DE MONTPENSIER, whilst the "leveret" means something about the Spanish Crown, and its future heir. "Golden plovers" indicate the money-power of England to carry on a war; whilst the "wheat and oats" touchingly declare the right and duty of nations to bestow upon one another their daily bread. We understand that LOUIS-PHILIPPE was much affected on reading (*more Turcorum*) the *bouquet*, and as he gave orders to his cook to have it served at table, there is no doubt that his Majesty has ere this laid the contents nearer to his heart than any missive ever yet written by ABERDEEN or PALMERSTON.

IMAGINARY (RAILWAY) CONVERSATIONS.

THE perusal of the Electric Telegraph, if we could trace in those lines what they are talking about, would, we are sure, furnish a most amusing volume of miscellanies. When we see the wire vibrate with a thrilling motion, we can fancy that it bears some ecstatic message from some ardent lover, and we see, in our imagination, the

"Soft intercourse from soul to soul,
Wafted along from pole to pole,"

as it passes from one station to the other. Filled with these sentimental reflections, we rushed into the telegraph-room at a London terminus, and made it an earnest request that we should be admitted to the confidence of that electric communicator, so refined and "air-drawn," like *Macbeth's* dagger. Our entreaty was answered with ready acquiescence, when to our utter horror the question asked, was, "How are you off for coals?" and the answer returned, was "Pretty well, thank you."

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Oh, why will man such danger run,
And madly brave the Fates,
To get some temporary fun
Upon a pair of skates?

'Tis pleasant, on a winter's day,
Fleet o'er the ice to glide;
But what is Life itself, I pray,
But one long winter slide?

A rapid journey, where a stop
Is fatal to success;
Keep moving, or you 'll surely drop—
Such crowds behind you press.

Unless you onward boldly go,
Backsliders in your train
Will cause your sudden overthrow—
You'll ne'er get up again.

Heed not, although you are not strong,
Pursue your even way;
Although you cannot get along,
Some friend behind you may.

Straightforward, if your action proves,
Ne'er from right line recoiling;
By aid sometimes of friendly shoves,
You'll keep the pot a-boiling.

How much for the Bonds of Union?

FROM a letter in the *Times* it appears that out of the twenty-seven States which compose the Union, there are eight which have failed to pay their debts. Pennsylvania is not included in that number, as she has, singular to state, resumed payment since February, 1845. Eight states out of twenty-seven, however, is not a bad beginning for a juvenile country, which is scarcely yet out of its teens. We should call them the most promising States in the world, considering their creditors are never paid in anything but promises. Instead of dividing the Union into North and South America, it would be better, we think, to make a fresh division. Future geographers should make a separate mention of those States which have paid their debts, and those which have repudiated them. They might be distinguished as the Solvent and Insolvent States of America.

THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE.

THE two armies in Portugal seem, instead of rushing into each other's arms, intent upon keeping up the distance there has lately been between them. The soldiers must have been told, before they entered into service, "No followers allowed."

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL DISCOURSES ON ENGLISH CUSTOMS—NEW YEAR'S DAY AND TWELFTH-CAKE ART. BARNUM DEFINES MODESTY.

N the last occasion I told you a leetle about the Britishers' Christmas, and might fill a letter-sheet with the 'count of New Year's Day, and Twelfth-Cake Day, and sich like; but tainte my notion. No; I shall at once go on with the greatest subject on airth —meself. However, as I 'm a writin at a charitable time of the year, I don't mind settin down two or three matters afore I begin with 'Gyptian Hall.

In the first place, for New Year's Day. The QUEEN and the Prince are very charitable at the Castle. All the oldest and forlornest Members of Parliament meet in the Quodrangle; and then the LORD CHANCELLOR and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY distribute, as the papers call it, Her Majesty's bounty to the poor critters; consisting of law-books, writ to the meanest understanding, and sermons, and tracts, and sich like things, to teach 'em the strait line towards their deluded constituents when the House of Commons 'sembles. There is also another very pretty custom—terrible affectin, I can tell you. It is this:—

There is three kings, they say, reigning at a place they call Somerset House. Kings of the Poor. I 've never seen their crowns and robes, but, thinking of their subjects, suppose 'em to be crowned with straw, and robed with tatters. Well, BARNUM tells me that these kings—kinder like the POPE in Rome, BARNUM ses—go every New-Year's Eve to some West-End workhouse—they went to St. James's this year—and wash the feet and hands of all the poor with Windsor soap, and dry 'em on damask towels. This is only to show what the Kings of the Poor, in this country, think of the Poor. But they 're always doin somothin with 'em.

The Twelfth-cakes, at this season,. are monstrous beautiful. The figures are mostly LORD JOHN RUSSELL and the rest of the ministers in the very best sugar; that the children may fill their leetle bellies with principles, BARNUM ses, without knowin it. The Britishers have high notions of art for Twelfth-cakes; but are easy pleased with out o' door statues. Anything, they think, will do in bronze or stone, but they are mighty particklar in art when it comes to sugar. BARNUM ses they succeed better with Twelfth-cakes 'cause all the confectioners set their faces against Royal 'Cademicians. I haven't the smallest crumb of doubt upon it,—that 's it.

And now about 'Gyptian Hall. BARNUM had got it put about in the papers, that Gracious Majesty had asked me to muffins; and, moreover, had got some wood-cuts, I think he called 'em, in the *Ulcerated News*, and other pictur papers, showing how I *didn't* dance a quadrille with Gracious Majesty, and how I did lick his Royal Highness at a game of billiards, standin on the table and givin him five. And, moreover, there were picturs of the dimond studs, and rings, and all the gifts, down to the royal housemaid's thimble flung in at the carriage, at Buckinham Palace. Well, as the *Ulcerated News* goes into the busums of all families,—and there's nothin like picturs for teachin the true grit of politics,—all the world soon knowed about TOM THUMB; and I'm a sinner, if it didn't take a body of police, with COLONEL ROWAN sittin in his saddle always at their head, to keep the Britishers clear of our door, that was always obleeged to be opened with the chain up, in fear they'd break in upon us. Once or twice BARNUM thought he'd write to the Horse Guards, to have half-a-dozen sogers with shiny breast-plates and drawn swords at the door, in disguise as a guard of honour, but raelly to protect us. "'Twould be only doin the handsome thing to the star-spangled banner," said BARNUM; and he'd sit a bitin his pen, and then, like an independent citizen of the freest nation of airth, he'd fling it away with a kinder toss, as much as to say, "No, Gen'ral, we won't be obleeged to the critters."

Well, with all this shindy a goin on, I ses one day to BARNUM—"How is it, BARNUM," ses I, "that these Britishers do make sich a tearin noise about everything that 's stranger-like? Everything that 's not of theirselves and their own country?"

Whereupon BARNUM looking solemn upon me, and putting his fore-finger erect up the side of his right cheek—for I like to be particlar in this sort of thing, it gives a finish to writin, in the like way as it does to paintin. In proof of which at this moment, there 's a Royal 'Cademician who'll get a hundred pound note for a pictur of a cabbage-leaf, when another painter can't sell his Jupiters, Alexanders, and sich things for the price of ile-cloth table mats. And wherefore? Why, the cabbage-leaf, everybody cries, is so rael. To be sure it is: how could it miss? For doesn't the 'Cademician go to Covent Garden and buy a rael leaf, and count all the leetle stalks and veins, and paint every one on 'em? How then can it miss being rael and natural?. Whereas for the pictur of JUPITER, whoever seed the original to judge by? And so, in course, the cabbage-leaf carries it; and so a good-sized summer cabbage is, whenever he likes, a hundred pound note at least, in the pocket of that 'Cademician. The rael afore the ideal—the substance afore the shadow any day!

Well, BARNUM puts his fore finger up his right cheek, and ses—"Why does JOHN BULL like foreigners afore his own Britishers? I'll tell you; it all comes of his modesty."

"What's that?" ses I, for I'm wus nor a caterpillar if I 'd ever heerd him name the thing afore.

"Why, modesty," ses BARNUM "is"—and then he did look in a tarnation fix. "Modesty, Gen'ral, is," ses BARNUM; and then he stopt agin: no, he couldn't get it out: it seemed to stick like a leetle fish-bone in his throat; and the more he hummed and hawed, the more it wouldn't come. At last, he takes a turn or two in the room to hide his ignorance; and then ses with a kinder determined manner, "Look you here, Gen'ral, I 'll explain this leetle question to you, by money. I 'll illustrate what modesty raelly is, by what is called the coin of the realm."

"Is that possible?" ses I, "Gov'nor."

"Gen'ral," replies BARNUM, solemn, "there is nothing—no moral pinte on the airth that money will not illustrate, if you only know how to set about it. Well, modesty is jist as stupid a thing as this; it is for all the world as if a full weight goolden sov'reign was to insist upon going for only nineteen shillins, and not a farden more. That is modesty; by which you will understand that modesty is always a thing that a man loses by. Deny your full weight, though it be but a thousandth part of a grain, and though you're put in a pair of scales, and balanced, the world will swear that you don't weigh half you raelly do. Modesty! Why it's as if a whole hog should beleettle himself down to a suckin pig."

"What you 've said about the goolden suv'reign, Governor," ses I, "has sunk into my heart. I 'll fancy meself that precious coin, and never go for half-a-cent under it."

"My dear Gen'ral, that won't do at all. By no means. No: the true wisdom of this airth is for a man who thinks himself a goolden suv'rain, to get twenty-seven—twenty-eight—aye, thirty shillings for his goold; and what 's more, never—when he can get 'em—never to refuse the extra ha'pence."

BARNUM was goin on, when at the moment a thousand trumpets seemed to blow on a sudden in the street—drums and clarinets struck up—and the Gov'nor, with all his hair one end, run to the winder.

WHAT NEXT?

WE want a new definition of the phrase "Persons of Distinction." What can possibly be the meaning of it as applied in the following paragraph?—

"*The Conde de Montemolin paid visits yesterday to several persons of distinction, including* MR. SHERIFF KINNARD, MR. SHERIFF CHALLIS, MR. UNDER-SHERIFF TILLEARD, *&c. &c.*"

Respectability has been defined as "keeping a gig;" Gentlemanliness, as "occasionally discounting bills;" but if the above-named worthy people be persons of distinction, what definition can possibly include the DUKE OF WELLINGTON and the Colonel of the Lumber Troop, SIR ROBERT PEEL and MR. PETER BORTHWICK, LORD MORPETH and MR. UNDER-SHERIFF TILLEARD?

Coldness of the Season.

A LARGE block of ice, measuring we are afraid to state how many feet, was exhibited last week in the window of the Wenham Lake Ice Office in the Strand. Upon inquiring we ascertained it had been found in Walbrook Church, where the wind, and rain, and frost, have the *entrée* through the roof and broken windows all the year round. It is called the GIBBS' Ice, and in coldness and thickness certainly exceeds anything of the sort we have ever seen before. It is almost impossible to melt it. The Wenham Lake Ice Company intends using Walbrook Church as one of their coldest *dépôts*.

Close of the Vacation.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, St. Stephen's House, Westminster, will expect to meet his Young Friends, to resume their Liberal Studies, on the 19th instant.

CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Beans and Chicory are in fair demand for Mocha Coffee.

Cotton—Since Professor Schönbein's discovery, goes off freely. Several speculators, however, have burnt their fingers, owing probably to its leaving no residuum.

Chalk participates in the prevalent briskness of the milk trade.

Horns look upwards, and are in brisk request, on Smithfield market days, for tossing poor women and children.

"NOW THEN, SIR, LOOK ALIVE."

Isinglass.—See Spectacles.

Iron.—Bars are stiff. Iron pigs, strange to say, have not sympathised with the late advance in Pork.

Mines are also getting lower every day, and their prosperity is decidedly *o'er*.

Paper, Pens, and Pounce are all stationery.

Yarns, long.—See G. P. R. James.

RE-APPEARANCE OF THE AMERICAN SEA-SNAKE.

During the last week the newspapers have given authenticated accounts of the appearance of the great Sea-snake somewhere off the shores of Norway. The good Bishop Pontoppidan, in his veracious history, avers that he once saw a mermaid arise off the same coast, and heard her sing a touching melody. Hence, Norway would seem a favourite spot for the private view of marine monsters. Be this as it may,—on Wednesday the 30th ult., the great North-American sea-snake was seen by thousands and tens of thousands of most respectable people—people who keep gigs and carriages—residing in London and its environs. Nay, every one of our ministers saw it—the Governor of the Bank of England beheld it, and lifted up his hands—Alderman Laurie marked it, and doubtless thought it ought to be "put down"—in fact, we cannot individualize the multitude, astonished on Wednesday the 30th ult. at the advent of the long American Sea-snake. This, however, we can do. We can give the evidence of a few of the witnesses, as delivered before the Lord Mayor—that great Christmas Carrol—on the following day:—

Mr. John Smith, banker, deposed: He was in the parlour of his counting house yesterday morning, about eleven o'clock. He took up the *Times*, and became exceedingly alarmed by the appearance of a compact mass of blackness that lay upon the page. Looked closer at it, and thought he saw the "President's Speech," but was convinced from the length of the thing—for it wound in and out, filling up nine columns; a mass of darkness, with not a speck of light upon it—that it was nothing less than the American Sea-serpent, that from time to time has disturbed the usual current of news, overflowing the margin of the broad sheet. Witness tried to look at the thing minutely and attentively with his spectacles, but became so alarmed that he was compelled to desist. He could swear, however, that the whole thing seemed wriggling and twisting, and bore a very black complexion from beginning to end.

Mr. Thomas Brown, merchant, examined:—Lives in the Old Jewry, and distinctly saw the monster alluded to between the hours of ten and eleven, A.M. At first, thought the thing had neither head nor tail. Believed it, at first, to be composed of a mass of unconnected bits that gave it the semblance of a whole; in the like way that a shoal of very little fish has been mistaken for one big whale. On closer examination, thought he made out something like a head. Having steadily observed it for some time, saw it had a head. It had a very sinister, in fact, a very disgusting, appearance. There was a wicked expression in its eyes—an affectation of mildness and benevolence; but it was plain to be seen—to men who had ever used their faculties—that the creature looked revengeful, and sly, and calculating. It was very sinuous, and moved very slowly; but was of a character to create a great displacement wherever it should appear. The thing had been called a "Message," but was confident, from its length, its sinuosity, and continual *doubling*, that the thing was no other than the great American Sea-snake.

John Joseph Lawson, printer, examined:—The thing described by the foregone witnesses was the North American Snake, and no other; knew it well, nobody better; and could testify, with the last witness, to the great displacement of matter wherever it appeared. Some notion of its voracity might be entertained from the fact that it swallowed nine columns of the *Times*. Hoped never again to see it; as nobody knew so well as witness its gluttonous qualities. The thing had certainly been very much cut up; but had no doubt it would appear again. Thought its head had a very Pennsylvanian look, with something projecting over its eyes, like the broad brim of a hat. The end of the thing tapered off not unlike the thongs of a slave-driver's whip.

MILITARY CATECHISM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Q. What is a soldier?

A. If in the infantry, a dear; if in the cavalry, a duck.

Q. Who, of all men, best deserve the fair?

A. The brave.

Q. Why should a woman prefer a soldier above all other male creatures?

A. Because he wears such a very handsome dress; carries gold upon his shoulders; gold all over his coat; wears a sword at his side; and a love of a feather in his helmet or cap.

Q. What is the noblest work of woman?

A. The work in regimental colours.

Q. And when does she appear to the best advantage, as the refining comforter of man?

A. When, having worked the aforesaid colours, she, in an appropriate speech about glory to the regiment, presents them.

Q. Describe your notion of military glory.

A. A review in Hyde Park.

Q. And laurels?

A. A ball, and supper afterwards.

GOLDEN RULES FOR FROSTY WEATHER.

PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE:

Therefore,

Policeman, it is your duty to pick up the old gentlemen after they have broken their legs, and not to prevent the little boys from establishing slides on the foot-pavement.

Humane Society's Man, it is your duty to risk your own life in pulling skaters out of the Serpentine, and not to prevent them from going on to the parts marked "Dangerous."

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, GOVERNOR, THE SOONER WE COME TO SOME UNDERSTANDING, THE BETTER. YOU CAN'T EXPECT A YOUNG FELLER TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME; AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I GO ON, WHY I MUST HAVE CHAMBERS, AND SO MUCH A-WEEK!"

WRONGS OF AMERICA.—FAT OF MEXICO!

THE speech of PRESIDENT POLK would draw tears from a Pennsylvanian debtor or a Virginian slave-holder. That big bully, Mexico, has been kicking, and biting, and scratching the Model Republic, that, like CINDERELLA by the fire-side, has never used her nails, hardly wagged her tongue. At last, however, when says POLK, "Mexico seemed to attribute to weakness and indecision on our part, a forbearance which was the offspring of magnanimity, and of a sincere desire to preserve friendly relations with a sister republic," why, then the Model Republic suddenly jumped up and laid about her. However, America is now greatly revenged, and is very grateful. She has destroyed cities, murdered multitudes, and now offers up thanks "to the Gracious Giver of all Good"—for what?—why, for "the vast extension of their territorial limits." A century or two ago one HERRERA (POLK, no doubt, in a previous state of existence) describing the conquests of the Spaniards over the Mexicans, in which the Indians drew off and left the field to their victors, too fatigued to follow, writes—"As soon as we found ourselves clear of them, *we returned thanks to God for his mercy*, and entering a strong and spacious temple, we *dressed our wounds with the fat of the Indians!*" And in the nineteenth century, wounded North America dresses her imaginary sores with the fat of Mexican fellow Christians!

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

THE preparations for the ensuing parliamentary campaign are proceeding on an extensive scale, and each party has been sending round its circulars. SIR VALENTINE BLAKE has addressed a circular to the section of the House of Commons, which may be called the "Don't-mean-to-stand-any-nonsense" party in the present Parliament. Among those who take an interest in the affairs of the nation, without being members of its legislature, are MR. BRIEFLESS, who has addressed a circular to his immediate friends, inviting them to a grand political breakfast at his chambers, for the purpose of considering what attitude it will be proper for him to assume under the present crisis. *Mister Punch*, as the head of the great national party, has sent his usual circular, inviting all his friends to his usual weekly banquets throughout the year, with a view to his being supported in his leadership of both Houses of Parliament.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR MEN OF BUSINESS.

AMONG the whole number of Christmas Books, we observe none addressed to men of business. To be sure, there are plenty of cash and memorandum books, but these are not the books that we have in our eye. We think there is an opening for Christmas Books appealing to men of the world. It is not everybody that is endowed with benevolent sympathies; those of a large class are purely financial. We can imagine a Christmas Book adapted to their capacities, of the nature of which the following, which may be supposed to be the conclusion to it, will give an idea:—

"The carriage was waiting at the warehouse door, and in it sat the aged but wealthy bride. UNCLE DIBBS detained SIDNEY a moment on the threshold.

"'Aha! SID,' exclaimed the old gentleman, racily grinning as he jingled the cash in his side pockets. 'Will you quarrel with your old uncle now? Will you talk to me now of your—what was it—crushed affections? Eh? Ha! ha!'

"'Nay, nay, Uncle, I was green then.'

"'A hundred thousand in the Three Per Cents., eh? Thirty ditto in Railway Shares, eh? The whole of Bullion Terrace and Sterling's Rents—eh? Ha! ha! ha. A little better than ANGELINA and Camden Town—eh!'

"'I should think so,' answered the young man.

"'Did I not well, you dog, to intercept the—ha, ha! the *billet-doux!*' demanded the senior, uttering the last words in a tone of mock tenderness.

"'You did, Uncle, you did.'

"'SPOONER and ANGELINA! Doves in a cage! Camden Town and two guineas a week! Don't you envy them—eh? With WIDOW CONSOLS—now MRS. BRADS—Eh!' And MR. DIBBS poked his nephew in the side and slapped his back.

"'Uncle,' exclaimed SIDNEY, 'you were right, and I was an ass. There's an end of that. And so now for our honeymoon; which, believe me, will often be sweetened by the recollection of your favourite maxim, "Blunt before Beauty."'"

The Political Tea-Party.

IN the present state of fusion, or confusion, of politics, it is probable that party distinctions in Parliament will be obliterated. There will muster, however, next session, a body of Repealers, in the cause of Green Hyson, who may be expected to form a small tea-party. It is said that they will invite the Cabinet to Tea and Turn-Out.

THE

Fine Old English Gentleman of the Present Time.

I'LL sing you a fine old song, improved by a modern pate,
Of a fine Old English Gentleman, who owns a large estate,
But pays the labourers on it at a very shabby rate.
Some seven shillings each a week for early work and late,
Gives this fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

His hall so brave is hung around with pictures, all in rows,
Of oxen that have gained the prize at agricultural shows,
And pigs so fat that they can't see an inch before their nose;
For the whole of his attention on his cattle he bestows,
Like a fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

In winter's cold, when poor and old for some assistance call,
And come to beg a trifle at the portals of his hall,
He refers them to the workhouse, that stands open wide for all;
For this is how the parish great relieve the parish small,
Like this fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

When any of his working men are bold enough to press
For a trifle more of wages in a season of distress,
He answers like a thorough-going man of business:—
"Must I pay this or that for work which I could get for less?"
Says the fine Old English Gentleman, one of the present time.

But rolling years will onwards flow, and time, alas! will fly,
And one of these fine days this fine Old Gentleman must die.
Ah! will he then bethink him, as he heaves life's latest sigh,
That he has done to others quite as he would be done by,
As the true Old English Gentleman did in the olden time?

TREATY INSURANCE OFFICE.

A PORTRAIT, AFTER BEARD.

Louis-Philippe made a threat a few weeks ago, that he would summon a congress of kings for the purpose of drawing up a new set of treaties, so that each European state might know what to do for the future. The notion is not a bad one, but, considering the short lives of treaties in general, we think it scarcely necessary to draw up any at all. It would be much better to calculate the average duration of the existence of a treaty, and then for each monarch to enter into two heavy sureties to keep the peace in Europe during that period. When the term had expired, any crowned head should be at liberty to renew the treaty for the same period of years. The promised congress would only involve a number of unpleasant questions upon recent events, besides bringing parties into contact who would have a difficulty, if kings are given to blushing, to look one another in the face. Louis-Philippe ought to be very much obliged to us for this new proposal of insuring treaties, for he must know better than anybody that it has been his peculiar good fortune to gain upon every one of his policies, which required a tremendous deal of assurance.

PUNCH'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

Gentlemen,

Brevity is the soul of *Punch*; he will not therefore, like Polk, write you a letter as long, but not so lively, as a volume of *Sam Slick*.

Your thanks are due to your national stars for the successful settlement of the Oregon Question.

You will learn with regret that you are in a decided fix. With a view to business you have marched into Mexico; but you have no business there. You are likely to meet with more drubbings than dollars. You had better imitate a former King of France, with his thirty thousand men, and march back again.

If you do not take care, you will involve yourself in a national debt. You owe quite enough already; and I recommend you to pay it as soon as possible.

I advise you to repudiate—not indebtedness, but—slavery.

Industry is more profitable, and less hazardous, than Annexation.

The amendment of the Law of Lynch is worthy of your consideration.

Gentlemen, I wish you a merry Session, and a happy New Year.

PUNCH.

Lord George on Railways and Corn.

At the York Festival Lord George Bentinck said the name of Stephenson (to whom be all honour,) would "be remembered by every farmer whose corn was carried to market at 4*s.* to 5*s.* per quarter less than before." Very good. But Lord George forgot this slightly vital point:—Let his Lordship's predictions prove true, as of course they will, and the British farmer will have *no* corn to carry.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE.

Rubbers at whist are said to be common in the carriages of the Eastern Counties Railway. We think Patience would be a more appropriate game.

THE NEW DISCOVERY IN SURGERY.

The public will have seen with considerable interest that means have been discovered for performing the most difficult operations without giving pain to the party upon whom it is necessary to operate. A man may, it seems, have his legs cut from under him without his knowing it, by the new process, while the drawing out of his teeth becomes an agreeable excitement, which is so delightful that a boy having been mulcted of a molar, clamoured loudly to have another extracted, and only held his jaw when the dentist consented to oblige him.

However desirable this invention may be in a surgical point of view, we have every hope that it will soon be applied to the more delicate operations of politics. How useful would it have been during the last session, when the Conservative body had to undergo the painful process of the cutting off of so many of its members! Had the new process been known, the political amputations might have taken place without any of that pain, amounting in some cases to direct mortification, which ensued in several instances. Considering the frequent severings that Sir Robert Peel has been obliged to undergo, and the numerous occasions upon which he will again most probably feel it necessary to submit to amputations, the new process must be almost invaluable to the Right Honourable Baronet.

As the plan is calculated to prevent pain in all cases of removal, we should recommend its being tried on the next occasion of a removal from office by Her Majesty's Ministers. This has always been a most distressing operation, from the suffering it has inflicted on the parties concerned; and all the friends of humanity must be delighted at the prospect there is of its becoming an entirely painless proceeding.

A VORACIOUS PIKE.

The stones have been so slippery along Fleet Street, that the City turnpikeman has had the greatest difficulty in pursuing the carts to levy his toll. The poor man has been so tired, from repeatedly falling, that he has not been able, since the frost has set in, to follow the chase with his usual ardour; or if he has started a cart or two, it has been only to see the game fly right before him, without the possibility of bagging a single toll. The sums, he says, he has lost in this way are quite untold. He has represented his case to the Court of Aldermen, and they have been generous enough to allow him to wear, during the frosty weather, a pair of skates. He has been practising by moonlight on the pavement in Piccadilly, and declares he can stand up against anything now, as he cannot imagine any customer or ice being half so slippery as the wood-pavement. The public may expect to have some capital sport with this voracious pike. His hiding-place is the corner of Chancery Lane, and he is to be brought out at any time, by any person who wishes to tackle him, by means of a horse and cart. He will run any distance after his prey, and has never been known to leave it till he has secured it.

Wanted, a Lion.

Alexandre Dumas has gone over to Algiers to hunt lions; but it seems that there is not a lion to be had in the place, for love or money. He talked of sending over for the British Lion, but was dissuaded by being told that the poor animal had been so dreadfully hunted down in his own country, that there was not a roar left in him. Alexandre Dumas is dreadfully wroth at the Game-Laws not being better preserved in Algeria, and has registered a vow in his pocket-book to send over, as soon as he arrives in Paris, a covey of young lions, from the *Jardin des Plantes*. He has advertised for a "spirited young man" for a gamekeeper, but as yet no one has come forward to accept the heroic situation.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

Some wretched man, or bitter satirist, proposes that the Statue of the Duke be set up at the point in Kensington Gardens where the eight avenues converge, "so that the figure may be seen from eight different points of view." It would also be seen in eight points of view at once by different persons. We do not know what the frequenters of Kensington Gardens have done to deserve this, nor do we feel so malignantly towards the Sub-committee as to inflict on them such a vengeance.

PARDONABLE WEAKNESS.

Poachers have been pardoned by the Queen. "May not this be called"—asks Grantley Berkeley of *Punch*—"a pardonable weakness?"

An appropriate Alias.—We observe that the London Medical Directory is much advertised. As an additional title for this publication, we would suggest "The Red Lamp."

THE TRIUMPH OF PANTOMIME.

AS Parliament opens so much earlier this year, the theatres will be able to introduce into their pantomimes a new batch of tricks. They might announce them, like the newsvenders of the evening papers, as "Second Edition! Opening of Parliament! Wonderful Fun! New Tricks! Surprising Transformations! Second Edition." As their wishes, however, might exceed their ability, we will provide them with a set beforehand. which any manager is welcome to, upon his pledging his word that neither of those very lugubrious songs, "Hot Codlins," or "Tippytiwitchet," shall ever be sung in his theatre again.

Here they are :—

"LORD JOHNRUSSELL, as *Harlequin* jumping through the House of Commons, and sticking half way, when PEEL, as *Pantaloon*, comes behind him and pushes him through."

"The Blarney Stone changing into Conciliation Hall."

"PEEL'S Portrait Gallery being turned into the weathercocks of the new House of Commons."

"MR. O'CONNELL, as the celebrated old woman who sells hot codlins, to be quietly boiling his pot, when MASTER SMITH O'BRIEN and a number of little boys throw in a few squibs, and blow him and all his concern up."

"The National Gallery Lottery Office, with the announcement, 'All prizes—no blanks'—to be turned into an immense mangle, which *Clown* is to be turning, as *Pantaloon* puts the pictures in. 'Last day of drawing the Old Masters.' All the prizes to turn out blanks."

"An Agricultural Show, to be changed into a Tallow Chandler's shop. A Prize Bull to be driven in at the door, and a mile of candles to be pulled out by *Clown*, who is to exclaim 'Here's small change for a Bull.'"

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLVI.—CLUB SNOBS.

WHY does not some great author write "The Mysteries of the Club Houses; or St. James's Street unveiled." It would be a fine subject for an imaginative writer. We must all, as boys, remember, when we went to the fair, and had spent all our money—the sort of awe and anxiety with which we loitered round the outside of the show, speculating upon the nature of the entertainments going on within.

Man is a Drama—of Wonder and Passion, and Mystery and Meanness, and Beauty and Truthfulness, and Etcetera. Each Bosom is a Booth in Vanity Fair. But let us stop this capital style, I should die if I kept it up for a column (a pretty thing a column all capitals would be, by the way). In a club, though there mayn't be a soul of your acquaintance in the room, you have always the chance of watching strangers, and speculating on what is going on within those tents and curtains of their souls, their coats and waistcoats. This is a never-failing sport. Indeed I am told there are some clubs in the town where nobody ever speaks to anybody. They sit in the coffee-room, quite silent, and watching each other.

Yet how little you can tell from a man's outward demeanour! There's a man at our club—large, heavy, middle-aged—gorgeously dressed—rather bald—with lacquered boots—and a boa when he goes out; quiet in demeanour, always ordering and consuming a *récherché* little dinner, whom I have mistaken for LORD POCKLINGTON any time these five years, and respected as a man with five hundred pounds *per diem*; and I find he is but a clerk in an office in the City, with not two hundred pounds income, and his name is JUBBER. My LORD POCKLINGTON was, on the contrary, the dirty little snuffy man who cried out so about the bad quality of the beer, and grumbled at being overcharged threehalfpence for a herring, seated at the next table to JUBBER on the day when some one pointed his lordship out to me.

Take a different sort of mystery. I see, for instance, old FAWNEY stealing round the rooms of the Club, with glassy, meaningless eyes, and an endless greasy simper—he fawns on everybody he meets, and shakes hands with you, and blesses you, and betrays the most tender and astonishing interest in your welfare. You know him to be a quack and a rogue, and he knows you know it. But he wriggles on his way, and leaves a track of slimy flattery after him wherever he goes. Who can penetrate that man's mystery? What earthly good can he get from you or me? You don't know what is working under that leering tranquil mask. You have only the dim instinctive repulsion that warns you, you are in the presence of a knave—beyond which fact all FAWNEY'S soul is a secret to you.

I think I like to speculate on the young men best. Their play is opener. You know the cards in their hand, as it were. Take, for example, MESSRS. SPAVIN and COCKSPUR.

A specimen or two of the above sort of young fellows may be found, I believe, at most Clubs. They know nobody. They bring a fine smell of cigars into the room with them, and they growl together, in a corner, about sporting matters. They recollect the history of that short period in which they have been ornaments of the world by the names of winning horses. As political men talk about "the Reform year," "the year the Whigs went out," and so forth, these young sporting bucks speak of *Tarnation's* year, or *Opodeldoc's* year, or the year when *Catawampus* ran second for the Chester Cup. They play at billiards in the morning, they absorb pale ale for breakfast, and "top up" with glasses of strong waters. They read *Bell's Life* (and a very pleasant paper too, with a great deal of erudition in the answers to correspondents). They go down to TATTERSALL'S, and swagger in the Park, with their hands plunged in the pockets of their paletots.

What strikes me especially in the outward demeanour of sporting youth is their amazing gravity, their conciseness of speech, and care-worn and moody air. In the smoking-room at the Regent, when JOE MILLERSON will be setting the whole room in a roar with laughter, you hear young MESSRS. SPAVIN and COCKSPUR grumbling together in a corner. "I'll take your five-and-twenty to one about Brother to Bluenose," whispers SPAVIN. "Can't do it at the price," COCKSPUR says, waggling his head ominously. The betting-book is always present in the minds of those unfortunate youngsters. I think I hate that work even more than the *Peerage*. There is some good in the latter — though, generally speaking, a vain record; though DE MUGGINS is not descended from the giant HOGYN MOGYN; though half the other genealogies are equally false and foolish; yet the mottoes are good reading—some of them; and the book itself a sort of gold-laced and liveried lackey to History, and in so far serviceable. But what good ever came out of, or went into, a betting-book? If I could be CALIPH OMAR for a week, I would pitch every one of those despicable manuscripts into the flames; from my Lord's, who is "in" with JACK SNAFFLE'S stable, and is over-reaching worse-informed rogues and swindling greenhorns; down to SAM'S, the butcher-boy's, who books eighteen-penny odds in the taproom, and "stands to win five-and-twenty bob."

In a turf transaction, either SPAVIN or COCKSPUR would try to get the better of his father, and, to gain a point in the odds, victimize his best friends. One day we shall hear of one or other levanting; an event at which, not being sporting men, we shall not break our hearts. See—MR. SPAVIN is settling his toilette previous to departure; giving a curl in the glass to his side-wisps of hair. Look at him! It is

only at the hulks, or among turf-men, that you ever see a face so mean, so knowing, and so gloomy.

A much more humane being among the youthful Clubbists is the Lady-killing Snob. I saw WIGGLE just now in the dressing-room, talking to WAGGLE, his inseparable.

Waggle. "'PON MY HONOUR, WIGGLE, SHE DID."
Wiggle. "WELL, WAGGLE, AS YOU SAY SO—I OWN I THINK SHE DID LOOK AT ME RATHER KINDLY. WE 'LL SEE TO-NIGHT, AT THE FRENCH PLAY."

And having arrayed their little persons, these two harmless young bucks go up-stairs to dinner.

PUNCH'S POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

OATH. A form of words administered by the usher in a court of justice to witnesses and jurymen. In the case of the former it is a solo, but in the case of the latter it is a quartette, the jurymen swearing in little parties of four to save trouble. If a person, about to be examined, refuses to take an oath, he is treated as unworthy of belief, though his very conscientiousness shows that he is more likely to speak the truth than one who does not hesitate to take any oath that may be required. Besides the oaths of witnesses, there are certain oaths which are sworn, apparently, for the mere purpose of putting a shilling into the pockets of the officer of the court, who is entitled to that fee on taking an affidavit. Barristers and attorneys on their admission to practice take an oath of allegiance, by which they swear that they will not kill foreign princes in the streets, or invite the Pope over to Windsor Castle.

OFFERINGS, EASTER. Contributions to the income of a clergyman, and called offerings, from his offering to take them to any extent that his parishioners may be pleased to offer him.

OFFICIAL. Of or belonging to office. That sort of conduct which, in an individual's private capacity, would be characterised as unfeeling or dishonourable, passes without censure when the adjective official can be attached to it. Official sometimes has the effect of the Greek negative *a* when prefixed to a word, and thus "Official politeness" signifies, no politeness at all; "Official dispatch" means extreme delay; and "Official occupation" a state of utter idleness.

OLIGARCHY. Government by the few; a state in which the rulers are rather more select than numerous. To illustrate the matter by an humble case in point, we may say that the Exeter Arcade is a monarchy, for it is ruled by one beadle, while Burlington Arcade, which has two beadles, a policeman, and a porter, may be compared to an oligarchy. Blackfriar's Pier, which is ruled by a check-taker and two Jacks-in-the-Water, may be called a triumvirate, for the policeman, who knocks the boys about with his staff, can only be considered as a lick-tor. Hungerford Pier, where there are several check-takers, all quarrelling with each other, and a number of watermen, who do nothing but scramble for the passengers and abuse each other, must be regarded as a Commonwealth, in which the public money seems to be treated as wealth common to all who will make a snatch at it.

ORDINARY. A term given to the Bishop of the diocese, as well as to a dinner served up in a tavern at a certain hour for any one to partake of. Why Bishops are called Ordinaries is not exactly known, for some of them pursue a most extraordinary line of conduct. The word ordinary, which means also plain, is well adapted to the humble, and of course plain, meal we have alluded to.

OUTLAWRY is literally the process of being placed beyond the law, though, in fact, it is generally the preliminary to getting into it. There is still in existence a small band of outlaws, who are proclaimed periodically at the Sheriff's Court; but they are not entitled to be called bold outlaws, for they frequently consist entirely of runaways.

Punch's Prize Essays.

IT is our intention to offer a series of prizes for a series of the best essays on a series of subjects. The productions must be sent in with sealed envelopes, and a motto to each. There will be a separate adjudicator for each subject treated of, and we think we may venture already to announce the following list of—

SUBJECTS FOR ESSAYS.	ADJUDICATORS.
Humanity	THE POOR-LAW COMMISSIONERS.
Eloquence	MR. GEORGE ROBINS.
Patriotism	MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
Enterprise	MR. JOSEPH ADY.
Fine Arts	SIR FREDERICK TRENCH.
Captivity	MR. LAWRENCE LEVY.
Exile	THE MAYOR OF HERNE BAY.
Literature	TAYLOR, THE FISHMONGER.
Heroism	THE FIRST MAN WHO ATE AN OYSTER.
War	GENERAL TOM THUMB.
Justice	MR. PUNCH.
Instinct	MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL.
Eccentricity	SIR ROBERT PEEL.
Imagination	CAPTAIN WARNER.
Genius	THE POET BUNN.
Conviviality	THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
The Bar	MR. BRIEFLESS.
The Senate	SIR VALENTINE BLAKE.
Travelling	THE WELLINGTON STATUE.
Integrity	ALDERMAN GIBBS.
Commerce	LOUIS PHILIPPE.
Fashion	LORD BROUGHAM.
Pastime	POLICEMAN A 1.
Woman	MRS. CAUDLE.

NOT A BAD ILLUSTRATION.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to inquire, whether the burlesque now playing at the Haymarket is a quiz upon the Art-Union; for their engravings, he says, have been due so long, that they could not have a better title than the "Invisible Prints."

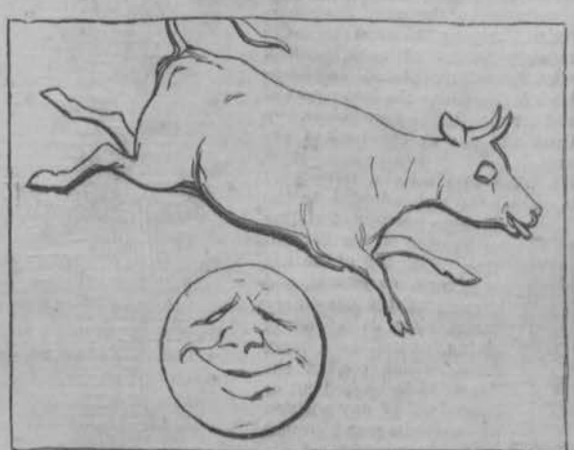
ENOUGH TO SINK ANYTHING.

WE see that there are no less than 91 Commissioners to look after Westminster Bridge. We hope the 91 never are cruel enough to sit upon the bridge all at the same time, for we are sure the poor old bridge is not strong enough to bear it.

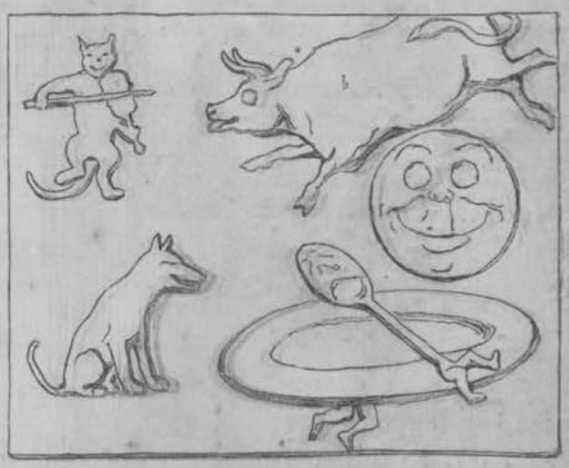
HIGH ART.

It is with the nicest feeling of appreciation, and the most salient relish for high art, that we have caused a series of sketches in outline —wretched, we own, when compared with those of the tremendous Retsch—to be prepared for the illustration of our columns. Being desirous of bringing out the powers of the artist in the fullest possible manner, we placed the pleasing poem of "High diddle diddle" unreservedly in his hands, as a *morceau* that a Raphael might have given ten minutes of his valuable life to illustrate. We selected the theme for various reasons, but chiefly on account of the German mysticism of the subject. There is a magic beauty in the opening line, a sort of dreary incantation, or rather invocation, of the high, the lofty, the elevated; and the "diddle diddle," which is finely expressive of the veiled, the mysterious, and the ideal. The tranquil and measured calmness of the versification of "High diddle diddle" prepares us for the introduction of "The cat and the fiddle." The combination seems at first strange, of a puss and a violin, but when we remember that the strings of a fiddle are made of catgut, it is not surprising that between the animal and the instrument there is an inward sympathy. The artist has indeed seized the cat with exceeding cleverness, and thrown into the violin a degree of tone that is truly marvellous.

But how beautiful is the transition from the calm quietude of the mouse-trap of private life engaged in gentle harmony—how beautiful we say is the transition to the violent action of the frolicsome quadruped. When we are told that "The cow jumped over the moon," we take a mental somersault in the company of the eccentric animal. We fancy the cow running furiously into the Milky Way, and leaping over Luna like a lunatic. The illustrator of this singular incident in our vaccine annals has caught the situation with surprising fidelity. When we look at the picture, we fancy we can hear the breathing of the cow, in spite of all the rules of acoustics which tell us the contrary. When looking at the juxta-position of the moon and the cow, we become overwhelmed by the oddness of the association, and the bewilderment of the moon-calf comes suddenly over us.



But it is in the last grand *tableau* that the master mind of the artist is visible. It is when he has to bring into the same group not only the cat and the fiddle, and the cow performing its saltatory feat, but the little dog laughing "to see such sport", and the dish in the very act of decamping with the table spoon. How truthfully is all this told in the composition before us.



Do we not begin to hold both our sides in sympathy with the little dog, whose laughter to "see such sport" the artist so delicately indicates? As to the dish, it is a feast of itself, and we devour it with that keen appetite which a hunger for high Art is sure to originate. When we see the spoon we are literally carried away with it. Between one point and the other of this remarkable picture, what with the spoon and the fiddle, we begin to feel as fiddle-headed as either or both of them.

We strongly advise the Committee of the Art-Union to distribute a set of these engravings, done in outline, to the next year's subscribers.

ARE THERE ANY POLICEMEN?

A Correspondent suggests that the police, who have nothing to do save to find out the area of every house—a little problem, the solution of which is generally XXX—should be employed during the day in sweeping the streets. As new brooms sweep cleanest, there may be a chance, he says, of a little of the mud, which is so very plentiful in this soluble weather, being cleared away before next Mid-summer. The great advantage of this sweeping measure would be the possibility of finding a policeman when one was wanted, instead of having to run into the next county in search of one. We know a lady who maintains that the police went out at the same time as the hackney coaches. It is perfectly true that it is as difficult, in the present day, to hail one as the other. We hope in a short time to see the curious phenomenon of one of the letters of the alphabet—we have no preference—busily engaged in ordering a mud-cart in Fleet Street to "move on" as he "t[illegible]" a chain of miniature Apennines of dirt.

THE SPREAD OF BITUMEN.

According to the French papers, bitumen has been allowed to enter the ports of Algeria free of duty. We are at a loss to imagine what can be the great demand for bitumen in Algeria. Is it to smooth the way in that country for Marshal Bugeaud, and so to enable him to walk over the natives? Is it to make the natives forget their native soil, by hiding it from them? or is it to cut the ground from under Abd-el-Kader's feet? or, stretching a point, is it to put the entire of Africa under the pressure of the French *flag*? We cannot in the least account for this extraordinary liberality in bitumen, unless, as it is well-known that it is melted by the heat of the sun, it is sent over as so much bird-lime, for the purpose of catching Abd-el-Kader when he passes over it. At all events, it is a capital expedient for tracing the footsteps of that fugitive hero, though we must say we think it is rather too bad that Louis Philippe should be allowed to pitch it all his own way in Algeria.

"BUBBLE BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE."

It has been discovered that there are springs which throw up boiling ponds in all parts of New Zealand. When Nature performs such freaks as these, who can be surprised at the inhabitants of New Zealand being always in hot water?

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I SAY, CHARLEY, THAT 'S A JEUCED FINE GURL TALKING TO YOUNG FIPPS. I SHOULD LIKE TO CATCH HER UNDER THE MISELTOE."

THE ROOFLESS QUADRANT.

THE Quadrant has lately been turned into a shower-bath. The roof forms one of the exhibitions of the metropolis; it is open from morning till dusk. The rain drips through, and the pedestrian who has folded up his umbrella under the delusion he is under shelter, is astonished to find when he emerges into the open air, that he is as wet through as if he had been sitting inside Walbrook Church. If it is the intention to turn the Quadrant into a public washhouse, notice should be given of the fact, and the beadles should be provided with the necessary towels, combs, and brushes; whereas at present a run through the Quadrant costs a new hat, besides ruining a clean shirt, and in these days when *la chemise c'est l'homme*, a person cannot be too particular about his fine linen.

The Society for the improvement of Regent Street, whose solicitude for the paving-stones, and paternal affection for the lamp-posts, we have had occasion more than once to praise, should look to these little matters, as they may be sure no aristocratic footman likes his calves being pinched by the "fiendish rheumatism," (as Sir E. L. B. L. calls it,) or that a dowager would ever come into their porous Quadrant again, if her "dear Bijou" caught cold in stepping from the carriage into SWAN & EDGAR'S. We hope the next time we walk under the Quadrant, the glass above our head will point to dry.

MUNIFICENT PRESENT.

THE *Morning Post*, with unparalleled generosity, has conferred a crown on the CONDE DE MONTEMOLIN.

PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

A SONG FOR LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

WITH one thing and another, what anxiety and bother,
What perplexity and trouble, and confusion I am in;
I seem all hurry-skurry, in a flurry, and a worry,
Now the session Parliamentary is going to begin.
The work of Legislation will be such a complication,
That how shall I unravel it I 'm puzzled how to think:
We shall be so very busy, the idea makes me dizzy,
And from the undertaking I am half inclined to shrink.

There 's the Sanatory question for discussion and digestion,
There's the Smoke-prevention measure—there's the Duty to take a:
I 've to settle Church Preferment, and to regulate Interment,
And the Malt-tax abolition must be grappled with by me.
On the Buildings' Act revision I must come to some decision,
And waggon-loads of Railway bills must manage to get through:
With the press of business-matter, and the talking and the chatter,
Upon my life I can't conceive whatever I shall do.

Then the Window-tax repealers have been putting forth their feelers,
And I shall have to answer them, or yield to their demand;
Whilst, distracting my attention—oh, most horrible to mention!—
There 'll be both Free Trade Extension and the Burdens upon Land.
And the diplomatic kettle I of fish shall have to settle,
And all I know about the Spanish Marriage to reveal;—
Oh! humbly as a spaniel, let me beg, my dearest DANIEL,
In this trying situation not to plague me with Repeal.

Then a scheme of Education I must furnish for the nation,
Which INGLIS will be trying to cut up in smithereens;
And amid all these transactions, and the cavillings of factions,
I shall have to set to work about devising Ways and Means.
Worst of all, the monster question there remains, whose bare suggestion
Makes every hair upon my head to bristle up on end,
I can't shirk it, I must meet it—who will tell me how to treat it?—
With Ireland and her evils I am call'd on to contend.

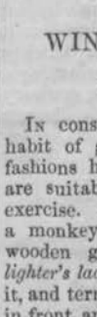
Oh, how badger'd, bored and harass'd, how cross-question'd and embarrass'd,
How-banter'd, teas'd and taunted, and tormented, I shall be!
With a prospect so appalling, can I hope to keep from falling,
Or help exclaiming wildly, "Oh, what *will* become of me?"
Ah! ye men in Opposition, do not envy my condition,
I am sure you can't imagine at this moment what I feel;
Such a sinking there comes o'er me, when I think of what 's before me,
That I almost could repent me that we ever ousted PEEL.

WINTER FASHIONS

For the Ice.

IN consequence of the prevailing habit of going upon the ice, some fashions have been brought out that are suitable to the very dangerous exercise. Among the most elegant is a monkey jacket of cork, with a wooden garniture placed *en lamp-lighter's ladder* along the lower part of it, and terminating in four points, two in front and two at the back of the wearer.

We have also seen a novelty in hats, which is well adapted to the perilous pastime of sliding or skating on the Serpentine. The top of the hat is of cork, *en parasol*, and instead of the customary tassel, there is a ball of string, as well as a large hook, which enables the bearer to be hooked out or lugged out of any position of danger he may have got into. We strongly recommend the adoption of these fashions to all adventurous gents during the frosty season.



THE LIGHT PORTER OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

COLD WITHOUT *v.* WARM WITHIN.

"THIS IS VERY COMFORTABLE, AND THE BRANDY-AND-WATER'S CAPITAL. I'LL COME TO-MORROW AND HAVE ANOTHER ACCIDENT."

PUNCH'S VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER A NORTH-WEST PASSAGE FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH, DURING THE LATE SNOW-STORM.

From the Log of a Commercial Gent.

Dec. 18th. JOINED the convoy at Darlington, 4 P.M., weather squally and threatening. The train is fitted to encounter snow. We have two engines, and an ice-plough on the buffer of the leader. The guard—an old hand, to whom I made some remark on the subject before we started—looked hard to the N.E., and screwed up his weather-beaten features with an "Aye, aye, Sir, we shall have a dirty night of it." The watch in the carriage where I am stationed consists of a stout Quaker, an old lady with a large basket and a child, another commercial gent besides myself, and a Scotchman. We are all in high spirits, and look forward to our reaching the extreme northern point of Edinburgh with hopeful cheerfulness.

4½ P.M. Weighed engine. Three cheers for the North!

6 P.M. Squally; snow-clouds N.N.E. Spoke an up-train.

7 P.M. Ferrybridge in sight, bearing W. and by W. A few snow flakes have already fallen. Ordered up the weather window.

8 P.M. Snow falling fast. No house in sight. Guard reports drift snow ahead. Train labouring a good deal. Got out railway wrapper, and made all snug.

10 P.M. Train making little way. Drift on the line increasing. The old lady is getting nervous.

11 P.M. Overhauled the log. We ought to have made Newcastle by 7. Attempted to make an observation to the guard, but could not procure a civil answer. Observed a cow looking over the embankment.

11½ P.M. Station-lights reported ahead. Train hardly making any way. Drift very high, and snow falling so fast that we cannot show ourselves on deck.

12 P.M. We have not yet made the station. The old lady has brought out a bottle, and served out a dram to the watch. Quaker gent refuses it, as being a teetotaller.

12½ A.M. The Quaker gent has begged for a little brandy—"to be taken medicinally." Got up all our wraps to be ready for any emergency. Train pitching a good deal; engine whistling perpetually.

1 A.M. Train brought up all standing. Floe-ice and hummocks round about. Air thick, and carriage leaking. The other commercial gent swears a good deal about the markets. The old lady appears to be engaged in inward devotion. Thank Heaven! the child has not yet begun to cry.

2 A.M. Remained in the same position. Scotch gentleman remarks "It 's a coarse night," which nobody seems inclined to deny.

6 A.M. Still stationary. Nothing in sight but walls of snowdrift. The other commercial gent has attempted to open the door without effect.

9 A.M. Daybreak. All very miserable. The coals are used up, and the train imbedded in nearly fifteen feet of snowdrift. The old lady has evidently become excited, while the Quaker gent has taken too much of the brandy medicinally, and is talking incoherently. The Scotchman observes that we shall be "unco late at E'embro," which is generally admitted to be probable.

10 A.M. Native seen at a distance. Signals of distress made, but not responded to. Proposed to overhaul provisions. Reported stores as follows, viz.:—

QUAKER. *One packet of sandwiches.*

COMMERCIAL GENT. *Two cigars, one small toothcomb, half stick sealing wax, and false collar highly starched.*

OLD LADY. *Three captain's biscuits, one sponge ditto (for child), ½ oz. peppermint drops, pork pie in paper, piece French chalk, ditto wax candle-end, ½ pint of brandy.*

SCOTCHMAN. *Nothing whatever.*

SELF. *Packet of cheroots, small bottle lavender water, one pot bear's grease.*

All this I took charge of, by consent of the rest.

11 A.M. Addressed the crew of my carriage on our situation. Old lady resigned. Quaker still confused from effects of medicine. Commercial gent (in his own opinion) funny, and Scotchman inclined to dispute everything said by anybody else. Served out breakfast, consisting of the old lady's captain's biscuits and allowance of brandy, one thimbleful (by old lady's thimble) to each, except child. Commercial gent anxious to begin on the pork-pie, but prevented.

1 P.M. Dozed again. Found, on waking, old lady had given sponge biscuit to child. The child is crying very much. Obliged to sit on the provisions.

2 P.M. Commercial gent anxious for dinner. Quaker apparently delirious. The Scotchman has frequently declared our position "pairfectly rideeculous."

3 P.M. Crew clamorous for dinner. The Quaker eyes the pie, and has been heard to wish for "a short life and a merry one." I fear resistance will soon be idle. I cannot rely upon the Scotchman; he has been tampered with by the commercial gent, who has given him a cigar.

4 P.M. After a dreadful struggle, in which I am sorry to say the old lady took part, the pie has fallen into the hands of the mutineers, who have, besides, emptied the brandy bottle. The Quaker is rampant, and singing "We won't go home till morning," which the commercial gent has taught him.

5 P.M. The provisions are all gone. The commercial gent is now sucking the starch out of his collar. The Scotchman has wheedled the old lady out of her peppermint drops, which he is at this moment eating with much relish. The odour is overpowering, and we cannot open the windows.

* * * * * * * * *

10, next morning. The sufferings of the night have been dreadful.

3 P.M. There is a report that several Christmas pies are in the luggage truck. A guard has vowed to obtain one or perish in the attempt.

4 P.M. The guard has not returned; probably he has fallen a victim to his noble self-devotion. His comrade has gone after him. They have both, no doubt, stuck fast, and perhaps perished!

5 P.M. A passenger has just discovered that the two selfish brutes of guards have been, for the last hour, enjoying themselves among the Christmas fare of the parcels truck. They have eaten an incredible quantity, but enough remains to serve out a sparing meal to all the train. The Quaker is sober again, and appears penitent. The Scotchman secured by great violence a barrel of oysters, all of which he has eaten himself, keeping off the hungry with his oyster-knife.

6, P.M. Four engines reported in sight, attempting to get through the drift ahead. 'Evins prosper the attempt!

7 P.M. They have succeeded. We are in motion once more. Hurrah! Hurrah!

10 P.M. Reached Newcastle. Ordered a hot supper and a warm bed. On coming down-stairs, found the Scotchman eating the former, and two hours after, on going up-stairs, found same identical gent sleeping in the latter.

The Police Footman.

IT is very evident that MR. DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY knows what use a policeman ought to be put to, for he made one into a domestic servant. The City Commissioner was perfectly aware that a policeman is never so completely at home as in the kitchen. There can be no doubt that the situation of footman to MR. DANIEL WHITTLE HARVEY must have been delightful to a member of the force who, we believe, urged that he was induced to enter the service out of regard for one of the collateral branches of MR. HARVEY's family. On enquiry it turned out that the fellow cared little for the HARVEYS, but had an intense attachment to the *Whittles*.

A MODEL MESSAGE.

IT is to be hoped that the President's next message to Congress will be transmitted by the Electric Telegraph. In that case, its necessary condensation will be an improvement truly considerable.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Hostess. "Now, my dear—Will you come and dance a quadrille?"

Juvenile. "Tha-a-nk you—It 's so many years ago since I danced, that I would rather be excused, if you please. In fact, I—aw, haven't danced since I was quite a boy."

Punch's Advice to Parliament.

Mr. Punch respectfully begs to remind Members of the House of Commons that Parliament will assemble on Tuesday the 19th instant, for the despatch of business. He ventures to repeat—for the despatch of business; because it appears to him to be generally forgotten that this is the object of the meeting of Parliament.

In order to the due despatch of business, *Mr. Punch* may perhaps be allowed to tender to the House of Commons a little advice. With very much more than the usual work this Session, there must be very much less than the usual talk.

Honourable Members who have nothing to say are strongly recommended to say it.

It is desirable that all speeches should be as closely compressed as possible. Every sentence should be an aphorism; if not new, at least true; and in any case should have some bearing on the question before the House.

References to the Eton Latin Grammar and the Elegant Extracts should be dispensed with; and the Speaker of the House should check any quotation from Enfield's.

Unmeaning cant is to be sedulously avoided; and the British Lion, the Wisdom of our Ancestors, and our Glorious Constitution, are on no pretence whatever to be invoked or alluded to.

That these requirements may be observed, it is suggested that every Member before speaking should give himself the trouble of thinking.

Members who have statistical or arithmetical details to bring forward, should have them printed on large boards, to be hoisted for inspection during the delivery of their speeches; the recital of such matters being lengthy and impossible to follow.

Personality breeds altercation, altercation waste of time; it is therefore earnestly entreated that all Members will, if they possibly can, abstain from impugning one another's motives, or calumniating, aspersing, and vilifying each other. Mr. Disraeli, it is hoped, will turn over a new leaf.

Colonel Sibthorpe is implored to be sparing of his witticisms.

All unnecessary questions and applications for useless returns are deprecated. This Session, also, Members really should refrain from putting, or at least from pressing to a division, motions which they know to be hopeless.

A Committee of at least a dozen wise men, if so many can be found in the House, should be appointed to determine the claims of such questions, applications, and motions to attention.

It is most expedient that all matters of privilege should be poohpoohed.

If these hints are carefully acted upon, it is just possible that Parliament may get through the business of the country by the end of August.

A STAND-UP FOR SMITHFIELD.

A great deal of clamour has been lately raised for the removal of Smithfield Market, and the establishment of *abattoirs* in the suburbs. As some excuse for this outcry, it is urged that about two or three deaths, on an average, occur weekly, in consequence of cattle being driven through the streets. But if a few people die by Smithfield, a great many live by it. Besides, not everybody that is tossed is killed. Last week a gentleman, in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, was attacked by an infuriated bull: he was only trampled on, and gored. On the same day in Long Lane a boy was knocked down by a bullock. He may have been severely wounded, but still he was picked up alive.

Accidents like these only strengthen the argument for retaining Smithfield Market where it is. We allude of course to vested interests. These casualties show that besides the Corporation, publicans, and others who are interested in the maintenance of Smithfield, there is that respectable body of men, the surgeons. There are also the pupils and teachers of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which, by the provident wisdom of our ancestors, adjoins the market.

The removal of Smithfield may save a few lives; but it will disturb the amicable relations between the College of Surgeons and the Court of Aldermen. These relations ought to be preserved; and for standing so manfully as they have done by Smithfield, we advise the Council of the College to give the Aldermen a dinner. Let the first toast on the removal of the cloth be, "Smithfield and Surgery."

GOOD SPORT FOR PUNCH.

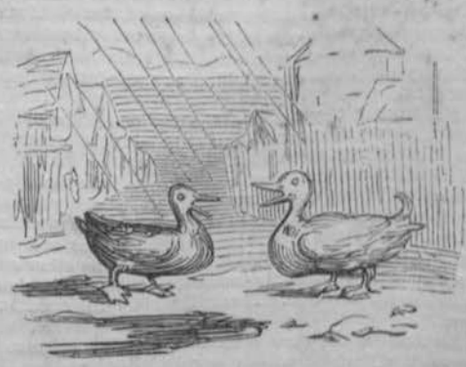
"*Mr. Punch,*

"I belongs to the class o' people called tenant-farmers. Now, Zur, the bit o' land as I ockypies is overrun wi' game. You oodn't credit the mischief the pheasants and harses and rabbits does me. They ates me, Zur, well nigh out o' house and whoam, they do. Talk o' rats and mice, grubs and cattypillars, they be nothun to 'em. But I can't help myself. This here game all belongs to my landlord, and I can't touch a head on't. And now we shall soon ha the sason over, and there'll be an end o' shootin. But I be told, *Mr. Punch,* as how you've got a licence to sport all the year round. I wish you'd just take your gun, and bring dog Twoaby along wi un, and come down to my pleace, and kill off these here varmunt for me. Or in case my landlord should ax 'ee to dine wi un, persuade un to make me zome allowance for what the game destroys. If he's to feed it off my property, he might as well turn out hogs, and sheep, and poultry over the estate, in the zame way. But you come down wi' your gun at all events, and bring as many friends as you like along with 'ee. Depend 'pon't, you'll never find fairer game than what devours my crops.

"Your most obagent Sarvant,

"A Farmer.

"P.S. Dwoan't prent my 'dress, or you may git me into trubble."



"I say, Ducky, have you heard the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, I'm cooked if they're not selling Green Peas for 6*d.* a quart, and we're only in January."

THE PUNCH ANECDOTES.

VANITY.

WE forget at present where we met with the following anecdote.—Mr. C. *** was a man of great fashion, but he marred all his good qualities by an excess of ostentation. Not content with being a gentleman he was always aspiring to pass for a nobleman. He drove a carriage drawn by two miserable hackney-coach horses, and he had a servant stuck up behind in effigy and made of hay and straw. Being at the Opera one evening, where all the carriages followed in a string, the horses behind the carriage of Mr. C *** ate up the two legs of the servant, and the body fell under the carriage. Upon inquiring where his servant had gone to, the coachman of the following vehicle replied, "Oh, he's just this minute gone, sir, to feed the horses." The following morning, a truss of straw was left at his house, with the message that "it was the new servant who had come to fill the vacant place." The joke never stopped, and he was continually subject to bills "For a new pair of legs and an arm to your servant," and so forth, till a sample of hay-seed being sent to him which was "warranted to produce the finest crop of footmen," he took it so much to heart, that he left for America, where he was told there were no servants, and has not returned to the present day.

Fiddlers are noted for their vanity; hence the expression, probably, of a person who is very vain, "playing first fiddle." BARON NATHAN, "who plays the fiddle like an angel," is not free from this failing. A lady of quality said of him one evening at Rosherville, "The Baron, as soon as he has done playing, should be treated like his fiddle—put into a case and carried home."

An American was bragging about his country, saying that "Union was Strength." "I will give you a better motto than that," said an Englishman, 'Union is Repudiation.'"

CHARLES KEAN is rather vain of his name. He was playing ROMEO one night. When JULIET came to the exclamation of "What's in a name?" STUART, who was behind the scenes, cried out, "Fifteen pounds a night."

The pedigree of a Welchman, which was written on parchment, was devoured by a rat. Will it be believed he had this animal kept in a beautiful cage, and used to show it to his friends as "the literal descendant of Adam."

Many persons are vain of being ugly. MALHERBE declared that if an apple was to be dropt on the earth, with the inscription, "To the ugliest," the number of persons who would rush forward to claim it would be something awful. He knew a Frenchwoman who was dreadfully jealous of another, and he never could understand the reason, as it would have puzzled the greatest *connoisseur* to decide which was the uglier; till he heard one of them say, in a violent passion, "You need not be proud, Madam, if you have a mole on your nose more than I have."

A NATION OF ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISEMENTS are spreading all over England,—they have crept under the bridges—have planted themselves right in the middle of the Thames—have usurped the greatest thoroughfares—and are now just on the point of invading the omnibuses. Advertising is certainly the great vehicle for the age. Go where you will, you are stopped by a monster cart running over with advertisements, or are nearly knocked down by an advertising house put upon wheels, which calls upon you, when too late, not to forget "Number One." These vehicles, one would think, were more than enough to satisfy the most greedy lover of advertisements, but it seems there is such an extraordinary run for them that omnibuses are to be lined and stuffed with nothing else. How will you like sitting for an hour opposite to a pleasant list of the wonderful cures by some Professor's Ointment? or how will ladies like being stared in the face, all the way from Brentford to the Bank, with an elaborate detail of all the diseases which Old Methusaleh's Pill professes to be a specific for? The testimonials of these gifted gentlemen are as little noted for their delicacy as for their truth, and do not form the kind of reading we should exactly prescribe to the fairer portion of the public which patronise omnibuses. Besides, what kind of advertisement is the conductor to refuse? Has he directions to say, when any objectionable advertisement applies for admission, "Full inside?" Or are all the quack advertisements to be compelled to get outside, like washerwomen and butchers?

A HINT TO CABMEN.

It matters very little, for the system of resorting to such a vehicle for advertisements, is in our opinion misplaced altogether. We are haunted with advertisements enough in all shapes, tricks, and disguises. The Penny Post has increased the distribution of them most prolifically. Half of our *billets-doux* end with an eloquent appeal to run to some cheap grocer's, and buy a pound of his best Hyson; and the bill-stickers are indefatigable in making known the virtues of every new discovery in strops, drugs, novels, poisons, and "poses plastiques." As we have pantomimes, papers, broadsides, circulars, handbills, and fashionable stories, for advertising, do in mercy allow us to ride for a day's pleasure to Richmond, or to go to the Bank to receive our dividends, without compelling us to sit *vis-à-vis* to MOSES & SON, or having ROWLAND'S Kalydor perpetually thrown in our faces.

Let us be a nation of shopkeepers as much as we please, but there is no necessity that we should become a nation of advertisers. We say more emphatically to the gentlemen who have announced their advertising omnibuses—"We prefer your room to your Company."

AN EDITOR IN THE CLOUDS.

OUR sagacious contemporary, the *Shrewsbury Journal*, has devoted ten lines of very powerful writing to the description of a very "remarkable cloud," which he appears to have encountered in one of his wanderings. We suspect he must have been terribly hard-up for "copy" when he selected a cloud as a subject for his lucubrations. If his brother journalists were all to follow his example, we should find the papers even more misty and obscure than they sometimes are when they discourse upon politics. It is true that the clouds can scarcely present a more shifting and uncertain aspect than that of public affairs at the present time; and a writer may as well go at once to the original thing as take for a theme the mere counterpart.

Our Shrewsbury friend tells us that his cloud had "the form of a dagger," and it is only to be regretted that he could not get hold of the point for the purpose of putting it into his article.

NOTES ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

ARTISTS are generally termed Brothers of the Brush, but the authorities at the National Gallery appear to be Brothers of the Scrubbing Brush. The beauties of the Old Masters exhibited at this Institution are in a fair way of becoming beauties without paint.

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

LOUIS XI.'s reign and character are principally known to us from PHILIPPE DE COMINES (a military gent. of the period, who left extensive memoirs) and *Quentin Durward*. This prince was remarkable for extreme wickedness and intense piety. He carried leaden figures of saints in his hat, to which, when in the dumps, he was accustomed to offer his devotions. His favourite amusement was watching cats playing with mice. He was accustomed to observe, "The cat is the great seignor. The mouse is the poor townsman. The cat catches the mouse, and I catch the cat." He invented many instruments of torture; and amongst them the celebrated Iron Cage (something like the stalls at the St. James's Theatre), in which the prisoner could neither lie, sit, nor stand, but was obliged to maintain an anomalous position, composed of all three together. He is considered to have established the regal power in France against the great vassals, at an immense expense of lies, poisonings, assassinations, and other crimes, the change for which was not taken out till the French Revolution. He was remarkable for choosing his associates and ministers from the dregs of the people. His barber was his principal assistant, both in shaving himself and his people. His right-hand man was TRISTAN L'HERMITE who united the functions of head of the police and hangman; who always had a drop in his eye, and invariably travelled with a halter in his pocket. This man, with the captain of his archers, he was accustomed to call "the two strings to his bow." He was much attached to Scotchmen, and maintained a body-guard of this economical people, at a very small expense. He attempted to trick the Saints by exactly the same "dodge" as he employed against the crown vassals, giving them enormous promissory notes for churches, lands, and images one day, and allowing them to be dishonoured the next.

The last months of his life seem to have been spent in a remarkably cheerful sort of royal retirement. DE COMINES informs us, that "to look upon him, one would have thought him rather a dead than a living man. No person durst ask him a favour, or scarce speak to him about anything."

He is universally considered to have been a great, though perhaps unscrupulous king. He died A.D. 1483.

ALARMING ROBBERY OF MR. PUNCH.

(Exclusive Report.)

A BURGLARY of the most daring description known for years has been committed against *Mr. Punch;* and it shows the dangerous condition of literary property in the present day, that though the perpetrators of this audacious theft are known, they are not at present, nor are they likely to be, in custody.

For some considerable period *Mr. Punch* has been exposed to a series of petty pilferings of small but very valuable articles. It is true he never missed them, but the public were very frequently subjected to much annoyance by a system of appropriating an article belonging to *Mr. Punch* and trying to convert it into a number of inferior commodities.

Several little bits of sterling metal belonging to *Mr. Punch* have thus been adulterated, beaten out, and mixed with dross, for the purpose of working up into a base imitation of some of the most popular *Punch* patterns. This plan, however, was very easy of detection, and the unprincipled purloiners got very little by their nefarious practices, which had the disadvantage also of entailing upon them a tremendous amount of hard labour.

Mr. Punch has long submitted to those petty depredations, for it need scarcely be said that being exceedingly rich it was impossible for him to miss a few miscellaneous articles. Encouraged no doubt by their impunity, a set of needy fellows conspired before the present Christmas to commit a bold and wholesale burglary on *Mr. Punch's* premises. There can be no doubt of the guilt of the culprits, for the goods have since been found introduced into all the pantomimes in London, the managers of the theatres having turned their establishments into houses for the reception of stolen goods on this occasion. It appears that *Mr. Punch's* portfolio has been ransacked in the most audacious manner. The Trafalgar Fountains, which he had pitched away into his back row, as nothing better than so much old lead, have been carried off by these depredators, and his choice and valuable articles connected with the WELLINGTON Statue may all be seen on the stage of every theatre where any pantomime is being represented in the metropolis.

It is earnestly recommended to any of the public who may be desirous to learn full particulars of this daring burglary, to obtain a search warrant, which can be done by paying for it at the door of any London theatre, when they will have an opportunity of seeing the awful extent to which this most daring burglary has been carried. *Mr. Punch* will not give himself the trouble to prosecute these light-fingered, though heavy-penned gentry, but it is right that they should be subjected to this public exposure.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1847.

WHO IS LORD MAYOR?

THIS question is agitating the heart of the City. Aldermen ask of one another, in a mysterious voice, "Have you seen the LORD MAYOR?" and the answer invariably is, "No; not since the ninth of November!" The old saying of "Enough is as good as a feast" does not apply, it seems, to civic entertainments; and the whole of the Common Council and *attachés* of the City throne are panic-stricken lest the LORD MAYOR should have broken up his *batterie de cuisine*, under the delusion that "one dinner makes a mayoralty." The Corporation is bursting with indignation at the sinful neglect of their elected monarch, and intends to convey to him pretty plainly that the civic throne has "its duties as well as its rights," and that hospitality is not only one of the latter, but also one of the former. We cannot tell where this agitation will end, but in the meantime, as not a person has seen him since the day of his coronation, the question is still running about the City, "Who is LORD MAYOR?" BIRCH, of Cornhill, we hope, will soon pour turtle upon these troubled waters.

SHAMEFUL WASTE.

CONSIDERING the burdens under which both France and England at this moment labour, we loudly invoke the public indignation against the reckless extravagance of LORD PALMERSTON and M. GUIZOT. It is impossible to glance at their voluminous correspondence respecting the Spanish marriages, without being horrified by the shocking waste of paper, pens, and ink, which it must have involved. We should like to know how many quires, bundles, and bottles of writing materials it has cost; all, as the event has proved, utterly thrown away. The foolscap thus iniquitously squandered by these Ministers, may well be said to rest on their own heads.

"THE BEST OF HUSBANDS."

THIS is a very rare animal; but he is to be found. The existence of the unicorn has been successfully disputed; and that very handsome and graceful animal, instead of being harnessed to HER MAJESTY'S state-carriage—as assuredly the species should be, could eight of them be procured—is merely employed upon heraldic duty, namely, to support HER MAJESTY'S Arms. But the good husband—let all our virgin readers take heart—is not fabulous. We cannot, certainly, precisely mark out his *habitat*. We do not think the creature is to be found at public masquerades, or billiard-rooms, or in soiled boots, dancing the Polka at the Casino de Venus, de Bacchus, or any other casino of any other disreputable heathen deity. The habits, too, of the Best of Husbands vary with the best of wives. Some are best for one particular virtue—some, for another—and some for virtues too numerous to specify. Some Best of Husbands are always buying best of wives new gowns; some best, again, are continually taking their better-best to the opera or play; in fact, in ten thousand different modes do the Best of Husbands show their superiority to the second best, and the middling, and the fine ordinary, and those merely good for families. But MR. BROWN, the best husband of the best MRS. BROWN, did—according to that excellent—in the most devoted manner display the paramount excellence of his marital qualities. MRS. BROWN herself, only on Thursday last, informed her dear friend MRS. SMITH of the peculiarity that blest her with the best of men. MRS. SMITH had dropt in to talk of nothing, and have a dish of tea. MRS. SMITH had left her bonnet, muff, and cloak, in MRS. BROWN'S bedroom, and was seated at MRS. BROWN'S fire. MRS. SMITH put her hands to her head, and softly sighed.

Mrs. Brown. What's the matter, my dear? You don't look well. Nothing particular, I hope?

Mrs. Smith. Oh no, nothing. Only SMITH again, as usual.

Mrs. Brown. Poor thing! Well, I *do* pity you. What is it?

Mrs. Smith. Oh, my love, *that* Club. He wasn't home till two this morning, and I sitting up, and—yes, but you are a happy woman.—I've no doubt, now, that MR. BROWN—

Mrs. Brown. Bless you, my dear! He was reading the paper to me all the evening.

Mrs. Smith. Ha! MR. BROWN *is* a good man.

Mrs. Brown. A good man, my dear? If I were to tell you all, you would say so. In fact, he's the best of husbands, and one little thing will prove it.

Mrs. Smith. What's that, MRS. BROWN?

Mrs. Brown. Why this, MRS. SMITH. You wouldn't once think it of the dear, kind soul; but he's so fond of me, that all this bitter cold weather, he always goes up first to bed, to—warm my place! Now, I call that—

Mrs. Smith (raising her eyes and folding her hands, exclaims)

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS!

Punch's Political Dictionary.

OVERSEER. This word is a misnomer, for it applies to the officer whose duty it is in parochial matters to oversee or overlook nothing. He is to have an eye to arrears of rates, and look up putative fathers who have neglected their small liabilities.

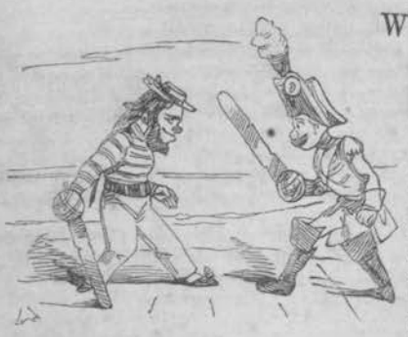
PARISH CLERK. A person whose duty it is to assist the parson, but who very frequently puts him out by exclaiming Amen at the wrong time, and by other improprieties. The Parish Clerk is also useful in looking after the fees for himself and his principal. In small parishes the Parish Clerk and Sexton are one; but in case of marriages and christenings, when gratuities are expected, he contrives by a little re-arrangement of his hair, or perhaps a rapid change of coat, to keep the characters separate.

PARK. A privileged inclosure for beasts of the forest and chase. The only remnant of such an inclosure is Whetstone Park, where the chase was kept up till a late period by some stricken deer of a debtor running down it to escape the pursuit of those inveterate huntsmen, the sheriff's officers. Since the abolition of imprisonment for debt, the park of Whetstone has become a kind of resort for wild animals, many of whom may be seen peering from their respective roosts in that locality.

NOTICE OF MOTION (FOR THE ENSUING SESSION).

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON to move—from the top of the Arch at Hyde Park Corner.

PIRATICAL EXPEDITIONS.



WE understand, that, since the flooring of the FLORES affair, several contemplated piratical expeditions have been discovered. One of them was a plan of invasion, to be carried into execution with regard to the Isle of Dogs, which was described in a placard as "a fertile district overflowing with all the bounties of Nature;" though the occasional overflowing of the Thames is the only natural bounty of which it gets the benefit. A well-known captain in the Thames steamboat service was to have been the leader in this scheme, and every volunteer had been promised a native dog, worth a pound, on his arrival at the island.

Another scheme, of more pretension still, was a contemplated descent on the Eel Pies. A scheme had been laid by which all the natives would have been spitch cooked at a given signal, and the leader of the project would have been invested at once with the dictatorship. The whole of his followers would have received an eel-pie, "free and for ever," on setting their feet on shore; and it was intended that the eels should have been treated *à la Tartare* by these ignoble imitators of the pirates of Tartary. The whole plan was discovered by a rumour having gone abroad that there were some snakes in the grass, which caused the chief to relinquish the enterprise. On further inquiry, it turned out that the "snakes in the grass" were nothing but some poor harmless eels, who had escaped from the cook, and were rolling about on the turf, with a delicious consciousness of freedom.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLVII.—CLUB SNOBS.

BOTH sorts of young men, mentioned in my last under the flippant names of WIGGLE and WAGGLE, may be found in tolerable plenty, I think, in Clubs. WIGGLE and WAGGLE are both idle. They come of the middle classes. One of them very likely makes believe to be a barrister, and the other has smart apartments about Piccadilly. They are a sort of second-chop dandies; they cannot imitate that superb listlessness of demeanour, and that admirable vacuous folly which distinguishes the noble and high-born chiefs of the race; but they lead lives almost as bad (were it but for the example), and are personally quite as useless. I am not going to arm a thunderbolt, and launch it at the heads of these little Pall Mall butterflies. They don't commit much public harm, or private extravagance. They don't spend a thousand pounds for diamond ear-rings for an Opera-dancer, as LORD TARQUIN can: neither of them ever set up a public-house or broke the bank of a gambling-club, like the young EARL OF MARTINGALE. They have good points, kind feelings, and deal honourably in money-transactions—only in their characters of men of second-rate pleasure about town, they and their like are so utterly mean, self-contented, and absurd, that they must not be omitted in a work treating on Snobs.

WIGGLE has been abroad, where he gives you to understand that his success among the German countesses and Italian princesses, whom he met at the *tables d'hôte*, was perfectly terrific. His rooms are hung round with pictures of actresses and ballet-dancers. He passes his mornings in a fine dressing-gown, burning pastilles, and reading *Don Juan* and French novels (by the way, the life of the author of *Don Juan*, as described by himself, was the model of the life of a Snob). He has twopenny-halfpenny French prints of women with languishing eyes, dressed in dominoes,—guitars, gondolas, and so forth,—and tells you stories about them.

"It's a bad print," says he, "I know, but I've a reason for liking it. It reminds me of somebody,—somebody I knew in other climes. You have heard of the PRINCIESSA DI MONTE PULCIANO? I met her at Rimini. Dear, dear FRANCESCA! That fair-haired, bright-eyed thing in the Bird of Paradise and the Turkish Simar with the love-bird on her finger, I'm sure must have been taken from—from somebody perhaps whom you don't know—but she's known at Munich, WAGGLE, my boy,—everybody knows the COUNTESS OTTILIA DI EULENSCHRECKENSTEIN. Gad, sir, what a beautiful creature she was when I danced with her on the birthday of PRINCE ATTILA of Bavaria, in '44! PRINCE CARLOMAN was our *vis-à-vis*, and PRINCE PEPIN danced the same *contre danse*. She had a polyanthus in her bouquet. WAGGLE, *I have it now.*" His countenance assumes an agonised and mysterious expression, and he buries his head in the sofa cushions, as if plunging into a whirlpool of passionate recollections.

Last year he made a considerable sensation, by having on his table a morocco miniature-case locked by a gold key, which he always wore round his neck, and on which was stamped a serpent—emblem of eternity—with the letter M in the circle. Sometimes he laid this upon his little morocco writing-table, as if it were on an altar—generally he had flowers upon it—in the middle of a conversation he would start up and kiss it. He would call out from his bed-room to his valet, "HICKS, bring me my casket!"

"I don't know who it is," WAGGLE would say. "Who *does* know that fellow's intrigues! DESBOROUGH WIGGLE, sir, is the slave of passion. I suppose you have heard the story of the Italian princess locked up in the Convent of Saint Barbara, at Rimini—he hasn't told you? then I'm not at liberty to speak—or the Countess, about whom he nearly had the duel with PRINCE WITIKIND of Bavaria? Perhaps you hav'n't even heard about that beautiful girl at Pentonville, daughter of a most respectable dissenting clergyman. She broke her heart when she found he was engaged (to a most lovely creature of high family, who afterwards proved false to him) and she's now in Hanwell."

WAGGLE's belief in his friend amounts to frantic adoration. "What a genius he is, if he would but apply himself!" he whispers to me. "He could be anything, sir, but for his passions. His poems are the most beautiful things you ever saw. He 's written a continuation of *Don Juan*, from his own adventures. Did you ever read his lines to MARY? They 're superior to BYRON, sir—superior to BYRON."

I was glad to hear this from so accomplished a critic as WAGGLE; for the fact is, I had composed the verses myself for honest WIGGLE one day, whom I found at his chambers plunged in thought over a very dirty old-fashioned album, in which he had not as yet written a single word.

"I can't," says he. "Some days I can write whole cantos, and to-day not a line. O, SNOB! such an opportunity! Such a divine creature! She 's asked me to write verses for her album, and I can't."

"Is she rich?" said I. "I thought you would never marry any but an heiress."

"O, SNOB! she's the most accomplished, highly-connected creature!—and I can't get out a line."

"How will you have it," says I: "hot with sugar?"

"Don't, don't! You trample on the most sacred feelings, SNOB. I want something wild and tender,—like BYRON. I want to tell her that amongst the festive halls, and that sort of thing, you know,—I only think about her, you know—that I scorn the world, and am weary of it, you know, and—something about a gazelle, and a bulbul, you know."

"And a yataghan to finish off with," the present writer observed, and we began:—

TO MARY.

I seem, in the midst of the crowd,
The lightest of all;
My laughter rings cheery and loud,
In banquet and ball.
My lip hath its smiles and its sneers,
For all men to see;
But my soul, and my truth, and my tears,
Are for thee, are for thee!

"Do you call *that* neat, WIGGLE?" says I. "I declare it almost makes me cry, myself."

"Now suppose," says WIGGLE, "we say that all the world is at my feet—make her jealous, you know, and that sort of thing—and that—that I'm going to *travel*, you know. That perhaps may work upon her feelings."

So *We* (as this wretched prig said) began again—

Around me they flatter and fawn—
The young and the old,
The fairest are ready to pawn
Their hearts for my gold.

They sue me—I laugh as I spurn
The slaves at my knee,
But in faith, and in fondness, I turn
Unto thee, unto thee!

"Now for the travelling, WIGGLE, my boy!" and I began, in a voice choked with emotion—

Away! for my heart knows no rest
Since you taught it to feel;
The secret must die in my breast
I burn to reveal;
The passion I may not * *

"I say, SNOB!" WIGGLE here interrupted the excited bard (just as I was about to break out into four lines so pathetic that they would drive you into hysterics). "I say—ahem—couldn't you say that I was—a—military man, and that there was some danger of my life?"

"You a military man?—danger of your life? What the deuce do you mean?"

"Why," said WIGGLE, blushing a good deal. "I told her I was going out—on—the—Ecuador—expedition."

"You abominable young impostor," I exclaimed. "Finish the poem for yourself!" And so he did, and entirely out of all metre, and bragged about the work at the Club as his own performance.

Poor WAGGLE fully believed in his friend's genius, until one day last week he came with a grin on his countenance to the Club and said, "O, SNOB, I've made *such* a discovery! Going down to the skating to-day, whom should I see but WIGGLE walking with that splendid woman—that lady of illustrious family and immense fortune—MARY, you know, whom he wrote the beautiful verses about. She's five-and-forty. She's red hair. She's a nose like a pump-handle. Her father made his fortune by keeping a ham-and-beef shop,—and WIGGLE's going to marry her next week."

"So much the better, WAGGLE, my young friend," I exclaimed. "Better for the sake of womankind that this dangerous dog should leave off lady-killing—this Blue-Beard give up practice. Or, better rather for his own sake. For as there is not a word of truth in any of those prodigious love-stories which you used to swallow; nobody has been hurt except WIGGLE himself, whose affections will now centre in the ham-and-beef shop. There *are* people, MR. WAGGLE, who do these things in earnest, and hold a good rank in the world too. But these are not subjects for ridicule, and though certainly Snobs, are scoundrels likewise. Their cases go up to a higher Court."

The Root of an Evil.

IT certainly is true that "ill weeds thrive apace," for Leicester Square, which has been prosecuting for several years this branch of horticulture, has at present the finest collection that "was ever seed." This luxuriance of ill weeds may probably account for the very bad cigars that are sold in the neighbourhood.

The Book of Promises.

THE KING OF DENMARK promises to give his subjects a liberal Constitution. We think a collection of royal and political promises would make a most curious book. It would be amusing to calculate how many out of the number had been fulfilled. We will make a catalogue of these fragile articles, and the reader must reckon for himself those which, during their long travels, have reached their journey's end without being broken:—

1. The memorable and never-to-be-forgotten promise of the KING OF PRUSSIA to give his subjects a liberal Constitution. The date of this promise is lost in the clouds of German tobacco-smoke.

2. The promise of Russia, Prussia, and Austria to keep inviolate the Republic of Cracow.

3. The promise of LOUIS-PHILIPPE that the forts round Paris should not be armed with cannon excepting in cases of emergency.

4. The promise of the same promising monarch that "La Charte" should be something like "*une vérité*"; to say nothing of several promises made at Eu—and hence called IOU's—too numerous to mention.

5. The promise of a certain Prime Minister of England, that the Income Tax, when he put it upon the back of JOHN BULL, was only to be a burden for three years.

6. The thousand-and-one promises that the DUKE OF YORK's debts should be paid.

7. The promise of an Uncrowned Monarch of Ireland, that unless repeal was carried in a twelvemonth he would, with the greatest pleasure, put his head upon the block, and die for the good of his country.

8. The innumerable promises of the Protectionists, that England was to be ruined a twelvemonth after the repeal of the Corn Laws.

9. The incalculable promises made about the completion of the NELSON Column, and the new Houses of Parliament.

Perhaps "Promise" is too slight a word for many of the above subjects; but we make allowances, for we know that a king is not particular to an oath. May the subjects of Denmark fare a little better than those of the countries who have been fed with similar promises!

ARRANGEMENTS FOR PARLIAMENT.

IT is generally understood that some arrangements will be shortly made to provide better accommodation for the numerous parties who resort to the House of Commons. The difficulty of finding a sufficiency of front seats for the Opposition has been already the cause of the greatest inconvenience. We believe we may announce with confidence, that the Opposition benches will be divided into stalls and numbered, so that the annoyance of overcrowding may be obviated as much as possible. There is no doubt that the numbering plan will be so far objectionable, that there can be only a single "number one," and the contest for that is always terrific in the House of Commons. We believe that the numbers will not go beyond ten or a dozen, but that a quantity of tickets will be issued, having the cipher 0 upon them, for indiscriminate distribution among the general mass of individuals of whom the 0 is considered to be the most appropriate representative.

OATHS IN PRUSSIA.—Prussia has substituted a brief oath in her courts for the long formula hitherto in use. The reason for this is obvious: Prussia, with a keen recollection of Cracow, wishes to make as little of an oath as possible.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "UNCLE!"

Uncle. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT? THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WOKE ME UP, SIR!"

Juvenile. "OH! JUST PUT A FEW COALS ON THE FIRE, AND PASS THE WINE, THAT'S A GOOD OLD CHAP."

THE BEADLES OF ENGLAND.

SOME ingenious details have lately been given in the newspapers of the domestic position of the various sovereigns of Europe; with reference to their ages, their being single or married, their number of children, and other facts of equal interest. Through the kindness of a statistical friend, we are enabled to lay before the public some particulars relating to that very remarkable class, the British Beadlery. It seems that ninety Beadles have reached the age of sixty, forty-five Beadles have been married twice, seven Beadles have had ninety-one children, and eight Beadles are bachelors. Four hundred and sixty-three Beadles wear gold lace on their hats, and one Beadle puts his cocked hat in the window of his residence as an ornament. Eleven Beadles cane the first boy they meet, and sixteen Beadles run out of church during service to see that the public-houses in the parish are shut, and sit down in the bar, to take care that they continue so, till, at least, within five minutes of the service being over. A hundred and nineteen Beadles are invariably intoxicated the day after Christmas Day, and two are sometimes sober. Of the London Arcade Beadles, five are misanthropists, and one—the Beadle of the Exeter Arcade—is a cynic. Of the Quadrant Beadles, one is a day-dreamer, and the other a waiter at evening parties.

Such are a few facts on the British Beadlery, which we hope the British public will be able to appreciate.

A PROFOUND POLITICAL TRUTH.

"A NATION," says the *Morning Post*, "cannot prosper with all its energies crushed, with all its exertions paralysed." There is a wondrous truth in this; a truth almost as new and beautiful as that enunciated in the *Critic*:—

"For when the heart is sunk in deep despair,
It cannot taste of merriment."

THE COALHEAVER'S COMPLAINT.

"*Mr. punch*, SER, "*magpy and stump, wensday.*

"I AX yer pardun for troublin on Yer; but 'tis about sunthin Werry partickler. You nose how they 've a bin Risin everythink of late, fust the 'taters, then the meat, and then the bredd, and all sorts of Pervishuns. Well i didn't much mind the 'taters bein riz, and wen the rest of the wittles come to riz too, it warn't so werry terrable, altho' 'twas a bad Jobb. I did still manidge to make it out sumhow. But now they 've Rose the Price of Beer, it 's Dredfull. How i shall git on now we 've cum to That i no Not. My ockypashun is a Coleheaver, and gittin my Bred by the presperashun of my Brow, in course i Requires my Beer. I can't do without it nohow; and here now I 'm 'bliged to nock off a Gallun a Day. Now mister *punch*, I 've heerd say as how that Beer, every mossel as good as wot's Brued from Malt, can be made Cheap out of Shugger and Merlasses. Now, ser, wot i wants you to do is to drawer the 'tention ov LORD JON RUSSIL to this here Pint hov Cheap Beer, witch if so be he 'll Allow to be Brued as Abuv, we Pore Workin Men shall Agin git our reglar Allowance. Hopin you 'll be so kind as to Do me This faver, *Mr. Punch*, here 's your jolly good Helth, and Long life and Succes to Yer, in my Last Drain.

"i remain, mister *punch*,
"Yer umble servent,
"BIL RUBBLY."

Political Comparison.

"SIR," said DR. JOHNSON to BOSWELL, "comparisons are odious. Sir, the Whigs make comparisons." What JOHNSON meant by the latter assertion, we do not know; but certain it is that the Whigs are now making a comparison which, whether odious or not, is certainly just. They say that the Conservatives are like the Westminster constituency—because both may whistle for a—LEADER.

THE TREATMENT OF A DOG.

POLAND is henceforth to be called New Russia. Nicholas treats Poland like a dog, and being determined to destroy it, begins with giving it a bad name.

A PECKHAM ALLEGORY.

THE newspapers tell us that "a wolf was shot at Peckham! Near its place of refuge a number of cats' skins were found, as if it had fed on the tabbies of the neighbourhood." We understand that this seemingly alarming paragraph merely alludes to the capture of a gentleman by bailiffs,—a muffin-destroying gentleman, who, for some time past, has been a great favourite at the tea-table of various elderly spinsters of the locality. The penny-a-liners have ascended to allegory.

PORTRAIT OF THE PECKHAM WOLF.

DONNA MARIA'S TEA PARTIES.

THE *Morning Post* has an especial correspondent to report these solemnities. We propose that, in future, the intelligence be thus announced:—"[FROM OUR OWN SPOON.]"

THE BOY-OF-ALL-WORK.

John.—"HERE 'S A PRECIOUS LOT OF DIRTY BOOTS I 'VE GOT TO CLEAN! *I NEVER* WAS IN SUCH A HOUSE."

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL GIVES AUDIENCE TO LORD MAYOR AND ALDERMEN —FREEDOM OF THE CITY—THE GENERAL'S MUTTON CHOP.

GEN'RAL," ses BARNUM, drawin in his head from the winder, and his face all alight and red, like the Lunnun sun in a fog, "Gen'ral," ses he, "here 's a percession come to take you down to the 'Gyptian Hall. There 's the LORD MAYOR in his goold coach, and the sheriffs, and men in brass and steel armour, and the aldermen, and a band o' trumpets and kittle-drums, and crowds of women in rainbow silks and sattins, and I think—but I'll not be sure—a leetle sprinklin of bishops, and all, as I say, to tend you in state to the Hall. I must say it, Gen'ral; it 's very handsome of the critters."

"Is our Ambassador—is EVERETT among 'em," ses I; for I own it—I did feel a leetle streaked that my own representative at the British Court should hang back at the eend. 'Twasn't doin the right thing afore strangers."

"Gen'ral," ses BARNUM, "tainte to be expected. The fact is—oh there 's no doubt on it—that EVERETT is a leetle ryled at your tarnation success afore Gracious Majesty. Then, agin, EVERETT is a literary critter—"

"What 's a literary critter," ses I, for I 'd never heerd of it by that name.

"Oh, a critter"—ses BARNUM, smilin sour, with his mouth like a vinegar cruet—"a critter that wriggles in ink, upon foolscap."

"I see! Making marks like a snail upon a cabbage leaf," ses I.

"Jist so," ses BARNUM. "And such critters are special catawampious at the rael thing—the true grit, like you. You know, Gen'ral, you saw a lot of 'em at the Palace with Gracious Majesty, eatin muffins with the Prince, and helping themselves to cream and sugar, as if they 'd been born with royal tongs twixt their fingers. Well, you 're the nat'ral true thing—a fortin in your own littleness; and they can't abide that you should have come into the world, like a human dimond as you are—the brightest gem in the crown of America, if she had one. It 's all summed up in this, I tell you. They can't abide that anybody's littleness should make a fortin, when what they call their greatness can hardly make both eends meet."

"I think it's only belittleing ourselves to talk of the critters," ses I. "Howsumever, I 'm not goin to the Hall, afore I 've had somethin to eat. And I *do* think, BARNUM, 'twould be only acting like the freest citizens of the airth if we axed the Mayor and Aldermen to take a julep, and sent some bread and cheese to the men in brass and steel outside."

"You're right, Gen'ral," ses BARNUM. "Our country can't expect no less on us." Whereupon BARNUM was goin down stairs, when he stopt. "What will you take, Gen'ral?"

"Oh, a mutton chop—done in paper,—what d'ye call it?" ses I, for I 'd seen the sort two days afore.

"A cutlet *a lar Maintenon*," ses BARNUM. "And do you know—for its my dooty, as your guardian, while you fill my pocket, to fill your mind—do you know why a mutton chop cooked in that fashion is called Maintenon? No, you don't: well, it's this. HENRY THE FOURTH had a sweetheart called MARMISELLE MAINTENON; and he was so tarnation fond on her, that when he was away at the wars, he always had her curl-papers sent to him, and in them dentical papers they always cooked his mutton chops. Pretty, isn't it?"

"More pretty than nice," ses I; "but Kings are strange critters." And then a thought hit me.—"BARNUM," ses I—"when the Mayor and Aldermens come, and taken their julep, let 'em serve me my chop. And—jist to ryle 'em a bit, and to show 'em the glory, and wealth, and independence of the freest nation of all creation—let them cook *my* chop in a twenty pound Bank o' England note." Whereupon BARNUM larfed and nodded, and goes down stairs; and in a minute or two, I heerd sich a shufflin and a scrapin of feet, and then the door was flung open, and BARNUM backed into the room, a bowin like a poplar in a high wind, and arter him came the LORD MAYOR in a velvet gown, with a goold chain—like a ship's chain cable round his neck—and the Sheriffs, and the Aldermen in dark blue gowns, trimmed with cat-skins. Whereupon, lookin at 'em bold, but kindly like, I put out my right hand to be kissed. Well, arter that leetle ceremony, the LORD MAYOR seemed to take heart a bit, and began to speak; or, rayther to read off a piece of vellum or ass's skin, tainte for me to say which. "Gen-'ral"—ses LORD MAYOR—"it is the old and ancient custom of the LORD MAYOR of the fust commercial city of the airth"—

"New York excepted," ses I.

"New York excepted," ses he, coloring a leetle about the nose, "to welcome genius of any sort, and of any size, to the sile of England. The city of London is the appinted seat of all the Arts."

"I 'm very glad to hear it," ses I, "and hope they have all taken their places."

Whereupon Lord Mayor coughs, and goes on. "London, proud of her merchant princes—crowned as they are with bank paper—London, proud of Temple Bar, and ALDERMAN GIBBS, and Bow bell, and her giants—London is still more proud of the genius she has fostered. Look at SHAKSPEARE: it isn't for me to say how many hundred pounds London has given for his signitur or oughtograff (though London won't let his plays be acted, for fear of corruptin her prentices)—London, through me, offers you the freedom of the city."

"Much obleeged," ses I, "What 's it good for?"

"'Twill permit you, Gen'ral," ses Lord Mayor, "to open a shop in the City, or to work as a coal-porter. And whereas, *Gen'ral, at the door of our noble cathedral, St. Paul's—that beautiful edifice, that we 're so fond on that we 've smothered it round about with houses, just like killin a critter with kindness—wherein no free and inlightened citizen can enter that sacred buildin before he puts down tuppence, the City of London offers you, through me, a free admission for the season.*"

"For one," ses I.

"For two," ses Lord Mayor, "yourself and BARNUM. And now it is for you, Gen'ral, to appint the day when you will receive the freedom; and pray obleege us with a long notice, that Guildhall may be scrubbed and whitewashed, and the giants gilt and painted for the 'casion."

"LORD MAYOR," ses I, without ever getting up, "I shall be happy to take the freedom—any freedom, in fact—with this leetle bargain, that you allow me also to appinte the size, and weight, and make of the goold box that is to hold it." Whereupon LORD MAYOR and Aldermen puckered up their mouths and nodded their heads, kinder to say, "you've fixed our flints, anyhow."

Well, the mint julep and the cobblers went round, and mighty pleasant it was. "Gen'ral," ses LORD MAYOR, his nose getting like any babby's coral; "Gen'ral I'll give you a toast. Here is to the intimate relations atween England and America; and may GENERAL TOM THUMB prove a link—a goolden link—to the two countries."

"LORD MAYOR and Aldermen," ses I, "as the freest citizen in airth, I thank you. Doubtless you mean well, poor critters! by the toast aforesaid. But if I am to be the link atween the two countries, don't you think it will a leetle bit hurt the shippin interest, seein how tarnation short it will make the passage?"

You never heerd sich larfin as there was at this. And BARNUM larfed—and I could see it—wos as proud of me as a monkey of a new jacket. And then in his sly, soft, and buttery manner he ses, "Don't, Gen'ral, don't;" all the while meanin "Do, Gen'ral, do."

Well, still they handed round the cobblers and sandwiches, and still LORD MAYOR and Aldermen ate and drank, and still the British public—inlightened critters!—waited, with their toes a coolin on the stones outside—and the ladies, pretty, pussy things! with their noses gettin as blue as vi'lets, in the carriages. At last, LORD MAYOR ses to me, "Gen'ral, when will it quite soot you that we should attend you to the 'Gyptian Hall? It's the leetlest favor we can do you—the smallest ceremony upon airth, and we 've come to do it. Never shall it be said that the City of London doesn't encourage art—you hain't seen our staty of the DOOK—and foster genius. When, Gen'ral, will you go?"

"When I 've swallowed MARMSELL MAINTENON," ses I.

"The Gen'ral means"—ses BARNUM, with his face shinin as gay as any coffin-plate—"the Gen'ral means his *cotelette a lar Maintenon*."

"And here it comes," ses I; for at the minute it came in, smellin beautiful. Well, you should jist have seen the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen. They all left off eatin and drinkin, and made a ring round me to see me eat, jist as if I'd been a boa constrictor, and was goin' to swallow a buffalo, horns and all. Well, I ses nothin; but with the eend of my knife, I takes the bank note off the chop, and throws it into the silver dish. Then I heard a whisperin and a rustlin—for I did'nt look at 'em—and at last one of the Aldermen—I think his name was GIBBS—ses, "Don't tell me: I think I ought to know a bank-note by this time. And that 's one."

"To be sure it is," ses I. "Nothing like a bank-note to give a chop a true flavour; it 's better than pickles."

"But it 's a twenty pound note," ses ALDERMAN GIBBS.

"In course it is," ses I. "That 's because to-day I take my chop a leetle under-done; when I want it well cooked, I always have a fifty."

When I said this, the Mayor and Aldermen looked at me as if I warn't a critter of this world, and I thought every second they'd drop down upon their marrowbones afore me.

THE RISING OF THE THAMES.

IT has been ascertained that the Thames has been rising for some years. There is now every prospect that it will soon roll leisurely into the Houses of Parliament and inundate the floor, which has hitherto been immersed in nothing less dry than a flood of eloquence. We are not quite sure what it is that has caused the river to be so very much put up; but we should not wonder if the swelling of its bosom arises from virtuous indignation at being so very much put upon as it has been lately by the Westminster Bridge Commissioners. We foresee considerable inconvenience to the members of the legislature from the high tides during the session. It is to be hoped the Lord Chancellor will be provided with a pair of aqua-scutic boots, or waterproof leggings. The benches for members may perhaps, from their elevation, keep the occupants from getting wet, but when it is required to bring up a petition, or lay anything on the table, some conveyance will be requisite.

For those members who are accustomed to row in the same boat this will not signify, but those who are in the habit of pulling different ways will find it very annoying to be compelled to advance to the table of the House in each others' company. In the frosty weather, when a crust of ice is formed on the floor, it is not unlikely that skates will be found useful; and allusions to "the honourable member now on the outside edge," or "the learned lord who has lately cut an eight," will supersede the customary parliamentary expressions. It is to be hoped that some means will be taken to prevent the further intrusion of Father Thames, whose extravagance should be kept within bounds; though we know it is difficult while Westminster Bridge is continually emptying its coffers.

The Price of Genius.

WE are happy to find that notwithstanding the alleged extinction of the drama, the price of dramatic genius has suffered no abatement. According to the latest state of the market, a hundred pounds a night have been asked, and fifty pounds a night have been refused by a fair ex-actress.

"GLUT OF WILD FOWL."—Under this title we find an article in the papers announcing insane ducks at sixpence a piece, hares at a shilling a head, and wild rabbits as a complete drug in the market. We could understand flesh being made of one, and fowl of the other, but how they manage to make fowl of both is beyond our comprehension.

THE DEGENERATE PARLIAMENT;

OR, THE LAMENT OF BOODLE'S.

TO BE SUNG BY SOME OLD POLITICAL GENTLEMAN.

AIR—"*Lillabullero.*"

AH! Parliament now is no longer the thing
It was in the days when we powder'd our locks,—
The time when we had GEORGE THE THIRD for our king,
For statesmen with SHERIDAN, BURKE, PITT, and FOX.
Totally changed,
Quite disarranged,
'Tis all a confusion and myst'ry to me;
In vain I perpend it,
I can't comprehend it,
But Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

'Twas never required, when I enter'd on life,
That Members should work any more than they chose;
A few carried on the political strife,
The rest very quietly left it to those.
Nobody spoke,
Save for a joke,
Excepting some eminent men, two or three;
The others less noted,
All silently voted:
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

Your old County Member would join in debate,
Or not, as it happen'd to suit his desire,
He sat in the House as a person of weight,
Content to be honour'd as Knight of his Shire.
That way or this—
Right or amiss—
He voted, unpledged, independent, and free
Of Premier's dominion,
Or Public Opinion—
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

Your Members for Boroughs had nothing to do
But vote for their interest and stick by their side;
And so all the Government work was got through
By means of supporters on whom they relied·
Trouble was saved,
Argument waiv'd,
The fate of a measure 'twas easy to see;
This cut short debating,
Protesting and prating—
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

On Railway Committees, in those happy times,
By force and compulsion no gentleman served;
There ne'er were discussions on punishing crimes
When rogues were all hang'd, as, of course, they deserved.
People, when ruled,
Need not be school'd.
There then was no talking—all fiddle-de-dee—
About Education,
And teaching the nation—
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

The speeches, moreover, are not what they were,
The language, the action, are not half so fine;
Egad, Sir, 'twas grand, 'twas sublime, I declare,
To listen to SHERIDAN, after his wine.
DUNDAS to PITT,
Tipsy a bit,
Observed, in his place, "I no Speaker can see;"
And PITT said, "Can't *you*, Sir?
Why, *I* can see *two*, Sir!"—
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

The Whigs and the Tories, in those times alone,
Between them divided the House and the State;
But good old distinctions are nearly o'erthrown,
And there 's a new party in modern debate.
Seeking forsooth
Justice and truth,
On no other principles pledged to agree;
Who take no positions
Among politicians:—
Ah! Parliament 's not what it once used to be.

THE HEADLESS OPPOSITION.

SHORTLY before the opening of Parliament, the peers and members who this session constitute the Opposition, met, we understand, for the purpose of choosing a leader in the Lords and Commons. The following is a summary of the proceedings which, as we are informed, took place at this Meeting :—

The Chair was taken by LORD STANLEY. His lordship said that the purpose for which they were assembled was to determine on the choice of leaders. He had no objection himself to lead the Opposition in the Lords ; but the question was, whom was he to oppose ? He had formerly acted with the Whigs, and subsequently with the Conservatives ; but he now hardly knew with whom to act, or indeed, how to act at all. He was decidedly a Protectionist, but now he did not see what there was to protect. He would do what he could against Ministers, but should like to know what he could do. Perhaps he could fight them on Irish ground. Gentlemen were now in possession of his sentiments, and he would not detain them any longer.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND was the Farmer's Friend, and so far, an enemy to the Government, but he did not see, at present, in what way he could befriend the farmer. He was hardly prepared to say that he could oppose the Ministry on all points, and though he should feel it an honour, he feared he should find it a difficulty, to lead the Opposition.

The DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM would willingly be the head of his party, if, in that case, his party would be satisfied that it had head enough.

LORD BROUGHAM was surprised at the difficulty experienced in undertaking the leadership of the Opposition. Opposition was the easiest thing in the world. He would not be backward in coming forward. He would oppose anything or anybody.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK would be too happy to assume the reins of leadership in the House of Commons. He was well up to the work of a leader—and a wheeler too, for the matter of that. He would back himself ten to one against the field—he meant the House—to drive the Opposition. And he would say for his noble friend LORD STANLEY, that there was no man fitter than the noble lord for the same post in the Lords. He (LORD GEORGE) always had an eye to the Derby. For himself he would only say, that if they wanted a stable mind, he was their man. His Lordship concluded these observations with some spirited, but inarticulate accents, similar to those usually addressed to horses.

MR. B. DISRAELI would lead the Opposition with pleasure. He would undertake to discharge a philippic on every opportunity against the Ministry, which he apprehended was all that would be necessary. He would pick as many holes in LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S coat as he had in PEEL'S, and would reduce it to such a state that if the noble lord should once more go and bathe, the right honourable baronet should find the garment not worth stealing.

SIR ROBERT PEEL would treat the remarks of the last speaker as they deserved. For his own part, he had no relish for Opposition. Still he would be happy to serve his friends in any reasonable way. And he would tell them this, though perhaps he told it them who should not tell it them—

> "Another of his fathom they have not
> To lead their business."

This remark, though received with murmurs, passed unanswered, and the meeting separated without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

The Queen's Speech.

THOUGH we shall be at press at the moment when the Royal Speech is in the course of delivery, we have so arranged our extraordinary express in anticipation of everything, but particularly in anticipation of what HER MAJESTY is likely to say, that we are enabled to give the following particulars. We do not mean to say that the Speech we subjoin will be the same as that delivered by the QUEEN, but when the difference of price is considered, we think it will be allowed that ours is really the superior article. We do not give the royal address—as it ought to have been—*verbatim*, but we furnish the substance in the following paragraphs :—

HER MAJESTY will commence by saying she is glad to meet her Lords and *faithful* Commons ; but she will put a stress on the adjective, as if she were saying to herself, in allusion to recent tergiversations, "Faithful Commons ! Faithful fiddlestick."

HER MAJESTY will next proceed to announce that she is still on good terms with foreign relations ; but she will hint at some little disagreeables, which are generally the consequence of relations becoming too intimate.

She will then allude to the state of Ireland, and will intimate that her Ministers have measures to propose, but what those measures are, she will leave to them to explain at the proper period.

HER MAJESTY will perhaps suggest that certain social improvements will be proposed by her Government ; but all this part of the Speech will be vague, and indeed everything will be as mysterious as usual, until the QUEEN graciously comes to the paragraph in which it is intimated to her faithful Commons that large supplies will be required, and that she hopes they will be liberally granted.

We will just insinuate that a clause had been prepared, recommending the placing of *Mr. Punch* on the Civil List, with a seat—a tolerably easy one—in the Cabinet ; but as there was some disagreement on the point, the proposal was withdrawn for the present.

Though the Speech as delivered may not coincide exactly with the above outline, it will be found to correspond in all the most essential particulars.

THE LAY OF A PENNY-A-LINER.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph states that two eggs were found in the ruins of Halicarnassus, which were at least 2000 years old. We have been favoured by a provincial correspondent with some wonderful particulars concerning these veteran eggs. A gentleman, a zealous antiquarian, who was most anxious to cultivate the taste of eggs 2000 years old, had them boiled for his breakfast. What was his astonishment on cracking them to find that one of them contained a young alligator, and that the other disclosed a fine specimen of that extinct bird, the phœnix, or the ibis, the gentleman is uncertain which !

By the bye it seems rather odd to us that the age of these antiquated eggs is so accurately known ; but we suppose a certificate of the year in which they were laid, signed by two respectable old birds of the period, was found with them,—or was the day of their ovation marked upon them, as fresh-laid eggs are chalked in the country by careful housewives, to prevent their lasting till the crack of doom ? We hope when another egg is found at all approaching to the age of the interesting couple, whose premature dissolution we have just chronicled, that a committee of science will be appointed to sit upon it.

Classical Constables.

CAMBRIDGE, owing to the proctorial controversy, is nightly, according to the *Cambridge Advertiser*, the scene of uproar and tumult. We congratulate the collegiate police on their increasing sphere of usefulness. We hope these gentlemen do not forget the classic in the constable. We trust they say "Perge" for "Move on," and we recommend them, as often as may be necessary, as it appears to be every evening, to have the Riot Act read in Latin.

A SPANISH LESSON.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE has refused, this year, the New Year's Gift sent annually by the Tuileries. VICTORIA, taught experience by the past, naturally mistrusts the *present*.

ROYAL SPORT.

IT is stated in the papers that game is being preserved in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Our first impression was, that game is being potted on the premises; but on reading further we found that pheasants, hares, and partridges, are being bred in the grounds attached to the royal residence. We may expect to hear soon of a pack of Pimlico hounds; and the Belgrave hunt will, no doubt, become one of the fashionable "meets" of the season. Little Chelsea will grow into a miniature Melton Mowbray, and the Tothill Street harriers will soon obtain a place in sporting annals. Pheasant shooting will commence in Grosvenor place at the usual time, and by next September we hope to start a covey of partridges in Piccadilly. It is probable that the grouse, if any should be preserved, will take advantage of the bird-cages in Bird-cage Walk for "safety and for succour." We shall certainly take out a license to enable us to shoot our way along the Strand; though we believe our sportsmanship, which confines itself to shooting folly as it flies, requires no certificate.

"THE STANDARD."

Of the family name of the late COUNT GONFALONIERE, the victim of Austrian oppression, this historical notice may be found, in that pleasant book entitled *Camden's Remaynes*. *Mrs. Harris* will, doubtless, read it with great delectation:—

"Patronimia, or names of familye and descent, were, in ye originall, given to denote some remarkable qualitye of minde or bodye wherein ye founder thereof excelled. Thus ye GONFALONIERI of Venice: as it were Standard-bearers; a name of honoure, denotinge both valour and bodily strengthe. Forasmuch as ye *Standard* is often much exposed before alle menn, *being heavye, requireth alwaye much endurance to support ye weighte thereof*. Soe one indede that can beare ye *Standard*, muste, *ex vi termini*, bee capable of enduringe muche."

We agree with CAMDEN. He must.

RENEWAL OF THE "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

LOUIS-PHILIPPE has, at last, done the handsome thing. Smitten with remorse for his shabbiness towards our good little Queen, whom he so cruelly deceived in his snug little parlour at Eu, about the Spanish match, His Majesty has resolved, at any moderate sacrifice, to renew the *entente cordiale*. QUEEN POMARE is, at the present moment, the only unwedded queen; and we understand that LOUIS-PHILIPPE proposes to use his influence, and if necessary, his forty-two pounders, to bring about a match between her Sandwich Majesty and a Prince of the House of Coburg. A very lengthy correspondence—which we may quote from in our next—has already taken place on the subject.

Advertisement Extraordinary.

WANTED, for the old Opposition, Slow Coach, one or two steady-going leaders. They must be very quiet to ride, free from vice, not liable to go too fast, nor disposed to kick over the traces. A clever hack would be likely to suit, if tolerably sure-footed, and not addicted to stumbling. N.B.—No Job Master need apply.

FOR SALE, at the same stables, a miniature turn-out, consisting of a small equipage without a head, called a BENTINCK.

CRYING PECCAVI.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE has published the despatches about the Spanish marriage. He is penitent for what he has committed, and is voluntarily doing penance in a white sheet.

A Golden Opportunity.

O'CONNELL has remitted 50 per cent. of the rent of his tenants. We admire him for this liberality, and only wish he would give us another opportunity of praising him, by remitting 100 per cent. of the Rent he draws every year from the starving peasantry of Ireland.

MR. DYCE'S DESIGNS.

IT will be found that MR. DYCE has received a commission to execute some frescoes for Osborne House. It is to be expected, therefore, that the German School of Art will be found predominant in the royal marine residence. We have had an opportunity of seeing some of the designs which have been fortunate enough to obtain the approbation of HER MAJESTY.

One represents "BRITANNIA Ruling the Waves," in which the stiffness which a ruler requires is preserved with wondrous fidelity. It is true, that some hypercritics may object to the angular aspect of the picture; but in fishing for effect angles are quite allowable. Our old friend, the British Lion, is beautifully Germanized in the annexed design.

The subject of "NEPTUNE resigning the dominion of the seas to BRITANNIA," will no doubt lose nothing in MR. DYCE'S hands; for the formal style is well adapted to delineate a legal transaction, which a transfer of dominionship by regular conveyance must always be considered.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1847.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—CLUB SNOBS.

Bacchus is the divinity to whom Waggle devotes his especial worship. "Give me wine, my boy," says he to his friend Wiggle, who is prating about lovely woman; and holds up his glass full of the rosy fluid and winks at it portentously, and sips it, and smacks his lips after it, and meditates on it, as if he were the greatest of connoisseurs.

I have remarked this excessive wine-amateurship especially in youth. Snoblings from College, Fledglings from the army, Goslings from the public schools, who ornament our clubs, are frequently to be heard in great force upon wine-questions. "This bottle 's corked," says Snobling, and Mr. Sly, the butler, taking it away, returns presently with the same wine in another jug, which the young amateur pronounces excellent. "Hang champagne!" says Fledgling, "it's only fit for gals and children. Give me pale sherry at dinner, and my twenty-three claret afterwards." "What's port now?" says Gosling; "disgusting thick sweet stuff—where 's the old dry wine one *used* to get?" Until the last twelvemonth, Fledgling drank small-beer at Doctor Swishtail's; and Gosling used to get his dry old port at a gin-shop in Westminster—till he quitted that seminary, in 1844.

Anybody who has looked at the caricatures of thirty years ago, must remember how frequently bottle-noses, pimpled faces, and other Bardolphian features are introduced by the designer. They are much more rare now (in nature, and in pictures, therefore) than in those good old times; but there are still to be found amongst the youth of our Clubs, lads who glory in drinking-bouts, and whose faces, quite sickly and yellow, for the most part are decorated with those marks which Rowland's Kalydor is said to efface. "I was *so* cut last night—old boy!" Hopkins says to Tomkins (with amiable confidence). "I tell you what we did. We breakfasted with Jack Herring at twelve, and kept up with brandy and soda-water and weeds till four; then we toddled into the Park for an hour; then we dined and drank mulled Port till half-price; then we looked in for an hour at the Haymarket; then we came back to the Club, and had grills and whisky punch till all was blue.—Hullo, waiter! Get me a glass of cherry-brandy." Club waiters, the civillest, the kindest, the patientest of men, die under the infliction of these cruel young topers. But if the reader wishes to see a perfect picture on the stage of this class of young fellows, I would recommend him to witness the ingenious comedy of *London Assurance*—the amiable heroes of which are represented, not only as drunkards and five-o'clock-in-the-morning men, but as showing a hundred other delightful traits of swindling, lying, and general debauchery, quite edifying to witness.

How different is the conduct of these outrageous youths to the decent behaviour of my friend, Mr. Papworthy; who says to Poppins, the butler at the Club:—

Papworthy. Poppins, I'm thinking of dining early; is there any cold game in the house?

Poppins. There's a game pie, Sir; there's cold grouse, Sir; there's cold pheasant, Sir; there's cold peacock, Sir; cold swan, Sir; cold ostrich, Sir; &c. &c. (as the case may be).

Papworthy. Hem! What's your best claret now, Poppins?—in pints I mean.

Poppins. There's Cooper and Magnum's Laffitte, Sir; there's Lath and Sawdust's St. Jullien, Sir; Bung's Leoville is considered remarkably fine; and I think you'd like Jugger's Chateau-Margaux.

Papworthy. Hum!—hah!—well—give me a crust of bread and a glass of beer. I'll only *lunch*, Poppins.

Capt. Shindy is another sort of Club bore. Here you behold all the Club in an uproar about

CAPTAIN SHINDY'S MUTTON CHOP.

"Look at it, Sir! Is it cooked, Sir? Smell it, Sir! Is it meat fit for a gentleman?" he roars out to the steward, who

stands trembling before him, and who in vain tells him that the BISHOP OF BULLOCKSMITHY has just had three from the same loin. All the waiters in all the Club are huddled round the Captain's mutton-chop. He roars out the most horrible curses at JOHN for not bringing the pickles; he utters the most dreadful oaths because THOMAS has not arrived with the Harvey sauce; PETER comes tumbling with the water-jug over JEAMES, who is bringing "the glittering canisters with bread." Whenever SHINDY enters the room (such is the force of character) every table is deserted, every gentleman must dine as he best may, and all those big footmen are in terror.

He makes his account of it. He scolds, and is better waited upon in consequence. At the Club he has ten servants scudding about to do his bidding.

Poor MRS. SHINDY and the children are, meanwhile, in dingy lodgings somewhere, waited upon by a charity girl, in pattens.

THE VALUE OF HEALTH AT LIVERPOOL.

BY the papers *Mr. Punch* learns that the Town Council of Liverpool intend to appoint an Officer of Health, whose duties will consist in the direction of their sanatory arrangements, and whose services they propose to remunerate by a salary of £300 a year, with the liberty to augment that handsome income, if he can, by private practice.

Mr. Punch will engage to find a competent person, who will willingly undertake the responsibilities of this office, on the liberal terms proposed by the Town Council of Liverpool.

Mr. Punch, on behalf of the respectable medical gentleman, his nominee, will promise that he, the said respectable medical gentleman, shall devote his full attention to his official duties, and endeavour to make money by private practice only at those few leisure moments when he shall have nothing else to do. For, although a practitioner of any eminence expects, generally, to make at least a thousand a year, this gentleman shall regard his situation, bringing him in £300, as of primary importance, and shall look upon his private earnings as matters of secondary consideration.

If the Officer of Health recommended by *Mr. Punch* shall have for a patient a rich butcher, with a slaughterhouse in a populous neighbourhood; an opulent fellmonger or tallow-chandler, with a yard or manufactory in the heart of the town, he shall not hesitate from motives of interest to denounce their respective establishments as nuisances. He shall not fail to point out the insalubrity of any gas-works, similarly situated, the family of whose proprietor he may attend; and if any wealthy old lady who may be in the habit of consulting him shall infringe the Drainage Act, he shall not fail to declare the circumstance to the authorities.

Mr. Punch repeats, that he will pledge himself to produce an able and experienced medical practitioner, who shall fulfil all these conditions; but he respectfully asks the Town Council of Liverpool who, but himself, would for a moment encourage them to expect such a man —for their money.

SONG FOR PARLIAMENTARY PARTIES.

IT WON'T DO, JUST NOW, TO BE FACTIOUS.

COME, let us all unite, in the present awkward plight
And most critical position of the nation,
And seriously strive proper measures to contrive,
With a view towards its prompt amelioration.
Small differences we'll blink, animosities we'll sink,
And we'll none of us be crotchetty or fractious;
For once, at least, must we, somehow manage to agree,
For it won't do, just now, to be factious.
No, really, we must not be factious,
'Twould be rather too bad to be factious,
'Twould be wrong, in times like these, 'twould indeed be not the cheese;
It won't do, just now, to be factious.
Chorus. For it won't do, just now, to be factious, &c.

Though ne'er so much inclined one may be to speak one's mind,
To an enemy's annoyance and vexation,
To waste his country's time recollecting 'tis a crime,
Let him carefully suppress the observation.
Sure, DISRAELI will feel 'twill be wrong to badger PEEL,
So will ROEBUCK to vituperate his betters;
And DUNCOMBE will refrain, very likely, to complain,
Though again they shall have open'd all his letters.
Chorus. For it won't do, just now, to be factious, &c.

PLUMPTRE and SPOONER, too, will perceive it will not do
To be canting upon Sunday legislation;
And INGLIS, like a goose, to vent impotent abuse
On Maynooth and comprehensive education;
And, for Old Ireland's weal will O'CONNELL drop Repeal,
Whilst her real want so vehemently presses,
And labour, like a man, to do everything he can
To alleviate her positive distresses.
Chorus. For it won't do, just now, to be factious, &c.

We're now in a condition that requires no Opposition;
It is necessary we should be united,
Forgetting party broils, and combined in common toils,
Till, at any rate, affairs are somewhat righted.
We are in such a hobble that we can't afford to squabble,
Let us quarrel in more favourable weather;
But, whilst the storm shall last, and until the danger 's past,
We must all of us resolve to pull together.
Chorus. For it won't do, just now, to be factious, &c.

PEEL'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries have been giving very interesting details respecting a portrait gallery which SIR ROBERT PEEL has lately formed with much completeness. Politicians of every shade and every turn are to be found ranged side by side in this remarkable collection. It is not, however, generally known that the room is lighted by a lantern in the centre, which represents on its six sides the portraits of the proprietor in six of his most favourite characters. The lantern is a revolving one, so that SIR ROBERT PEEL is represented in such a manner as to enable him to keep all his friends in countenance. The room is full of all the lights of the age, but the great revolving light of the age most appropriately occupies the centre. He appears as the man who plays on six different instruments, the knave of diamonds, and other *roles* he has filled in the course of his rollings.

PAINLESS SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

THE establishment of the fact that surgical operations may be performed without pain, has been properly described as "Good News for Travellers by Railway."

BINDING TREATIES.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S speech announces the conclusion of a treaty with the EMPEROR NICHOLAS. The "*Entente Cordiale*" hitherto has been "done" in England "in the very best calf," but as it has lately come to pieces, it seems that, for the future, it is to be "bound in Russia."

CON. FOR THE COMMONS.

WHY is LORD GEORGE BENTINCK like the WELLINGTON Statue on the BURTON arch? Because he wants taking down a peg.

A GENIUS INCOG.

An advertisement in the *Atlas* and the *Athenæum* states that "A Reviewer will make the reputation of a literary aspirant in any branch of the *belles lettres*, by wholly executing the contemplated work." This is a chance that does not occur every day. Any young lady or gentleman, ambitious of appearing in print, can achieve a literary popularity without putting pen to paper, by applying, cheque-book in hand, to the above diffident genius. It does not matter what the subject of the "contemplated work" may be; history, romance, opera, quack advertisements, *bonbon* mottoes, an article on the steam-engine, or logarithms turned into poetry and fun, it is all the same to "X. Y. Z." We wonder if he has a list of charges drawn out. We can imagine it runs in the following style :—

	£	s.	d.
A soft, sentimental, moonlight, love-and-dove song	0	5	0
Ditto, full of despair	0	5	6
The translation of a French piece (including paper)	1	0	0
Ditto, with jokes and a "tag"	1	10	0
Rhymes to a French opera	1	0	0
A Romance, in 2 vols., on any public building, Aldgate Pump, or Jack Straw's Castle, for instance	3	0	0
Political articles, each	0	2	6
Ditto, very strong	0	3	6
Ditto, ultra-Protectionist, in favour of Lord G. Bentinck	0	10	0
For getting up a panic, or a crisis, or a revolution	2	0	0
A Christmas book, fairy or otherwise	15	0	0
Prospectus of a public company, proving by statistics the profits must be, at least, 200 per cent.	2	0	0
Theatrical criticisms, per hundred	1	10	0
Half-yearly Report of a Railway Company, exposing the fallacy of the number of accidents which get into the newspapers	1	10	0
Tales, in the style of the Keepsake, or Book of Beauty	0	3	9
Epigrams, Jokes, Facetiæ, Retorts, *a la Morning Herald*, per cwt.	0	5	0
A money, or corn, or tallow, or any other market	0	5	0
An Epic Poem, not exceeding 2000 lines	2	0	0
A fashionable, or political, or personal novel (per vol.)	1	0	0
An Encyclopædia (a fortnight's notice required)	5	0	0
The Life of anybody	0	10	0
A Parliamentary speech	0	1	0

*** Acrostics, Birthday Odes, Verses to the Moon, Impromptus, Lines for Music, Sonnets, "Old Arm Chairs," and "Marble Halls," always kept on hand, adapted to every taste, person, place, heart, or thing, or situation in an opera, or government office.

Nor is there any fear of any of these articles not being properly treated, for "X. Y. Z." tells us himself that he is "the author of well-reputed and successful works, on the parentage of which the seal of secrecy is imposed." Who can this genius *incog.* be? Is he the author of the "Vestiges of Creation," or Moses' advertisements, or the "New Timon," and numerous other bantlings who have no one in this wide literary world whom they can call father? We hope some one will break this "seal of mystery." Will Sir James Graham try his hand upon it? Who knows?—a second Shakspeare, a duplicate Grant, may be brought forth from the envelope which conceals those three mysterious letters, "X.Y.Z.!" Can it possibly be Lord Brougham?

It is lucky the advertisement says "strictly confidential;" for it would be rather awkward if a lord paid liberally for a work, which was published with his name and title, and "X. Y. Z." afterwards claimed it. Such an accident would be as distressing as the melancholy *contretemps*, which happened three years ago to Lord William Lennox. We warn the aristocracy against a similar calamity!

ROBBERY OF MOUNT PARNASSUS.

It is indeed a sign of the badness of the times with the predatory fraternity, for we see by the papers, that a robbery has actually been committed on Mount Parnassus. We should as soon have expected to hear of a burglary in a poet's attic, as the plunder of the home of the Muses, which has recently been effected by some desperate brigands. We must not, however, be surprised at what has occurred abroad, when we think of the depredations that have been committed at home, on property of a similar description to that which we should suppose to abound in the regions of Parnassus.

The poverty of the spoil to be anticipated, is perhaps the most wonderful feature of the burglary committed upon the home of the Muses. It is not unlikely that the robbers were tempted by some unprincipled persons in this country, who are in the habit of receiving stolen articles of the description that would probably be met with on Mount Parnassus.

THE ST. STEPHEN'S STEEPLE-CHASE.

A grand heat was run in the House of Commons on the day of the opening of Parliament. The number that started is not exactly known, but there was a strong muster in the field, every one of whom was in good condition. The distance to be run was from Canning's Statue to the seat of the leader of the Opposition on the left of the St. Stephen's training-ground.

Upper Benjamin (Disraeli) took the lead, but *Sancho Panza* (Borthwick) was close upon his heels. They were followed by *Bath Brick*, (Roebuck), and *Brazennose* (Inglis), *Bumpkin* (Bankes), *Grimaldi* (Sibthorpe), and others of a like breed, who soon broke down, for want of mettle. At this point, *The Hope of the Country* (Bentinck) came out very strong, but at the corner the *Manchester Pet* (Lincoln), who had been hitherto in the rear, made a rush, and passed the *Hope of the Country* with the greatest ease. After this he had the running all to himself. He cleared the different benches in the most masterly style, and, jumping over all the forms of the House without once stumbling, he reached the seat amid the cheers of his backers, and was declared the winner. The value of the prize is not yet known. Some say the stakes will be forfeited, as the *Manchester Pet* did not start fairly, whilst others maintain that he was not entered properly.

We give the order of the high-mettled steeds as they came in :—

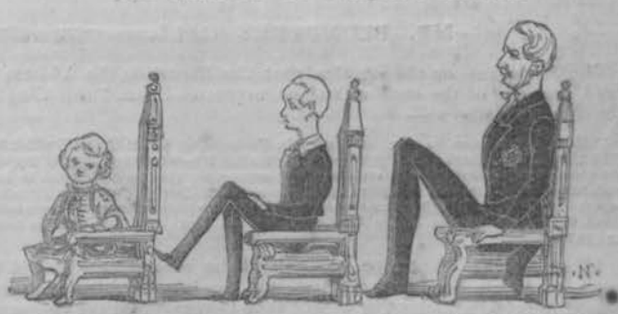
The Manchester Pet	1
The Hope of the Country	2
Grimaldi	3
Upper Benjamin	4

Won cleverly by several full lengths.

Slow Coach (Hudson) did not come in till half an hour afterwards.

It was whispered at Bellamy's, that Lord George intended to challenge the winner in a few days, as he had made up his book purposely to go in and win. The last betting was 50 to 1 against him, freely taken.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CHAIR.



The pretty little Chair to be placed on the right hand of the Throne, for the pretty little Prince of Wales, has been a general object of affectionate interest. Unfortunately, however, while his Royal Highness is happily growing bigger every year, the pretty little Chair never grows at all, and there must be a sad want of proportion between the seat and its intended occupant. We can only recommend the application of horticultural skill in such a manner that the Chair may be planted in the ground, made of the wood of some living tree, and trained or kept clipped in the form that may be required to suit the increasing dimensions of Walesian Royalty.

Something of this sort must be done, for it is terrible to contemplate the Prince outgrowing his chair, and giving to an object of taste and elegance an air of awkwardness. Though his Royal Highness at his present size would adorn the present Chair, what will be the effect when, no longer a pretty little child in infantine tunic, he becomes a boy in straps—or to use one expressive word—a strapper? When he passes into a state of manhood, his position on the Child's Chair will be agonisingly inappropriate. We *should be sorry indeed* to observe the Heir to the Throne facing the Legislative Assembly with his legs forming a most uncomfortable N, and presenting altogether an awful picture of Royalty cramped to a degree which, as loyal subjects, we could never witness without a feeling of the deepest solicitude.

A very Natural Mistake.

"St. Paul's. Closing for Three Weeks."—An advertisement, thus headed, appeared the other day in the *Times*. At first we supposed it related to the Dean and Chapter's Exhibition; but found, upon examination, that it referred to a shop called Albion House.

NEW GRAND JUNCTION LINE.

THE days of elopement are gone! An electric telegraph will shortly run all the way from London to Gretna Green; and what loving couple would think of taking the field against such long odds? But we read of cases of physicians advising their patients through the electric telegraph; and there is a precedent, also, on the file of some newspaper, of a marriage having been performed by the same electric means. Why could not elopements, therefore, be managed by the same agency; the blacksmith being at one end, and the lady and captain at the other? This will be the shortest way of making matrimonial extremes meet; and boards should be put up at every station on the Manchester and Carlisle Lines, of "Weddings Executed on the Shortest Notice."

A supply of wedding-rings should be always kept, and a certain time allowed to every person who has the telegraph in hand before another person could have the use of it. The ten minutes, which is the utmost coffee-room law allows when anybody has bespoken a newspaper, would be sufficient for the completion of the matrimonial spell, and would effectually defeat the interruptions of crotchetty fathers and guardians. We are confident this line, with branches all over England, will pay immensely; and the returns being necessarily very quick, the directors are sure to embrace it no less eagerly than the ladies, as it will be opening the best channel for railway cupidity.

FOLLOW YOUR LEADER!

WHO 'LL lead the Opposition?
"I," said LORD STANLEY,
For Protection all so manly,
"I 'll lead the Opposition."

"You 're too vicious," quoth GEORGE BENTINCK,
"My mind is more stable";
I 'll give odds I 'm better able
To lead the Opposition."

"Humbug!" shrilled out DISRAELI,
"One of the tribe of Ben,
Who can wield both tongue and pen,
He must lead the Opposition."

"Dear me!" quoth TADPOLE and TAPER,
"How *could* we ever think on
Anybody but LORD LINCOLN
To lead the Opposition?"

But JOHN BULL turned to SIR ROBERT:—
"Here's the man the storm to weather
And to keep the sticks together;
He must lead the Opposition."

Then slyly to JOHN quoth ROBERT:—
"What if, once in a way,
We were simply to say,
Let's get on without any Opposition?"

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

SIR FREDERICK TRENCH is in agony about the removal of the Monster Statue, as he trembles for the consequences of the old proverb, "out of site, out of mind."

MR. PLUMPTRE'S CALL.

MR. PLUMPTRE, on the question that the Report on the Address be read, speaking of the state of Ireland, expressed himself, according to the *Times*, as follows:—

"He did not mean to enter at large into the question where the guilt which had drawn down upon them this tremendous dispensation lay—whether that guilt lay with the people or the rulers; but he could not help expressing what he considered to be a well-founded opinion, that the rulers of this country had deeply offended by some acts which they had recently placed on the statute book, and which in his belief were calculated to bring down the Divine displeasure on the land; but into this he would not enter."

What did MR. PLUMPTRE mean by these observations? Did he mean to accuse SIR ROBERT PEEL and the late Ministry of having passed Acts of Parliament so wicked as to have incurred the vengeance of Heaven? This must have been his meaning, if he had any. And is there nothing unparliamentary—not to say presumptuous—in one honourable gentleman imputing to others criminality of so heinous a description? Surely, an Act of Parliament should be unmistakeably blasphemous, should be palpably impious, to justify such a charge as this. What is the legislative impiety or blasphemy of which MR. PLUMPTRE accuses SIR ROBERT PEEL? Name, good sir; name, name. Is it the Maynooth Grant, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws? for with your very peculiarly constituted mind, it is as likely that you allude to the one measure as to the other.

In the meantime, MR. PLUMPTRE, you will be pleased to observe, that it is not on the mansion of Tamworth, nor on BELLAMY'S coffee-room, that has fallen this plague of famine. The scourge has left the actual delinquents—such, according to your charitable supposition—untouched. And if Ireland suffers for the sins of her rulers, are you quite certain that she suffers for those of her recent government? May not her sufferings be partly attributable to the offences of former legislators? Are you, indeed, absolutely positive that they are owing to the guilt of any persons in particular? If you are, will you condescend to tell us whence you have derived your information? In short, MR. PLUMPTRE, are you a prophet, or what are you? For, either your language is truly prophetic, or it is not remarkably Christian.

AN ANSWER IS WANTED.

WILL MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL have the goodness to tell us what has become of his beautiful maxim—"England's need is Ireland's opportunity?" Recent events in the two countries should convince him that England's treatment towards Ireland is exactly the reverse.

School-mistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA-RUBBER BALL, IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

Child. "O YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH."

Very Ominous.

IT is a remarkable fact, and is very symptomatic of the state of the political world at the present moment, that the horses of HER MAJESTY'S Carriage the other day, in going down to the House of Lords, refused most obstinately to follow their leaders. Just as the QUEEN left the Palace, a fog of considerable denseness suddenly came down, as if to be in character with the obscurity that at present overhangs the coming events of the Session.

THE RISING GENERATION—IN PARLIAMENT.

Peel. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO THIS SESSION, EH?"

D——li (the Juvenile). "WHY—AW—AW—I 'VE MADE ARRANGEMENTS—AW—TO SMASH—AW—EVERYBODY."

THE PUNCH CONGRESS.

EADER! It is under such title that the approaching Congress of crowned heads will be known to the future world: a Congress especially called to consider the propriety of encouraging the circulation, or entirely banning the appearance, of *Punch* in various States. As our prophetic daily contemporaries are always enabled to give the Queen's Speech before it falls, in pearls and diamonds, from the royal lips, so are we mysteriously permitted to anticipate the arguments about to be adduced by anointed wisdom, at the *Punch* Congress.

PRESENT: *England, France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Portugal, Prussia, Spain, America, and the Roman States.*

England. Royal Brothers and Sisters, and Republican and Papal Friends! *Punch* being our own subject, we feel maternally moved to ask of you the offences alleged against him.

Russia. Offences, Sister England! Why, he speaks the truth! And I put it to my Brethren, my Sisters here, what is in the end to become of us, if we give free license to truth? Why, it cuts deeper than the knout! Permit the free use of ink, and I tell you, it will in time corrode the bars of prisons and the fetters of what are called patriots! Allow the goose-quill to do what it may, and farewell to our eagles! No *Punch!*

Austria. Very right: I'm sure that's right. I am a wise emperor and a great potentate; and though traitors say I want brains, what of that—haven't I a crown? And what, I should like to know, was a crown like mine invented for, if it wasn't to cover the want of brains? What's *Punch* done? Oh, la! la! Why, didn't he make me and Russia, and Prussia, dance the *Cracovienne?* I know he meant me, for I looked so foolish: it was me, for my dog barked at the likeness! Down with *Punch!* —No *Punch!*

Spain. For my part I care very little about *Punch.* For as Spaniards are too proud to read, and generally too lazy to use their eyes; and, moreover, as I don't think I've above twenty booksellers in all Castile and Arragon, I care little for what *Punch* writes, or what he draws. Nevertheless, to please Russia and Austria, I say, No *Punch!*

America. Well, for my part, I think *Punch* is the true grit, after all. Now and then I do feel a leetle streaked when the critter is so tarnation sharp upon repudiation; and I do think that BANCROFT ought to 'monstrate when *Punch* goes agin sellin niggers and all sich rot as that: nevertheless, though he does ryle us now and then, there's goodness in the critter, and, takin' him wholesale and retail, I shall vote for *Punch.* Besides, we make a good many cents of him; we almost reprint him; and so, under the no Copyright Act of the freest nation upon airth, we get all that 's good without payin for it.

Prussia. I believe the liberality of my opinions are well known. (*Subdued laughter:* RUSSIA *winks, and puts tongue in cheek.*) You know I have promised to give a Constitution to my people; and to show that I am tremendously in earnest I shall continue to promise. As for truth, that our brother of Russia speaks of as the commodity of *Punch*—why, I like truth. I think it—like gold—very precious; but, like gold, not to be put upon all things. And therefore—though, understand me, I am of liberal notions, and propose to advance with the age, and all that—nevertheless, as a sovereign who, some day, intends to be a most constitutional monarch, I say, with Austria and Russia—No *Punch!*

Portugal. For my own part, the thing having what is called writing in it, I have never seen it. Nothing of that sort ever comes into Portugal. But, in compliment to other States, I say—No *Punch!*

France. My opinions are well known. Since the infamous attack made by *Punch* upon that sweetest and meekest of sons, PRINCE JOINVILLE, I have banned it; and, moreover, I have doubled the number of custom-house officers at all the ports: I have had the hat-linings of all travellers ripped open, to detect *Punch;*—but, *sacre bleu!* it 's smuggled, right and left. I've learned that it 's brought into France by five thousand pigeons; whereupon, I intend to organise battalions, to be called *L'armée des Pigeons,* to kill all carriers crossing the seas. —No *Punch!*

The Roman States. We have caused to be opened two hundred shops expressly for the sale of *Punch.* We have installed translators, at the rate of five thousand *scudi* per annum each, to turn the English into choice Italian, and artists at the same stipend. You will see what Rome will become with steam, railways, and *Punch.* We say, *Viva Punch!*

Belgium. For my own part, I should have no objection to *Punch,* if it had no pictures of persons, and did not write about Government things. I have not *yet* banned *Punch* to the *braves Belges;* but, as I have kicked out the caricaturists from Brussels, 'twill be only out of respect to my sister of England if *Punch* doesn't follow.

England. And having heard all you have to say against our worthiest and best beloved *Punch,* I shall immediately give orders that one copy, at least, be furnished to every room of Windsor Castle, Osborne House, Claremont, Buckingham,—in fact, to one and all of my royal palaces. So *Vivat Regina!*—*Punch* for ever!

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

IT is not true that BARON NATHAN claimed to enter the House of Lords on the first day of the session as Baron of Rosherville. It is, however, a fact that "BARON NATHAN took his place on one of the Opposition benches;" but the circumstance occurred in the following manner:—Anxious to testify his loyalty to his Queen, and his attachment to his Constitution, the Baron had gone into the Park to witness the procession. He was bargaining with the owner of a wooden plank for permission to stand upon it, when a man came by with some of the usual forms that are always observed on the occasion of HER MAJESTY'S going down to open the Parliament. BARON NATHAN fancying there would be better accommodation on one of these articles than on a mere board, was in doubt what to do, when a quarrel ensued between the rival speculators in the sight, and BARON NATHAN, as it has been truly observed, did ultimately "take his place on one of the Opposition benches."

Absenteeism.

THE Sun has been an absentee now for several days—in the North for several weeks. We think MR. HUME should move for a remission of the Window Tax upon every foggy day throughout the year—though this would be equivalent (as a foreigner would say) to the repeal of the Tax altogether. But it is rather too bad that we should be called upon to pay for light, when we do not have it. Some change, however, is necessary, for the present system of burning the candle at both ends—paying for candles and daylight too—is enough to ruin everybody but the tallow-chandlers.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Old Gentleman. "BLESS MY HEART! THIS VIBRATION OF THE CARRIAGE IS VERY UNUSUAL! PRAY, MY LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU ANY APPREHENSION OF ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS?"

Juvenile. "OH, NONE IN THE LEAST; AND ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A FAT OLD BUFFER AS YOU TO BE SHOT AGAINST."

Parties for the Session.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK intends getting up a Protectionist party. Tickets have been issued to all the Agriculturist members. The large rooms, at 54, New Bond Street, have been engaged, and a transparency of the "Coming Man" is to be painted expressly for it. As the figure is, at present, in the greatest obscurity, it would be premature on our part to throw any light upon the person it is meant to represent. There is a jockey's cap, however, which is wonderfully thrown in. The costume of the members who attend this party is to be Lincoln green.

SIR ROBERT PEEL has declared his intention of entertaining no party, or following any, this session. He has disbanded all his *suite*, who will get up a series of small parties on their own account. Several *soirées*, for instance, will be given by the Young England party, at which the usual course of entertainments will be provided by MR. DISRAELI, with the customary display of squibs and fireworks. MR. PETER BORTHWICK, who is the very man for a small party, is engaged to play one of the first fiddles, (they are limited to a dozen,) and will amuse the company with a new "Spanish Dance" of his own composing.

There has been published as yet, no announcement of the Liberal parties, but from the arrangements that have been made, we have every right to expect that the amusements generally furnished at their expense will not be in the least diminished this session. MR. HUME, as usual, will have the talented superintendence of the checks. MR. WILLIAMS has kindly undertaken the inspection of the vouchers; another member has promised before the dissolution several cargoes of cheap tea; whilst LORD JOHN RUSSELL is pledged for sugar and other sweets, MR. ROEBUCK for the bitters, and MR. BRIGHT's name is down upon the lists for universal game. All these preparations are most cheering; but some little terror has been caused by MR. BROTHERTON sending word that the party must break up every evening at twelve o'clock, or else he will bring the House about the members' ears.

OIL FOR IRISH LIGHT-HOUSES.

THE Dublin Corporation advertise for a supply of the above commodity. Could not MR. O'CONNELL supply the native article; no man being a greater holder of Irish Palm-oil than the honourable gentleman?

COLONEL SIBTHORPE suggests that the WELLINGTON Statue be used for the purpose of filling up the breach between France and England. We are afraid even that is not large enough.

THE CONDE DE MONTEMOLIN.

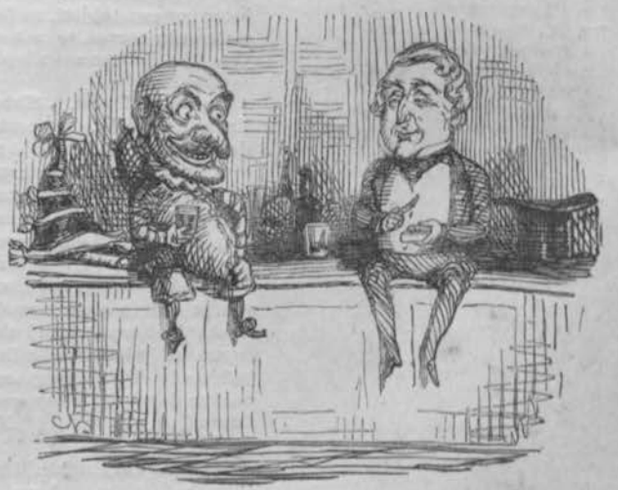
AMONG the numerous visits paid by the CONDE to objects and places of interest, the papers have omitted to mention the call made by His Majesty at the chambers of MR. BRIEFLESS. The CONDE was received at the outer door by THOMPSON, the clerk in waiting, who preceded His Majesty along the grand matted corridor, at the end of which MR. BRIEFLESS was standing, to escort his royal visitor to the western chamber. The CONDE was occupied for some minutes in looking over a rule to compute, and asked several questions on the subject of computation, all of which were answered by the learned host with prompt alacrity. The CONDE was then ushered into the robing closet, where the wig and gown of MR. BRIEFLESS were shown to the illustrious guest, who, on hearing the wig was made of horse-hair, told some interesting anecdotes of the horse, and expressed his admiration of the skill exhibited in preparing the hair of that noble animal.

The CONDE then inspected the gown with great minuteness, and entered into a succinct history of the Spanish Inquisition, of which he said the black gown had reminded him. His Majesty was then conducted in front of the *façade* of the grand book-cases, and was pleased to express his royal approbation of the taste displayed in forming the library. On seeing upon the shelf a thick volume, called the Attorney's Pocket-Book, the CONDE good-humouredly remarked, that "he did not wonder at a book being so large when it was intended for pockets so very capacious as those of the attornies." MR. BRIEFLESS smiled, and

"THOMSON caught faintly the joke as it fell"

from the lips of His Majesty. The CONDE having partaken of a mutton pie, retired highly delighted with his visit.

PEEL'S POLITICAL DINNER.



THOUGH it is quite true, as stated by our contemporaries, that SIR ROBERT PEEL gave no political dinner on the occasion of the opening of Parliament, it is not perhaps generally known that he took a sort of demi-diplomatic luncheon at the *Punch* Office. Stout and stilton for two were served on the large counter; and the ex-Premier seemed to enjoy his host's frugal but substantial hospitality. SIR ROBERT consulted *Mr. Punch* as to the attitude to be assumed in Parliament by a retired Minister, and as to the propriety of his supporting the present Government. In this manner the distinguished couple indulged in "genial discourse unblamed," as our old friend in the lace collar—we mean MILTON—expressively hath it. *Mr. Punch* made some pertinent observations on the production of beer from sugar, which, if not liked, might be easily lumped; and went somewhat deeply into the statistics of stout, by the aid of that useful manual called—"PORTER'S Progress of the Nation." *Mr. Punch* then gave a toast, and SIR ROBERT PEEL a sentiment, after which the distinguished pair separated, highly delighted at the result of the interview.

NE SUTOR, &c.

WE understand that MR. DUNN, the ex-suitor of MISS BURDETT COUTTS, has protested on his own account against the Spanish marriages. He declares himself, at least, entitled to compensation on the ground of his having intended himself for the hand of the Queen, or at least, of her sister-the Infanta.

A TREMENDOUS TENOR.

AMONG the tenors announced as about to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, is one of the name of FRASCHINI, who according to LABLACHE, has such a voice as to make it appear that he sings from his eyes and ears. This will enable him to sing a quartette all by himself, for what with a voice in each ear, and the assistance of his two favourite pupils in his eyes, he can make up four parts with the greatest facility. His eyes will probably be merely secondary in his musical efforts, acting as a sort of accompaniment in the shape of a couple of organs of vision. ROSSINI, it appears, called the same gentleman the "*Tenore della maladizione*," or the tenor of the curse, on account of his terrific power of cursing all the *artistes* he is in the habit of singing with.

PUNCH'S SPANISH BALLADS.

KING MONTEMOLIN AND THE GLORY OF PETER BORTHWICK.

NOT by clear *Manzanares*, beneath a Spanish sun,
But by muddy Thames he rideth, thro' fog-wreath damp and dun;
His *Prado* is the Quadrant, his *Plaza* Leicester Square,
No Spanish eyes nor ancles, twinkling fans, nor *mantas* there!
Ay de mi!

Was never, since BOABDIL, a king like MONTEMOLIN;
Was never such a Court, since poor CHARLES EDWARD went a strollin';
But still, a crown 's a crown, though base and brassy be its ring,
And London is a pleasant place wherein to play at king!
Ay de mi!

All the morn the King transacteth what business he may—
Such as settling of a bill of fare, or, mayhap, of the play;

Then unctuous PETER BORTHWICK ushers in, with dignitie,
The "persons of distinction" who crowd to the levee.
Ay de mi!

Sure ne'er was such a gracious king, sure ne'er was royal fist
Bow'd over by such visitors, or by such courtiers kiss'd,
Since, on the stage of Drury Lane, in the pageant coronation,
Great ELLISTON played *George the Fourth* with general approbation.
Ay de mi!

Then comes the royal progress through London's fair citie,
At St. Paul's the usual twopence is waived to royaltie;
Within the Tower the beef-eaters expect an extra fee,
Which BORTHWICK hath no orders to pay, so lets it be.
Ay de mi!

Then come more "distinguish'd persons" for the royal salutation,
Including the officials of our glorious Corporation;
From the Mayor that sitteth in Guildhall to the Alderman who stands,
To his credit, at the counter, with a cheese-knife in his hands!
Ay de mi!

Then back to lunch, where BORTHWICK his dignity postpones,
To present the pewter to the King upon his marrow-bones:
His Majesty, to the health of Spain, hath drain'd it like a shot,
And for largesse upon PETER bestowed hath the pot!
Ay de mi!

But the crowning joy for PETER of all the joyous day
Is when in state and glory they ride forth to the play,

And with wax-lights backward boweth the spirited lessee,
WEBSTER, KEELEY, or whoever the favor'd man may be.
Ay de mi!

But hollow though the royalty the *Morning Post* bestows,
And blatant though thy BORTHWICK, and silly though thy shows;
Mayhap this poor *de jure* sham of London shows as fair
As the *de facto* sham Madrid presents so debonnair.
Ay de mi!

Thou hast no France, to smile askance, and trip you as he smiles;
Thou'st no CHRISTINE, like that poor Queen, thou fear'st no mother's wiles,
Thy plots are more burlesque than base, thy court more fool than knave;
She has BRESSON for a master, thou hast BORTHWICK for a slave.
Ay de mi!

A POLITICAL FLIRT.

LORD BROUGHAM, after his long flirtation with France, seems disposed to make amorous advances towards Austria. His Lordship has declared himself particularly anxious for an alliance with the latter, and says he is, at heart, thoroughly wedded to that country. The only lawful connexion he is capable of forming is with England, but he has jilted her long ago, to take up with France, which he is now desirous of cutting for a newer attachment. We trust the poverty of France is not the cause of the ex-Chancellor's coldness. We hope it will not pass into a proverb, that "When trouble comes in at the door, LORD BROUGHAM flies out at the window." We do not know what England will say to this second foreign attachment. BROUGHAM, with Austria on one hand, and France on the other, singing "How happy could I be with either," would form a very striking picture.

The Vultures of Parliament.

THE political naturalist will be interested to know that there exists in these islands a peculiar species of vulture, which has not as yet been described in our national ornithologies. These vultures are commonly called Parliamentary Agents; and the propriety of their classification with the Vulture tribe has been established by the complaint of "A Victim," in the *Times*. This individual states, that, for the mere procuring of an Act of Parliament, unopposed, for the purpose of improving his own estate, he had to pay £1,850, of which no less than £800 was swallowed up by these Agents. It thus appears that in voracity these creatures equal the Condor itself. It may not, unhappily, be possible to effect their extirpation; but surely some effectual means of protection ought to be adopted against their ravages.

SKATING IN FLEET STREET.

It is gratifying to know that the late severe frost has not been without its agreeable influence. One of its happiest effects has been to bring about a pleasant understanding between the police and the people, who have been found skating and sliding together most amicably in the public thoroughfares. At Trafalgar Square, in particular, it was delicious to see the civil power helping to keep the pot boiling down a long slide, in conjunction with a troop of boys, coal-heavers, and others, who help to make up the "only true source of legitimate power." As slides in the public thoroughfares, during the frost, are now "great facts," which the police officially recognise, there is only one thing to be desired, namely, that some little order should be observed on the foot-pavements, so as to make a slide a convenient and rapid mode of transit. We think the police should have instructions to "cut out" two series of slides at an early hour of the morning, before the walking traffic begins, and that one series should go up, the other down, the pathway of all the principal streets in London. Every pedestrian should be made to fall into his place upon the slide, so that no obstruction might be experienced to anybody. We are sure if this plan were adopted at any time when a heavy frost returns to us, it would be found a great public convenience. By the present system, under which slides are merely tolerated, and are only partially carried out, some of the public who are unprepared for them, keep tumbling about in a very awkward manner. A well-regulated routine of slides, under the control of the police, would be an understood accommodation for all, and order could easily be preserved, by sending policemen up and down each series of slides at proper intervals.

THE PARLIAMENTARY SEASON.

Considering there has been as much anxiety to ascertain what will be the proceedings of the rival parties in Parliament, as there has been curiosity to know what are the plans of the rival operas, we wonder that no programme has been officially put forth by the legislative troop. The arrangements, nevertheless, have been made on a scale of unusual vastness. Lord Stanley will be *primo tenore*, Lord George Bentinck will be *altero primo tenore*, and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli will be the *tenore della Maledizione*, or tenor employed to do all the malediction business that will be required in the course of a season expected to be rich in opportunities for execration. Mr. Borthwick will take the bass parts, and there will be an efficient chorus, consisting of a selection of the best voices from the company of last season.

The orchestral engagements are not yet completed; but we are enabled to announce that Mr. Roebuck will play the serpent, and that Mr. Tom Duncombe will be as vigorous as ever upon the big drums or *gross cases*.

The novelties will be numerous; but several works from the old *répertoire* of the few last seasons will be again brought forward.

Lord John Russell will act as conductor, and is in hopes of completing some production which will give an opportunity for a combination of all the principal political artists in one grand piece of harmony. We understand that an Irish subject is one of the first that this grand experiment will be tried upon.

FRANCE IN DIFFICULTIES.

Poor France is in a frightful pecuniary mess at the present moment. Her revenue is fearfully below her expenditure; her debt is tremendous, and her Bank is so poor as to be positively compelled to borrow "a little silver" of ours. Under these circumstances two questions are being asked by everybody, namely—First, What's to be done? and secondly, Who's to do it? It is expected she will be compelled to sell the fortifications of Paris for old building materials; and that her new and expensive Marine must be offered to some wealthier dealer in marine stores as soon as possible.

We think there is one source of relief which France may justly claim at the hands of England. The large sums of money recently made by English managers from pieces stolen from the French, ought, we think, if not to be wholly refunded, at least lent to relieve the pressure prevailing in Paris at the present moment.

PLINY AND PUMP-WATER.

Hades. Sixth of the Kalends of Feb., U.C. 2600.

Most celebrated Punch,

Thy fame hath descended even into these regions, for who of all those who daily arrive here bringeth not a report thereof? This letter, therefore, I address unto thee, in order that it may be the more widely circulated. To me, demanding of new-comers to our dominions, in what place in the world they have existed, they, being your fellow-citizens, are wont to answer: From the first city in Europe. Whereupon, indeed, I have saluted them as countrymen and Romans; but they, truly, have then informed me that they were Londoners. And, I disputing the claim of London to pre-eminence, they have urged against me its greater magnitude, and its superiority to Rome in the arts and conveniences of life. But when I have questioned them of their supply of water therein, they have been forced to confess themselves inferior to the Romans. For, whereas in Rome there were not more than one million of inhabitants, for whom, of water were furnished fifty millions of cubic feet; in London, where the population is twice as great, the provision of water is less by nearly a twentieth part. And yet they have assured me, that beneath their city there lieth a vast and deep bed of chalk, wherein by penetrating, as hath in a few instances been done, and at no very great expense, as abundant a plenty of pure water as can be desired can very easily be obtained.

Which circumstances having considered, I have conceived it a no small reproach to the London people, or at least to their government and rulers, that they are so miserably in want of water; without the aid of which fluid, and a sufficiency of soap, neither can the precepts of cleanliness nor the public health be consulted. Farewell.

Thy Subscriber, in the Shades,

Pliny the Elder.

A New Opening for France.

France has concluded a treaty with Russia. The particulars have not yet transpired, but one of the most important articles, we have been informed, is that the mines of Siberia are to be thrown open unconditionally to all French political offenders. The traffic, it is expected, will be very large, but the returns exceedingly few. We congratulate Frenchmen upon the acquisition of this new treaty, for they may depend upon it, it will not be Louis-Philippe's fault if the two countries are not linked together in a few years in the strongest chains.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, January 30, 1847.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER XLIX.—CLUB SNOBS.

EVERY well-bred English female will sympathise with the subject of the harrowing tale, the history of SACKVILLE MAINE, I am now about to recount. The pleasures of Clubs have been spoken of: let us now glance for a moment at the dangers of those institutions, and for this purpose I must introduce you to my young acquaintance, SACKVILLE MAINE.

It was at a ball at the house of my respected friend, MRS. PERKINS, that I was introduced to this gentleman and his charming lady. Seeing a young creature before me in a white dress, with white satin shoes; with a pink ribbon, about a yard in breadth, flaming out as she twirled in a Polka in the arms of MONSIEUR DE SPRINGBOCK, the German diplomatist; with a green wreath on her head, and the blackest hair this individual ever set eyes on—seeing, I say, before me a charming young woman, whisking beautifully in a beautiful dance, and presenting, as she wound and wound round the room, now a full face, then a three-quarter face, then a profile—a face, in fine, which, in every way you saw it, looked pretty, and rosy, and happy, I felt (as I trust) a not unbecoming curiosity regarding the owner of this pleasant countenance, and asked WAGLEY (who was standing by, in conversation with an acquaintance) Who was the lady in question?

"Which?" says WAGLEY.

"That one with the coal-black eyes," I replied.

"Hush," says he, and the gentleman with whom he was talking moved off, with rather a discomfited air.

When he was gone WAGLEY burst out laughing. "*Coal-black* eyes!" said he; "you've just hit it. That's MRS. SACKVILLE MAINE, and that was her husband who just went away. He's a coal-merchant, SNOB, my boy, and I have no doubt MR. PERKINS's Walls-ends are supplied from his wharf. He is in a flaming furnace when he hears coals mentioned. He and his wife and his mother are very proud of MRS. SACKVILLE's family; she was a MISS CHUFF, daughter of CAPTAIN CHUFF, R.N. That is the widow: that stout woman; in crimson tabbinet, battling about the odd trick with old MR. DUMPS, at the card-table."

And so, in fact, it was. SACKVILLE MAINE (whose name is a hundred times more elegant, surely, than that of CHUFF) was blest with a pretty wife, and a genteel mother-in-law, both of whom some people may envy him.

Soon after his marriage the old lady was good enough to come and pay him a visit—just for a fortnight—at his pretty little cottage, Kennington Oval; and, such is her affection for the place, has never quitted it these four years. She has also brought her son, NELSON COLLINGWOOD CHUFF, to live with her; but he is not so much at home as his mamma, going as a day-boy to Merchant Tailors' School, where he is getting a sound classical education.

If these beings, so closely allied to his wife, and so justly dear to her, may be considered as drawbacks to MAINE's happiness, what man is there that has not some things in life to complain of? And when I first knew MR. MAINE, no man seemed more comfortable than he. His cottage was a picture of elegance and comfort; his table and cellar were excellently and neatly supplied. There was every enjoyment, but no ostentation. The omnibus took him to business of a morning; the boat brought him back to the happiest of homes, where he would while away the long evenings by reading out the fashionable novels to the ladies as they worked; or accompany his wife on the flute (which he played elegantly); or in any one of the hundred pleasing and innocent amusements of the domestic circle. MRS. CHUFF covered the drawing-rooms with prodigious tapestries, the work of her hands. MRS. SACKVILLE had a particular genius for making covers of tape or net-work for these tapestried cushions. She could make home-made wines. She could make preserves and pickles. She had an album, into which, during the time of his courtship, SACKVILLE MAINE had written choice scraps of BYRON and MOORE's poetry, analogous to his own situation, and in a fine mercantile hand. She had a large manuscript receipt-book—every quality, in a word, which indicated a virtuous and well-bred English female mind.

"And as for NELSON COLLINGWOOD," SACKVILLE would say, laughing, "we couldn't do without him in the house. If he didn't spoil the tapestry we should be over-cushioned in a few months; and whom could we get but him to drink LAURA's home-made wine?" The truth is, the gents who came from the city to dine at the Oval could not be induced to drink it,—in which fastidiousness, I myself, when I grew to be intimate with the family, confess that I shared.

"And yet, sir, that green ginger has been drunk by some of England's proudest heroes," MRS. CHUFF would exclaim; "ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH tasted and praised it, sir, on board CAPTAIN CHUFF's ship, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, at Algiers; and he had three dozen with him in the *Pitchfork* frigate, a part of which was served out to the men, before he went into his immortal action with the *Furibonde*, CAPTAIN CHOUFLEUR, in the Gulf of Panama."

All this, though the old dowager told us the story every day when the wine was produced, never served to get rid of any quantity of it—and the green ginger, though it had fired British tars for combat and victory, was not to the taste of us peaceful and degenerate gents of modern times.

I see SACKVILLE now, as on the occasion when presented by WAGLEY, I paid my first visit to him. It was in July—a Sunday afternoon—SACKVILLE MAINE was coming from church, with his wife on one arm, and his mother-in-law (in red tabbinet, as usual) on the other. A half-grown, or hobbadehoyish footman, so to speak, walked after them, carrying their shining golden prayer-books—the ladies had splendid parasols with tags and fringes. MRS. CHUFF's great gold watch, fastened to her stomach, gleamed there like a ball of fire. NELSON COLLINGWOOD was in the distance, shying stones at an old horse on Kennington Common. 'Twas on that verdant spot we met—nor can I ever forget the majestic courtesy of MRS CHUFF, as she remembered having had the pleasure of seeing me at MRS. PERKINS's—nor the glance of scorn which she threw at an unfortunate gentleman who was preaching an exceedingly desultory discourse to a sceptical audience of omnibus-cads and nurse-maids, on a tub, as we passed by. "I cannot help it, Sir," says she; "I am the widow of an officer of Britain's navy: I was taught to honour my Church and my King: and I cannot bear a Radical, or a Dissenter."

With these fine principles I found SACKVILLE MAINE impressed. "WAGLEY," said he, to my introducer, "if no better engagement, why shouldn't self and friend dine at the Oval? MR. SNOB, Sir, the mutton's coming off the spit at this very minute. LAURA and MRS. CHUFF, (he said *Laurar* and MRS. CHUFF; but I hate people who make remarks on these peculiarities of pronunciation,) will be most happy to see you; and I can promise you a hearty welcome, and as good a glass of port-wine as any in England."

"This is better than dining at the Sarcophagus," thinks I to myself, at which club WAGLEY and I had intended to take our meal; and so we accepted the kindly invitation, whence arose afterwards a considerable intimacy.

Everything about this family and house was so good-natured, comfortable, and well-conditioned, that a Cynic would have ceased to growl there. MRS. LAURA was all graciousness and smiles, and looked to as great advantage in her pretty morning gown as in her dress robe at MRS. PERKINS's. MRS. CHUFF fired off her stories about the *Nebuchadnezzar*, 74, the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*—the heroic resistance of CAPTAIN CHOUFLEUR, and the quantity of snuff he took, &c., &c.; which, as they were heard for the first time, were pleasanter than I have subsequently found them. SACKVILLE MAINE was the best of hosts. He agreed in everything everybody said, altering his opinions without the slightest reservation upon the slightest possible contradiction. He was not one of those beings who would emulate a SCHONBEIN or FRIAR BACON, or act the part of an incendiary towards the Thames, his neighbour—but a good, kind, simple, honest, easy fellow—in love with his wife—well-disposed to all the world—content with himself, content even with his mother-in-law. NELSON COLLINGWOOD, I remember, in the course of the evening, when whisky and water was for some reason produced, grew a little tipsy. This did not in the least move SACKVILLE's equanimity. "Take him up stairs, JOSEPH," said he to the hobbadehoy, "and—JOSEPH—don't tell his Mamma."

What could make a man so happily disposed unhappy? What could cause discomfort, bickering, and estrangement in a family so friendly and united? Ladies, it was not my fault—it was MRS. CHUFF's doing—but the rest of the tale you shall have on a future day.

OET BUNN AND THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

WHATEVER is, has been, say the philosophers; and we believe it. A musician—"a sweet lute's-master"—once upon a time had a contention with a nightingale, "Hard by the stream of Tiber." He dared her to sing against his mastery. She warbled and was overcome. Old CRASHAW has the story—

("Now, *who* was CRASHAW?" asks a "fast" one of the Rising Generation. "Somebody, devilish slow, no doubt! *Who* was CRASHAW?" We set aside the snob, and go on.)

Old CRASHAW has the story enshrined in divinest words; and the Poet BUNN and the Swedish Nightingale arise to the imagination as we read the ancient verse. Imagine the Poet BUNN with his lyre. He plays, instead of writes, a letter to JENNY LIND:—

> "His nimble hands instinct have taught each string
> A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing
> To their own dance; now negligently rash
> He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
> Blends all together; then distinctly trips
> *From this to that;* then quick returning skips
> And snatches this again, and pauses there!"

Now is not this one of the poet's letters, set to music? The very letter, lately despatched by BUNN, the Bard, to the Swedish Nightingale? And—

> "She measures every measure; everywhere
> Meets art with art; sometimes as if in doubt,
> Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
> Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
> *Through the sleek passage of her open throat,*
> *A clear unwrinkled song.*"

Saying plainly—"Poet BUNN; I will not come: and law shan't make me."

Whereupon, the Poet BUNN takes another turn at the pegs, and sweeps the lyre once again:—

> "From this to that, from that to this he flies,
> Feels music's pulse in all her arteries!"

And, finally, threatening law—

> "In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall,
> A *Chancery's* diapason swallows all!
> This done; he lists *what she would say to this.*"

And she, feeling that the Poet BUNN

> "—Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
> Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note."

It will not do; she cannot sing against Chancery:—

> "She fails, and failing, grieves; and grieving dies.
> She dies: and leaves her life the victor's prize,
> *Falling upon his lute!*"

Meaning, in this case, that the Nightingale of Sweden comes to terms with the Poet of Drury Lane!

HUNGER AND HORSEFLESH.

"PUNCH, my Tulip,

"Spare a corner, will you, for an animal's true friend, one of the right sort, to say a word in behalf of that noble quadruped, the horse. A gentleman, as I suppose he calls himself, has been writing to the *Times*, recommending that, on account of the present scarcity, horses should be put on a short allowance of corn, or, indeed, have none at all given them. The only consequence of this, he says, would be a sacrifice of speed. Does he call that nothing, I should like to know? If his suggestion were acted on, what a fine Derby we should have this year! Human beings may get on without corn; but horses can't, at any pace that could be called decent. I have a nag that I'll back at a spanking trot against any horse in England; and am I to sacrifice his speed? It would break my heart, *Punch*, and I'd nearly as soon sacrifice my life. It is all very well to talk about philanthropy, and all that; and let us be considerate to our fellow-creatures—but not, I say, at the expense of horseflesh. Yours, &c.,

"SNAFFLE."

The Starved-out Repealers.

THE utmost distress prevails at Conciliation Hall. The secretaries and clerks, who have been accustomed for the last two years to a mutton-chop and a glass of port for their luncheon, have been obliged to come down to a penny biscuit, and we understand that the evening's rations of grog have been frightfully reduced. A member of the standing committee, who never had less than his six glasses of whisky toddy of an evening, contents himself, now, with one; and one of the vice-presidents has been compelled, in consequence of the Repeal blight, to abandon his tripe suppers, which used to supply Dublin with headaches three times a week. The consternation, especially amongst the younger portion of the community, is dreadful. There is a talk of raising a subscription for the Destitute Repealers, and Conciliation Hall is to be turned into a soup-house for the purpose of affording them temporary relief. There is no knowing where this distress will end—though many are of opinion that it will stop at the Insolvent Debtors' Court. We wish the Repealers well through it.

SMITHFIELD BULLETINS.

WE think the results of the battles that are fought, with such loss of life, every market-day, at Smithfield, should be published every week, and pasted about the city. They should give the exact amount of the "killed and wounded," with the names and pedigrees of the conquerors. We do not see why bulls should not have the same honours paid to them as other heroes, whose glory is always in proportion to the number they have killed. By this arrangement, the exact number of deaths could be ascertained every year, and the same might be chronicled, with proper eloquence, in the annals of the city corporation; and some time next century, when the market is removed, a monument should be erected, with a suitable inscription, to the memory of those who had died upon the spot. The epitaph on the monument might be, "DULCE EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

THE FINE ARTS AT EVERY STATION.

FELIX SUMMERLY, in the *Athenæum*, recommends the decoration of railway stations. The reasons he advances are so sensible that we have no doubt his recommendation will speedily be put into the hands of some talented R.A. for execution. The struggle amongst the companies will be which shall have the finest collection of paintings. These might be exchanged after a time—the Southampton lending its pictures to the Birmingham—the Birmingham to the Brighton—and so on, through the whole series of railways—by which arrangement every station would have a new exhibition of ETTY'S and LANDSEER'S, every year, without any additional expense. For this reason, we think oil-paintings preferable to frescoes, which would be too stationary, in the most literal sense of the word, besides falling a certain prey, in the event of fire—for who could remove an entire wall (unless, perhaps, it was a party) whilst the next room was in flames?—whereas the most lackadaisical clerk could take a TURNER off the hooks, or put a MACLISE under his arm, without fear or injury.

Subjects will be wanted, and as one of the objects of these decorations will be to drive away *ennui* and inspire patience into the passengers whilst waiting for a train, we think artists should strive to select such subjects as will inculcate fortitude, and heroism, and all the stoical virtues necessary in moments, or rather hours, of delay, suffering, and hardship. The Spartan and Roman annals should be ransacked for this purpose, whilst many a noble hint might be borrowed from the savage chivalry of the persecuted Indians.

We dot down a few suggestions, which any railway is welcome to.

1. PENELOPE and ULYSSES meeting "after many roving years."

2. LATUDE in the Bastille, having nothing to do, tames a fly.

3. The one POLICEMAN of Herne Bay, reading the *Morning Herald*, stretched on the sea-shore.

4. A Scene from the Gravesend Famine, 1845; the 500 passengers of the *Lively* steamer drawing lots off Erith for the last herring and the remainder of a pint of shrimps.

5. A View of Smithfield on a Market Day—during July—one mad bull coming in collision with another—whilst another is seen running headlong into a full omnibus. Universal alarm, and flight of horses, pigs, old women, children, and everybody.

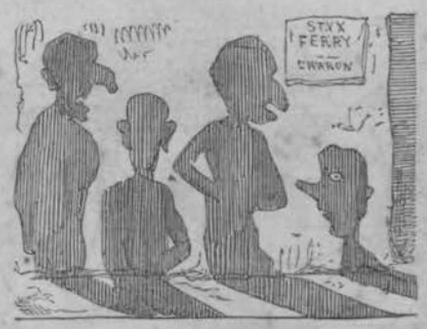
6. ROBINSON CRUSOE, taking his likeness from the shadow of his profile on the wall.

7. RUMOUR, riding *à la Courier de* St. Petersburg, on the five wires of the Electric Telegraph; an allegory of Justice overtaking Crime—the latter personified by a gentleman with mustachios in the first class not having paid his fare.

8. The Passengers of the *Celerity* omnibus waving their handkerchiefs as the Bank appears in sight, after a three hours' run from the White Horse Cellar. An incident during the repairs of Fleet-street, 1846.

9. The Mishaps of JOHN GILPIN, drawn in a number of divisions, like MONSIEUR VIEUXBOIS.

10. SHADES waiting on the banks of the Styx to be ferried over by CHARON.



11. A Shareholder of the English Opera House waiting for a dividend.

12. The Martyr SMITH O'BRIEN in the cellar of the House of Commons, taking a melancholy dish of tea.

13. A Protectionist speaking in the House of Commons—extreme fatigue and nausea of the Members.

14. The Railway King—driving from a triumphal first-class chariot four-and-twenty railway engines, all running different directions—north, east, and west—at eighty miles an hour. Stage coaches, and skeletons of horses, strewed upon the ground. Fairy stokers, flying above him, blowing tremendous trumpets. Triumphal arch in the distance, decorated with innumerable crowns, and with FORTUNE standing on the top, holding the Bank of England dangling by a string. Old TIME, lagging behind, in the distance, quite broken-winded. Rainbow of coloured purses in the sky.

15. The Survivor of a Chancery suit—a very old man, with an Old PARR'S beard, being presented with a brobdignaggian bill of costs.

All these subjects are very pictorial. Many of them, of course, might be executed, out of compliment to royal taste, in the present fashionable German style. The PENELOPE and JOHN GILPIN subjects are beautifully adapted for the hard, kitchen-poker drawing of that gracefully stiff lay-figure school. The terrors of Smithfield Market would have every justice done to them by EDWIN LANDSEER, and would convince the timid old ladies and nervous old gentlemen that there are greater dangers on land than there are on rail. We can imagine a mad bull, in the hands of LANDSEER, would make us run, merely to look at him. We should be carried away with the notion that he was close at our heels, and should make all speed for the first butcher's shop—the only place which a mad bull has an aversion to entering. The Flying Rumour and Railway King should be left to the poetic imagination of TURNER, who would turn over his *Pleasures of Memory* (unpublished MS.) for some apt, wild, beautifully incomprehensible illustration. The Famine on board the Gravesend Steamer is peculiarly a subject for POOLE, who would go far beyond his celebrated *Plague of London*, we are confident, in depicting the horrors of disappointed appetite. He would give us the innocent child screaming for its evening's pap—and the stupendous alderman, with a face the colour of old stilton, sighing in despair for his daily turtle! The others are pretty little poems, which DYCE, HERBERT, LESLIE, and HUNT would make imperishable gems of, in their own brilliant way. We present them to the British nation. The husband anxious to get home in time for dinner—the lover burning to prove his punctual affection—the merchant in a fever to take up a bill—the wife on pins and needles for the evening's opera—and the housemaid looking forward to nine o'clock, to open the area gate, in answer to the familiar whistle of her "dear B 49"—will all thank us, as they are kept waiting three or four hours at some lonely railway station, without a novel, or a glass of wine, or a captain's biscuit, for having refreshed them with new hope by the contemplation of such invigorating subjects.

Neptune Resigning the Dominion of the Seas to Britannia. (Not) by Mr. Dyce.

THE POLITICAL SHOWMAN.

Walk up, walk up, my customers, for you are now in time
To see the curiosities I've got from every clime.
My foreign correspondence enables me to show
A concentration such as you before did never know.

Walk up, walk up, my customers, I've wonders here from Spain,
Of such a sort as none of you will ever see again;
No other exhibition I'm anxious to disparage,
But, let me ask, where can you match the wondrous Spanish Marriage?

Walk up and see a spectacle such as was never seen,
Here, all in wax—Louis-Philippe, Christina, and the Queen;
Upon the right, the former are; upon the left, the latter;
To make her marry as they wish, you'll see they're always at her.

Hullo! Hullo! walk up and see the French and Spanish Minister
With Louis-Philippe chalking out a project base and sinister.
Come on, my customers, come on, I'm sure I little know you,
If you're not likely to be moved by what I've got to show you.

I never knew things half so flat; nothing, it seems, will take—Oh!
Here's Russia, Prussia, Austria, exterminating Cracow.
How long must I be thus in vain your patronage imploring?
Walk up, I've got to show, inside, the British Lion roaring;
No lion ever yet was seen in such a savage state,
Walk up, my customers, at once, or you will be too late.

STICKS IN WAITING

A Philanthropist is so hurt with the melancholy look-out of the scaffolding round the Wellington Statue that he wishes to know whether a Ball could be got up for the Distressed Poles?

THE *PSEUDO*-SAINTS OF LIVERPOOL.

Lord Brougham, whatever may be thought by some people, is still capable of talking very sensibly when he pleases. Witness the following observations of his lordship's, delivered by him recently, according to the *Times*, on the occasion of presenting a petition:—

"He had heard from Liverpool, that about 25,000 paupers were receiving relief there, only 3,000 of whom were natives of that town, the remainder being Irish, whom the famine had driven over from their own shores. He was informed, also, that there were parties in Liverpool who had endeavoured to prevent the opening of the soup-kitchens on the Sabbath to relieve the wants of these 25,000 persons; forgetting altogether the example of their Saviour, who, when his disciples were rebuked for plucking ears of corn upon the Sabbath, declared that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. He would venture to say that those misguided zealots who would prevent the opening of the soup-kitchens for the poor on Sunday, every one of them ate a hearty dinner on that day, and that their servants cooked it for them too. (A laugh.)"

Spoken like the late Henry Brougham himself. But these Liverpool sabbatists are not zealots. A zealot is a religious enthusiast. Now, what is the religion of this kind of creatures? It is not Christianity; for that teaches that it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-day. Their classification, as a sect, rests wholly on certain externals; for the most part very unprepossessing. Their countenance is bilious, and their voice nasal. They rejoice in doggrel psalmody. Their conversation is a species of sanctified slang, interspersed with groans and other uncouth noises. They have an ungainly habit of turning up their eyes, and depressing the angles of their lips. These are the grimaces which they make before men; there are others which they indulge in when alone. In private, they wink the eye; in the solitude of the chamber they thrust the tongue into the cheek. Their religion, in fact, is a mere mask, and a most ugly one—but very expressive. It has been said that their talk about the observance of the Sabbath is mere cant. It is worse than that. They are ready enough to do evil on Sunday. They scruple to open the doors of Charity on that day; but they do not hesitate to shut them.

LORD PALMERSTON'S UNPOPULAR EXHIBITION.

HORRID TRAGEDY IN PRIVATE LIFE!

THE MANCHESTER POST-OFFICE.

Myriads of murmurs have reached us from Manchester, against the difficulty experienced in getting a money-order cashed at the Post Office. One unhappy clerk is placed to do the work of a dozen, and the exhausted official, though eager to get through the whole, frequently bursts into convulsive sobs, and thus offers a further impediment to business by a sickly sort of sentiment. We are given to understand that such is the difficulty of getting money-orders cashed, that there is a positive depression in the value of these documents. An order for fifteen shillings was quoted at twelve and sixpence, a day or two ago; and, on a very busy day, these securities are flat, at a figure considerably below par, in the public market.

Some attribute the inefficient arrangements to the desire of the Government to keep the public money as long as possible in hand during the present tightness. An entire day's interest on all the money passing through the Manchester Post Office is no inconsiderable item, at a time like the present. Whatever the cause may be the effect is to bring discredit on a class of securities which might be very useful under proper regulations. A crisis is evidently going on at Manchester, for the men of business are all beginning to charge their correspondents with the discount on Post Office orders, or for the attendance of a clerk five hours—half-a-day—to get it converted into cash by the proper authorities.

RAILWAY GEOGRAPHY.

It is quite evident that the old Geographies and Road-Books must be getting useless, except as guides to the antiquities of our country. New educational books are already, we believe, in course of preparation to supersede our old friend Guy, who is becoming—as all Guys ought to be—regularly exploded. The geographical questions which will shortly be in use have reference to nothing but railways. Instead of asking, "What is the capital of England?"—the instructor of youth will inquire, "What is the capital of the London and Birmingham Railway?" "Name the chief towns in the West," is to be expunged, and "Name the chief stations on the Great Western," is to be the substitute.

What are the principal productions of such a place is no longer a subject of importance; but the question now asked is "What does such a railway produce?" and the answer is, perhaps, "Ten per cent. to the proprietors, and a mere fraction—of the limbs—to the passengers."

We shall look forward with interest to a complete geographical work upon the plan we have recommended. Distance, of course, will no longer figure in the maps, but time will be the substitute. "How many miles?" will be altered into, "How many minutes?"—and the answers will vary according to the different degrees of punctuality on the different railways. For example, ten minutes on the Dover and Brighton will be equivalent to half-an-hour on the Eastern Counties, and so on, in the same proportion. Mean time will be the time they mean, but not the time stated in the time-table. We need not point out how desirable it is to prepare such a work as the one we have hinted at.

THE TASTE OF THE TREADMILL.

In a document addressed to the Visiting Justices, the Governor of the Coldbath Fields House of Correction, states, with reference to labour on the treadmill, that—

"In proof that it is regarded by many prisoners as calculated to vary the monotony of their confinement, the governor has very frequently been importuned to allow them to work on the treadwheel, and many, on having their requests refused, have shed tears of disappointment."

The treadmill has been long established as a specific in cases of larceny; but we had no notion that the medicine was so palatable as to induce the patient to cry for it. It must be rather a comfortable state of things in which the treadmill is a relief. The fact stated by the Governor of Coldbath Fields is an important revelation. It shows that the affinity of the workhouse to the prison may be rendered yet closer with advantage; the monotony of confinement in the Union may admit of the same agreeable variation which diversifies it at Coldbath Fields. True, labour on the treadmill is very disgraceful, but so is poverty—according to law. Why not, then, let the treadmill be introduced into the poor-house, and allow paupers the option of a voluntary exercitation on it? The permission would be a boon to them; they would prefer crushed feelings to crushing bones. Suffering from cold or from solitude, it would be a comfort to them to "take a turn on the treadmill."

The imprisoned squirrel solaces himself with a similar exercise. The exhibition, however, should be public: for the treadmill undoubtedly does not seem so pleasant as it is; and thus an example would be afforded to indigence. Hard labour is always recommended in cases of poverty; yet the treadmill has not been prescribed by the Poor Law. Wherefore? Perhaps, since the remedy is so much relished, on account of its insufficient bitterness.

CHEAP THEATRES.

In the absolute failure of other attractions, certain theatrical managers have lately been making price, instead of quality, the consideration for drawing people to their establishments. Such is the struggle among the lessees to lower their charges to the minimum point, that it is in contemplation to add a sandwich and a glass of ale to the regular performances. We remember the time when an ice was offered at the Lyceum, to draw an audience in the Dog-days, but the public treated the bait with freezing indifference. We expect shortly to see in the bills of some cheap house of entertainment the announcement that the performance will commence with:—

A POPULAR MELODRAMA.

After which will be presented

An entirely New Sandwich,

With new bread, new butter, new ham, and new mustard. The whole produced under the immediate direction of the Proprietor of the Old Bailey Beef-house.

Subsequent to the Sandwich,

A GRAND BALLET OF ACTION:

The whole to conclude with an entirely original

Glass of Ale,

Introducing several new hops, and adapted to the English stage by Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and numerous auxiliaries.

Landlords' Pledges.

Lord Mountcashel states that the rental of Ireland is about thirteen millions, that the landlords have pawned their rents to the amount of ten millions, leaving the population to starve upon the remaining three millions. Under these circumstances, which, like the rents, cannot be redeemed too quickly, we think the emblem of Ireland should be changed from the shamrock to the pawnbroker's balls. The emblems of the United Kingdom henceforth should be, "The rose, the thistle, and the three balls."

WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ETHER IN A CASE OF SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient.—"THIS IS REALLY QUITE DELIGHTFUL—A MOST BEAUTIFUL DREAM."

LORD BROUGHAM'S GRIEVANCES.

OUR friend LORD BROUGHAM is reported, by a morning contemporary, to have favoured the Peers, in Parliament assembled, with the following important piece of information :—

"LORD BROUGHAM said, that, at present, as their Lordships were aware, letters to this country, from France, Holland and Belgium, and *vice versâ*, were prepaid or not, at the option of the sender. Since this arrangement took effect he received every morning large packets of letters, of which he had to pay the postage (a laugh), and which he felt to be a very great hardship, for he could not tell what they contained until he opened them. Four or five of the packets he had thus received were directed most perfidiously in the handwriting of a lady or gentleman, as the case might be, of his acquaintance, as he thought, and, on opening them, he found them to be quack circulars. (A laugh.) Of course, he could do nothing but send these communications back under cover, and the parties would take them in or not, as they chose."

How defective are the Parliamentary reports of the newspapers! Our contemporary omits to mention that his Lordship proceeded to complain that—

He (LORD BROUGHAM) had a smoky chimney which, notwithstanding he had had recourse to the best advice, he had not yet been able to get cured. Amongst the quack circulars which he had just alluded to, were those of several smoke-doctors; and he had not only to regret having taken them in, but also having been taken in by them. His butcher, he was sorry to say, had lately supplied him with very bad meat; and, to make matters worse, the last joint was underdone, which was peculiarly annoying, as it happened to be a hand of pork. Nor was the peas-pudding that accompanied it at all to his satisfaction, and he gave their Lordships notice that he should discharge his cook. Somebody, he did not know who it was, or he would have brought the guilty person before the House, had broken his area bell-wire, and had likewise evidently attempted to pull off his knocker; and the pot-boys did sums in arithmetic on his doorposts, or even defaced them with caricatures, which he had reason to believe were intended for himself. He would ask their Lordships, did any of them keep cats? (Several noble Lords answered in the affirmative.) Well, then, he would inquire whether the cats of noble Lords were in the habit of running away with mince-pies? His own cat was; nay, even with rounds of beef and shoulders of mutton. There were draughts in nearly all his rooms; his house was infested with black beetles; his boots pinched him; and the last pair of trowsers he had had made, didn't fit.

The LORD CHANCELLOR would ask the noble and learned Lord if he had another complaint to make?

LORD BROUGHAM had to complain of everything and everybody.

The LORD CHANCELLOR suggested the propriety of proceeding with the business of the House.

A FACT FOR EXETER HALL.

WE beg to call the attention of certain persons to the following stroke of Popish craft, recorded by the *Leeds Mercury*:—

"The Roman Catholic priests of Cracow have given up their revenues for six months, in order that they may be applied to the relief of the distress which prevails among the people."

Another instance of the insidious policy of the Papists. Another proof of the unscrupulous means by which they seek to propagate their doctrines. Let it not be mistaken for a deed of charity; for is it possible that Romanists can be capable of any goodness? No; they who read their MCNEILE, and attend their platform, know better. They see that it is only a scheme, a trick, to throw discredit on sincere professors. It is notorious that the slaves of Rome, at any time, are ready to go through fire and water for that purpose. Accordingly, they do not hesitate to commit an act of self-robbery, aware that our esteemed Bishops and Clergy know too well what is due to themselves to go and do likewise. The priests of Cracow expect, no doubt, that their conduct will be quoted as an example to English Churchmen; between whom and themselves their sole object is, of course, to procure an invidious comparison.

We feel that an apology for the above remarks is due to some of our readers; but we have to cater for a variety of tastes, and the foregoing observations are addressed exclusively to our friends of Exeter Hall.

THE WIZARD FOR LINCOLN.

A FEW days ago, and we began to think the Church was once again in danger. COLONEL SIBTHORPE, it was said, would be ousted from Lincoln; and, recollecting the intimate connection between the militia officer and the Church militant, we could not but feel that what would shake the seat of the one, must affect the foundation of the other. Happily, our fears are lulled to rest. The good people of Lincoln, rejecting any new candidate, have resolved to keep the Colonel. Strange are the effects of use! We remember the story of an officer who retired from the field of glory with a bullet in his body; for a long time the bit of glorious lead teased and fretted the veteran consumedly. Time rolled on, and then he became patient under the bullet; still time rolled, and he declared that he felt quite an affection for the bullet. At length, the bullet presented itself under the most favourable circumstances for extraction. One touch of the knife, and the bullet would be brought away. The veteran pondered a moment—shook his head—"No," said he, "I've been so long used to the lead that nothing now shall part us." Now, COLONEL SIBTHORPE is the bullet of Lincoln.

LOST, STOLEN, or STRAYED.—The celebrated British Lion. It was last heard roaring in the neighbourhood of New Bond Street. Had on, when last seen, a very shaggy and dishevelled mane, a tail quite down, a seedy coat, and appeared very much out of spirits. Whoever will bring the Lion, dead or alive, to the Agricultural Protection Society, shall be handsomely rewarded, as the skin may be made available for some of the Members.

A Domestic Tax.

SOME ladies, of charitable dispositions, have sent a petition to us, in which they pray that, in the event of a new tax being imposed, which they state is not at all unlikely, it may be levied upon all members of clubs. They contend that a more just impost could not be devised, and as absentees from Ireland are to be heavily taxed, they do not see why absentees from home, who spend all their money and time abroad, should be spared. Husbands of England, beware!

UNION IS STRENGTH.

Y everybody the inquiry is, "What will Mr. O'Connell's next move be?" for the Repeal is all but dead, and something must be started to support the number of hands that will be thrown out of employment by the stoppage of that great factory of Agitation—Conciliation Hall. As Mr. O'Connell is probably in want of a notion, we will supply him gratuitously with one. Let him advocate the Union, instead of the Repeal, and do everything in his power to bring the two countries together; instead of lending all his energies, as he has lately done, to the bitter task of dividing them. It is much better to make Englishmen and Irishmen friends than enemies; for if the two countries are sisters, it is no reason they should be always quarreling. They may have a tiff now and then, as all sisters do, but they generally love each other all the more for it afterwards. Now, England and Ireland have been calling one another all sorts of bad names for years past, and have been ready, upon the very smallest provocation, to tear each other's eyes out; and it is high time they should make it up. Let them, though they do live apart, be upon the best visiting terms, and be continually exchanging presents, and doing everything they possibly can to advance, by kindness, each other's interests. Depend upon it, they would find it tend more to their mutual benefit.

Let Mr. O'Connell make this principle the subject of his next agitation, and if he only devote to it one half the trouble he has taken about the agitation of Repeal, the Union will be something more than nominal;—for it will be one of truth and goodwill;—one interest, and one feeling binding the two countries together—a Union of Love, to which, as long as it is true on both sides, there never can be a Repeal. If Mr. O'Connell will act as sponsor to this Union, and advocate it with all his energy, talent, and influence, England and Ireland will, in a very few years, be cited all over the world as the models of affectionate sisters.

Ireland in 1846.

A Real Calamity.

At Conciliation Hall a few days ago Mr. O'Connell rose with melancholy face, and said, "I am sorry to say the repeal rent for the week is only £15 16s. 9d." Sorry to say it! With thousands perishing with hunger! For our part, we look upon every farthing paid to the Repeal Fund at the present time as so much plundered from the bellies of the famishing. But there are some patriots who would ring shillings upon coffin-lids.

JOKES IN BOTTLES.

A spirited wine-merchant of the West-End has advertised a new cordial, under the name of the "*Entente Cordiale*." For fear any one should be deceived by the title, we beg to say we have had a small taste of this "*Entente Cordiale*." We do not mind stating, in confidence, that it is not a cordial, but a new kind of bitters.

THE LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION OF THE POOR-LAW COMMISSIONERS.

A Copy of Verses.

Farewell, good friends, if we may call
One man among you friend,
Assembled to behold our fall,
And view our shameful end.
If you would know what brought us here
Your eyes this day before,
'Twas being cruel and severe,
And hard upon the Poor.

Administrators of the laws
Respecting them, ordain'd;
Against them each oppressive clause
With all our might we strain'd.
With hearts as hard as any flint,
We parted man and wife;
And did so far their diet stint,
It scarce supported life.

We would not listen to their groans
And cries for want of bread:
Instead of meat, we gave them bones
To crack—on which they fed.
We answer'd by the "Workhouse test"
The suppliant for relief:
That is to say, we did our best
To treat him like a thief!

Beadles and masters, when they stood
Accused of gross neglect,
Or inhumanity, we would
By every means protect.
Our servant, if a useful one,
Had, like a dog, his day;
But when the dirty work was done,
We threw the tool away.

One, Malthus, in our early days,
Did first our minds delude:
We quitted, for his wicked ways,
The paths of rectitude.
In Somerset House we lived like kings,
And carried on the game;
And there it was we did the things
That brought us to this shame.

And now our time has come at last,
Good people, as you see;
For our misdeeds we 're tried and cast,
And doom'd no more to be.
Let our successors warning take
From our unhappy case,
Lest they, like us, an end should make
In sorrow and disgrace.

A PANELESS OPERATION.

To persons who had no umbrellas, the Quadrant used to be a place of refuge in stormy weather; but, now that the roof is as full of holes as a shower-bath, the rain pours through in a manner worthy of the palmy days of Vauxhall, and the refugee is sure to get a ducking under false pretences. It is said the shopkeepers keep the holes open for the purpose of letting them know when it is, what is called, "dirty weather," but we should advise them to close the ports, and to get some scientific man to take out a patent for the improvement of the Quadrant; for the public may not like their degree of latitude, and abandon the place altogether. In the meantime, we caution all persons afflicted with the rheumatism to avoid the Quadrant; for the paneless operation of inhaling the "ethereal mildness" of a shower through the roof would, we are afraid, in their instance, turn out to be nothing better than what Pierce Egan would emphatically call "Walker."

The Progress of Ether.

We understand that the inhalation of ether has been resorted to, professionally, by various pork-butchers with great success. The chief difficulty they have experienced has consisted in the opposition of the patient; but when the natural obstinacy of the pig has been overcome, and he has been persuaded to inhale the ether, he has been killed with comfort to himself, and without disturbance to the neighbourhood.

ADVERTISING INGENUITY.

THERE seems to be no end to the new advertising projects which are daily springing up in all directions. We have advertisements in omnibuses, placed in such a position, that unless you can turn your eyes upside down, or sit upon your own head, there is no possibility of reading them.

As to the advertising-carts, they are now on so gigantic a scale, that no ordinary vision can take in more than half a letter at a time—and thus the perambulating van must fall into the rear by the excess to which the system has been carried. There is, however, still one method of advertising left untried, and we wonder no one makes the experiment. Our umbrellas are still left blank, and bear no announcement of some new pill, new paletot, or new periodical. We are quite sure that the *parapluie* is destined to become a tremendous vehicle for information. An umbrella-maker might try the experiment by placing a puffing broadside on all the articles of his own manufacture. Or perhaps it would be a better plan—as some persons might object to carry an advertising umbrella—that on wet days there should be stations, with placards ready printed, to be pasted on—for a consideration—to the umbrellas of any who might be willing to combine profit with convenience.

METROPOLITAN HOUSEHOLDERS' CLUB.

WE understand it is in contemplation to get up a Club for the purpose of endeavouring to improve the quality of Servants. The indifference of the material is very much against the project, but the effort is worth making. A few old housekeepers have determined to set the scheme on foot by offering a few prizes, of which the following is a Catalogue :—

For the Cook who has lived longest in one place, without including whole candles under the general head of kitchen-stuff . *One pound*

For the Nurse who has walked oftenest in the Park without speaking to a Horse-guard . . . . . *Ten shillings*

For the Housemaid who has remained longest in a situation in which the cat has not been in the habit of doing wilful damage to the Crockery . . . . . *Five shillings*

For the Cook who has been the greatest number of years in service without resigning her own heart and her mistress's cold meat to the devouring passion of a policeman . . . . *Fifteen shillings*

For the Nurse who has remained the longest time in a place without mistaking the children's linen for her own, and given the baby the fewest private punches and pinches . . . . *Seven shillings*

For the Female Servant who has set off on Sunday evenings to go to Church, and found her way there oftenest . . *Five shillings*

For the Page who has opened the smallest number of notes in the longest period of service . . . . . *Half-a-Crown*

For the Groom who has best carried out the principles of protection with regard to his master's corn . . . . . *Ten shillings*

For the Footman who has worn the fewest of his master's shirts . . . . . *One shilling*

The above are only a few preliminary prizes, but if the scheme can be effectually carried out, there is every intention to offer rewards for a variety of other qualities. In the present day, when servants are always "bettering" themselves, which means growing worse and worse, the project of a Prize Club for this troublesome class seems fraught with the most promising prospects.

THE LIGHT OF ALL NATIONS.

THIS well-intended attempt to set up a sort of rushlight on the Goodwin Sands has signally failed, for within the last few days the gales have completely extinguished it. We were afraid, from the first, that sticking up a candle in the centre of the ocean was rather a hopeless experiment. It was convenient as long as it lasted to light the Sun to his watery bed, but BOREAS was in such an obstreperous state all last week, that the fatal blow has been at last given, and the Light of all Nations has been puffed out, after a flicker of several months in its sinking socket. Everything that skill could do to rescue the light from its fate was resorted to, and a save-all had been even suggested to keep its head above water. It has, however, been all in vain ; the Light of all Nations has taken its place with the various lights of other days, and has gone to the common extinguisher.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—Going through Smithfield on a market-day.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1847.

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL DEPARTS FOR THE EGYPTIAN HALL.—GREAT PUBLIC MANIFESTATION BY THE POPULACE.

ND now, Lord Mayor," ses I—havin finished my chop, and takin no manner of notice of the Bank note that that critter, ALDERMAN GIBBS, would still be a smackin his lips and lookin at—"And now, Lord Mayor, as I feel a little the true Cheshire, we'll jest go to 'Gyptian Hall, and you shall have the honour to 'scort me. 'Tainte every day," ses I, "the City of London has sich luck."

"'Tainte," ses Lord Mayor; and then he begins to go back'ards out o' the room, a bowin and a bowin afore me, like a pigeon pickin up peas.

"Mind the stairs, Lord Mayor," ses I, "or you will find yourself a standin on your head on the door-mat." BARNUM put on his cloak. "BARNUM," ses I, "are you ready?" "Ready," ses BARNUM; whereupon, I jumps upon a chair, and then jumps from it, sitting a stroddle on BARNUM'S right hip, and holdin the Guv'ner by the buttons; and then he put his cloak round me, and walked down stairs, and nobody, to have looked at BARNUM, would have thought there was the least mite particular about him; never thinkin there was the greatest wonder upon airth sittin a stroddle on his leg. And in this way, BARNUM always takes me in and out of the coach, that the critters in the street mayn't be for a minute on the free list, and see me without the shillin.

Well, the door was opened, and the Mayor and the Aldermen got into their carriages and wheeled off, and the men in armour began to trot, and the brass band to play "See, the Conquerin Hero comes!"—it 's always played to me and WELLINGTON—and the people hooraed as if they 'd tear a hole in the sky above 'em. Then they began to screach for TOM THUMB. "Where 's the Gen'ral?" they cried, "The Gen'ral—the Gen'ral!" for they never seed me get in the charot. "The Gen'ral!" cried the men—and the women, the dear critters, I could hear their voices, like the ringin of so many dollars, cryin out, "Where's the Darlin'?" "the Duck?" "the Cherub?" "the Angel?" "the airthly Bird of Paradise?" and I don't know what beside. For this is clear, I 'd turned all the critters' heads afore they'd seen me; and after they 'd seen me agin and agin, and kissed and kissed me, till my cheeks was wastin away like a cake of Windsor soap, their heads had another twist, and are goin on turnin and turnin at this present moment. How BARNUM did larf!—I felt the critter grinnin in his very pockets as he heard the mob—and didn't I punch him with both my fists, and larf too! At last, there was sich a noise, and the bells did ring so, I wanted to look about me.

"It 's impossible, Gen'ral!"—ses BARNUM. "'twould spile all. Don't you know, Gen'ral, what an unprincipled critter the public is. If I was only to show the leetlest piece on airth of you, they'd fancy the rest, and keep the shillins as close as oysters."

"Well, then, tell me all about it. Is there many o' the critters?" ses I.

"Many!" cries BARNUM. "I should say—and Gen'ral, I never 'xaggerate; tainte my hook, by no means—but I should say, on a rough guess, a leetle above a million."

"And a million shillins," ses I—

"Never mind," ses BARNUM: "I know all about that better than you, Gen'ral. Well, this is a mighty fine sight, to be sure. All the people with their holiday clothes on—all at the winders, and on the roofs of the houses—and some of the gals with your pictur, Gen'ral, from the *Ulcerated News*, pinned jest over their hearts."

"The pretty pussy critters," ses I.

"And Gen'ral," ses BARNUM, "don't you smell nothin, kinder scent?" ses he.

"Nothin," ses I; and I didn't.

"Well, you ought: for they're throwin flowers from all the winders—and—there—I 'm a varmint if there isn't one lady in a squirrel tippet that's jest emptied a bottle of lavender—don't you smell it—on the roof of the coach. A great day, Gen'ral, this for Columbia," ses BARNUM; and agin I felt his pocket beat and throb as if it was alive. "Well, this is as it should be. How d'ye do, EVERETT? Yes, Gen'ral, there 's our ambassador jest turned out of Bond Street in his full dress, on a piebald horse, bearin the star-spangled banner, and carryin a goolden eagle in his hat. Well, this is only psyin his countrymen proper respect. He won't lose nothin by it, at Washington. He's a good critter, after all, that EVERETT."

"BARNUM," ses I, "what d 'ye think? I 've a thought. Suppose we was to ax EVERETT as the 'Bassador of the United States, jest for the first day, to give us a kinder glory-like, to take the shillins?"

"Gen'ral," ses BARNUM, "Ambassadors and politicians are good enough critters in their way; but never mix 'em up with your private shillins. Tainte the true grit, nohow. There! Do you hear that?"

"Why, they 're firin the guns!" ses I; "yes, I can smell the powder."

"The Park and the Tower ninety-eight-pounders, I can tell 'em to an ounce," ses BARNUM; "mighty civil of Gracious Majesty to have 'em fired; they don't do no more when she opens the Parliament—the Grand National Caucus. And now, Gen'ral, we're a-going to stop—for here's 'Gyptian Hall." Well, I might ha' known that by the screechin and hollorin of the people. And all the bells rung louder and louder—and the guns went on a-bangin—and the trumpets a-screaming, and in the middle of the shindy, BARNUM steps out of the coach, and, with me still gripping him about the leg, and entirely kivered by the cloak, enters the 'Gyptian Hall. I felt him a-goin up a lot of stairs, and, at last, he went into a room. "Gen'ral," ses he, "you're welcome to home;" whereupon I climbs down his leg to the floor, and looked about me. The room was large and—what I special like in a room—was very high. "Yes, Gen'ral, this is what we may call our mint; here we'll strike a million or so of dollars out of the enlightened British public that is so humble of itself, it can't find nothin to run after at home; and so likes to have genius, like pine-apples, of foreign growth."

"Are we all alone in the Hall?" ses I.

"No," ses BARNUM, "there's a poor critter that has made an APOLLO in marble, and a HEBE, and a VENUS, and half-a-dozen Graces, and things of that sort. All day yesterday—for I made inquiry special—there was only three people came to see the lot, and one o' them was a baby in arms."

"If you please, sir," ses BARNUM'S man, comin in, "if you please, sir, is the Gen'ral ready? There'll be murder if you don't open the doors; there's sich a crowd! Three ladies have been carried out faintin, and I've left two jist going into asterisks!"

When BARNUM heerd this he larfed, and rubbed his hands, and stroddled up and down the room, and put his hands in his pocket, and took 'em out, and rubbed 'em again. Then he stopt and drawed himself up, and said solemn-like to his man: "A crowd of ladies, eh! I tell you what, you must let 'em wait till they rise to bilin pint, and then—when I give the word—let 'em bust in."

PUNCH BALLOONS.

HAVING resolved upon an enormous circulation of *Punch* throughout the whole of the Continent, for the better civilisation, or, what is the same thing, the Punchillization of our fellow-men, we have taken counsel of DOCTOR REID, for the purpose of making the most of "every little air that under heaven is blown;" and we have resolved to defy the despotism that would ban *Punch*, by obtaining a circulation through the means of balloons. DOCTOR REID advises us as follows:—

He says, "Manufacture a very thin oiled tissue paper, or a very thin fabric of India-rubber, like gold-beater's skin—either of which, if made in quantity, can be produced at an inconceivably small expense. Of this fabric form very small balloons, which inflate with gas in the usual way, attaching to each as many Numbers of *Punch* as it will bear—which number will be considerable, since it is the spirit of *Punch*, as MR. MILTON says, to 'spring upward like a pyramid of flame.' Send the balloons up when the wind blows easterly. To make the balloon descend at the right time, a little water should be poured into each; which would drop through a minute orifice; and the water, when all gone, would allow the gas to escape, and the balloon and its bundle of *Punches* descend; falling like honey-dew upon the fields of France, Prussia, Austria, Russia, and perhaps China and Crim Tartary!"

The effect of this literary aerostation upon benighted millions is, if we may be allowed a novel and beautiful phrase,—more easily conceived than described!

Angelina. "WILL MY DARLING EDWIN GRANT HIS ANGELINA A BOON?"

Edwin. "IS THERE ANYTHING ON EARTH HER EDWIN WOULD NOT DO FOR HIS PET?—NAME THE BOON, OH, DEAREST—NAME IT!"

Angelina. "THEN, LOVE, AS WE DINE BY OURSELVES TO-MORROW, LET US, OH! LET US HAVE ROAST PORK, WITH PLENTY OF SAGE AND ONIONS!"

ONE IN A HUNDRED.

A DRAMATIC newspaper talks of MRS. BUTLER'S "priceless abilities." As long as that lady asks £100 per night, we think they are likely to remain so.

O'Connell's Objections to the Repeal of the Union.

NOBODY, a year or two ago, would have dreamed that O'CONNELL would ever object to the Repeal of the Union. We now, however, are strongly inclined to think that he will, as there is every prospect of a speedy cessation of Rent; in which case we confidently predict that he will see no good in the continuance of the Repeal agitation. We even anticipate that MR. O'CONNELL will have the following objections to Repeal:—

1. That circumstances alter cases, and that the Whigs are no longer "base, bloody, and brutal," but, on the contrary, generous, pacific, and considerate; also, that the Sassenach have ceased to be tyrants and oppressors, and instead of causing poor old Ireland to bleed, have bled themselves, like perfect pelicans, for the benefit of the said poor old Ireland.

2. That the principle of "Ireland for the Irish" must be given up; because it would involve that of "Ireland without the English," without whom, experience has proved that Ireland is unable to get on at all, at all.

3. That, upon mature consideration, it appears too true, that, if Ireland, at a pinch, wanted a dirty fifteen millions, there is not a soul on earth but JOHN BULL of whom she could beg or borrow the small trifle.

4. That the Union is now to be regarded in a new light entirely; namely, in that of a partnership, in which Ireland is the sleeping partner, and England does the business and pays all the expenses, which is a mighty easy and comfortable arrangement.

5. That Repeal had better not be talked about any longer, because the mention of it rakes up old scores; particularly one with a certain gentleman, who, some years ago, ventured to pledge his head that it should be carried within six months.

"How Happy the Soldier!"

In the *Chronicle* there is a paragraph from a Correspondent, from which we learn that the Duke's fifty lashes have been inflicted on a man, named BLAKELEY, for deserting with half-a-sovereign. The paragraph continues:—

"When in confinement in Fort Pitt, Chatham, he put lime into his eyes, with the object of destroying them to such an extent as to render him unfit for service, and it was for that crime that he was corporally punished to-day."

Military Glory must, in sooth, be a hideous hag, when a poor wretch puts lime in his eyes, that he may not look at her.

THE NEW LEONORA. (ALTERED FROM BÜRGER.)

THE County-Member rose from dreams
Of PEEL and base defection:—
"Art lost, or liv'st in STANLEY'S schemes,
My own, my loved Protection?"
The cause had suffered in the fight,
Where PEEL with CORDEN joined and BRIGHT;
But there was an impression
'Twould rise again this Session.

Conservative and Whigling chiefs
Of party wars a-weary,
Old feuds had patched, and ancient griefs
Exchanged for greetings cheery:
DUNCOMBE gave GOULBURN welcome warm,
GLADSTONE and HUME walked arm in arm;
And thro' serene St. Stephen's,
All by-gone odds were evens.

And all about, the scoff and shout,
The "Oh! Ohs!" crowing, braying,
Were changed to cheers, and "hears" and ears
For what old foes were saying:
The Sessions work like summer smiles,
For PEEL'S and RUSSELL'S friendly files;
But for the County Member
'Tis London-fogged November!

He turneth left, he turneth right,
To STANLEY, BENTINCK, D'IZZY;
But none could tell Protection's plight,
If gone, game, blown, or busy:
He asked the country party round,
But ah! no information found;
And cursing them for noodles,
Flung frantic into BOODLE'S!

His brother members strove to cheer,
Their comfort seemed effrontery;
He saw, slow pulled up, year by year,
The stake he'd in the country:
"Gammon is gammon, PEEL is PEEL!
Gone private wealth and public weal!
E'en those are turning traitors
Who wear top-boots and gaiters!"

"Cheer up! No wheaten deluge flows
From Pole, Russ, Turk, or Tartars;
Nor England's Church, nor Cattle Shows,
To foreign bulls fall martyrs!"
"Oh, gammon! gammon! If they don't,
'Tis not, be sure, because they won't;
From John o' Groat's to London
We must and will be undone!

"The State may perish, dash my wig!
The Church may go to glory!
Where there 's Protection, I am Whig!
Where there 's Protection, Tory!
Though on the bench I shine a star—
With sweet Protection sooner far
I'd vote black white, nor doubt it,
Than vote black black without it."

When sudden, hark! one, two, three, four!
Tramp, tramp, tramp in the lobby!
The sound of one, that on the floor
Dismounteth from his hobby!
And, hark! a whisper, soft and low,
"'Tis time! my courser chafes to go.
Come forth, nor make objection;
'Tis I, thy loved Protection!

"Up, up, ere day we must divide,
No time for tears or trouble;
Far lighter than of old I ride,
My steed can carry double."
"Ah thou, my own Protection, near!
I reck not fate, I know not fear;
With thee, thro' Opposition,
I'll ride to a division!

"With thee I 'll ride, whate'er betide,
It is not for thy beauty;
No common sense can e'er divide
The friends whose love is duty!"
He swang, he sprang, resolved and rash,
And hurry-skurry—off, slap-dash!
Needs whip nor spur, nor striving,
That hath the Old One driving!

And through the night to left and right,
Figures and facts flew by them!
Statistics rose to sink from sight,
Before they came a-nigh them!
"Dost fear, dost fear? Our case is queer,
I've but four shillings"—"Nay, my dear,
To ride with thee I 'm willing,
Though thou hadst but a shilling.

"Draw bit, my love, or soon we strike—"
"What is this bar we bowl at?
It is belike, the saucy pike
Humanity takes toll at:—
No toll we pay! stand from the way!"
The pikeman 's down—hurrah, hurrah!
And rising lithe and limber,
The good steed tops the timber!

What means that wail upon the gale,
That knell on knell recurring?
What means that peal, and that re-peal?
"The Corn Laws we 're interring."
And lo! a troop their heads that droop,
And 'neath their lifeless burden stoop—
Four Dukes support the carcase,
Followed by Earl and Marquis!

"To hide the corse, that went to dorse
Last Session, be your mission;
I and my member—we, perforce,
Must ride to our division!
Come, dim, discoronetted band,
Sing us a song, we 'll ride at hand;
Befits a song to cheer us,
With that dead Corn Law near us."

No pause nor stop, behind they drop,
The dirge sounds sad the breeze on;
Away, they rattle; hop, hop, hop!
Away, past truth and reason!
Convictions rise to bar your course;
Reck not of scratches, man or horse;
Harden your hearts and to them!—
No sooner at, than through them!

"See there, see there! That grisly troop
To this dead law that pandered—
Hark! how they croak, and howl and whoop,
The *Herald*, *Post*, and *Standard!*"
'Ho, journal pack, upon our track!'
And lo, they follow in a crack:
Around, behind, before us,
Raising a dismal chorus!

"Bravo, bravo! our steed can go!
We 're light, he 's in condition!
Hark, hark, I hear a member crow,
We must be near division!"
"O say, my love, what will it be?"
"A precious small minority,
And want of some will thin it
That ought to figure in it.

"Huzza, my friend, we 're at the end,
Our hoof-tramp stirs their slumbers."
"I see but graves, that upward send
Wasted and waning numbers!
What means this place of tombs we see?"
"It is where I must henceforth be,
Where we may take our pleasures,—
The Limbo of dead measures!"

And lo! a grim and ghastly change
The Member saw come o'er him;
His full-fed face grew shrunk and strange,
His flesh fell down before him.
What once was lusty, fat, and fair,
Stood noisome, naked, blank and bare!
And of his loved Protection
Was left no recollection!

The horse bounds high—wide open fly
The graves—the ghosts uprear them;
Dead measures flash and float and cry,
In horrid welcome near them!
With spasms the Member's brain was stirred;
Rung on his ear an awful word—
A brother member roaring:
"Good gracious! How you 're snoring!"

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE *Morning Chronicle* has alluded to the precarious state of the Foreign Relations of *Punch*. We never like, at any time, talking about ourselves; but in this instance do not mind breaking through our usual reserve, to furnish our talented contemporary with the following authentic particulars:—

The Ports in France are closed against the admission of *Punch*. A private copy, however, is always sent over to the Tuileries, which LOUIS-PHILIPPE reads under the bed-clothes, the last thing at night, for fear of any one seeing him. It is a curious fact, that King's messengers are always sent off the first thing the following morning to the War Office, to complete the fortifications of Paris as rapidly as possible. The watchword of the Army is—"*Mort au Punch.*"

The whole of Prussia is blockaded against the entry of *Punch*. The police have the strictest orders to take any one into custody who attempts to smuggle in a copy. Every cheese, every little atom is sounded—every cocoa-nut examined—every bottle *visé*, to see if they contain any symptoms of *Punch*. The most important article of the Prussian Constitution will be (when it is published):—"It is high treason to read *Punch*."

The Emperor of Russia has issued an Ukase in which it is forbidden to mention the name of *Punch*, under the penalty of ten years' exile in Siberia. A translation of every Number is laid every week before his Imperial Majesty; and whenever he is unusually cross, or indulges more than his wont, in edicts and confiscations, the servants of the Palace say to one another, "Look out! The Emperor has been reading *Punch* to-day;" and the bold st Cossack trembles.

Punch enjoys the advantages of Free Trade in China; and the Emperor, in his characteristic way, calls it "The Congou of Fun, and the Pekoe of Wit," and has written under innumerable copies, with his own celestial hand, "Strongly recommended for family use."

ABD-EL-KADER is a regular subscriber to *Punch*, and always carries a copy about his person as a talisman against the "Sons of dogs," which it seems is the Oriental phrase for Frenchmen. MEHEMET ALI, ever since the bill of *Punch* was "stuck" by one of our bold staff upon the Pyramid, has graciously allowed a guard of forty sentries to be constantly stationed on the summit of that stupendous building, to look after it. Whenever he reads it, the descendant of the Prophet strokes his beard, and exclaims—"ALLAH be praised! Who'd have thought it?"

Africa and Asia are large consumers of *Punch*, ships of large tonnage trading there, being freighted frequently with no other merchandise; and America shows its admiration of *Punch*, in the same way that it does of the best English works, by reprinting it. It is not unusual to see two members of Congress fighting, like two Kilkenny cats, for the possession of an early copy.

Punch circulates all over the world. A copy was lately found, entwined round the British Flag, at the top of the North Pole, and MRS. CAUDLE was spoken with last summer, in Behring's Straits.

Wherever *Punch* is to be seen, there is freedom and joy,—wherever he is excluded, there is tyranny and gloom. The emigrant cannot have a better guide, in fixing his residence in a country, than in ascertaining first, whether *Punch* is admitted.

Such is a condensed summary of the present state of our Foreign Relations.

Bad and Good Oranges.

AT a recent inquest in St. Giles's, MR. WAKLEY told the jury that he had discovered a manufactory of Oranges, at which bad oranges could be made to put on the face of good ones.

"The process pursued was the submitting of unripe and inferior oranges to the action of steam, or par-boiling them. This made them swell, filled out their rinds, and made them thin, the usual external sign that the fruit was good. To give them the last polish, and heighten their outward attraction, they were rubbed with a greasy piece of flannel, or with something more objectionable."

Well, it is not generally known that this process was first discovered by the KING OF HANOVER, when Duke of Cumberland. All the world recollects the talk about the bad Oranges in Ireland, his Royal Highness being thought the sourest and most unwholesome Orange of the lot. Whereupon, in his place in the Lords, (assisted by an Orange from the same tree, LORD RODEN,) the Duke submitted the Oranges to certain warm and steaming speeches, endeavouring to make them swell into Oranges of a respectable appearance; and, then, to give them "the last polish," did he not, as we may say, take his robe of royal purple, (having "nothing more objectionable") and rub and rub his brother Oranges, to pass them off on the world as most delectable and wholesome fruit—especially from Ireland? It is strange that MR. WAKLEY, with his proverbial sagacity, did not see, in the trick of St. Giles, only an imitation of a parliamentary trick of St. James!

THE SHUTTLECOCK PAUPER.

HE was old and thin, so that, under the skin,
You could count his pauper bones,
And, like whipcord strands, curled the veins of his hands,
As he sat there, breaking stones;
And his song went along with the clink of his hammer—
An old tale of wrong, told in very bad grammar—

"I'm fourscore to-morrow; in sin I was born,
Baptised into sorrow, and christened to scorn.
With a curse and a buffet, a hard father's door
Left my mother; to rough it—her baby she bore;
And still from that birth-day, despite heart or hand,
I bear 'vagrant' upon me, stamped deep like a brand.
So right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!

"The story-books tell of the Wandering Jew·
I know, mighty well, that the story is true;
'Tis all for to put poor folks on their mettle meant,
And shows 'em what comes of not having a settlement.
So right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!

"Here I've lived by hard labour, man and boy, forty years;
But "love of their neighbour" don't bind overseers,
All in vain—with my toil of spade, scythe, pick and plough—
I've water'd the soil with the sweat of my brow.
But right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!

"In this parish I married, as the church books can show,
Here my old dame I carried to the churchyard below;
Here my children were reared, here my children have died,
And fain, if you'd let me, I'd sleep by their side.
But, right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!

"Game ne'er made me poacher, want ne'er made me thief;
Still, I'm an encroacher—no right to relief;
I can't die where I like, I must live where I can,—
What's a vagrant to do with the heart of a man?
So, right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!

"In England and Wales, if you search 'em all o'er,
There's of parishes some fourteen thousand or more;
They'll not help me to live in e'er one of the lot,
And a corner to die in is hard to be got.
But, right, boys, or wrong, young or old, sick or strong,
I'm only a 'casual:' pass me along!"

HOW TO READ THE DEBATES.

As it is really a day's labour to read the Debates—and it is a luxury which only gentlemen possessing £1000 a year can afford—we advise persons who wish to acquire some knowledge of the legislature of their country, and yet have their business or pleasure to attend to, merely to glance over the "hears" and the "cheers," which are interspersed, like so many glow-worms, along the dark, interminable lanes of type. The "laughs" also are worth stopping in one's dreary journey to listen to, and an "Order from the Speaker" may also justify a momentary stoppage; but when there is nothing but a gloomy expanse of level, unbroken, barren-looking print before the reader, we recommend him to run over it as fast as he can, not to make a single stop, but to jump over each member's style in the most expeditious manner. The spots we have marked are the only places worth halting at—the few oases in the Grand Parliamentary Desert—all the rest is dust, dust, dust, nothing but dust, which would blind in time the strongest pair of eyes, and lay up the most indefatigable reader. By pursuing this line of march, the bold traveller, who intends running through the Arabia Petræa of Debates, will get to the end of his day's journey in the early part of the morning, and will have all the afternoon for resting himself. With a feeling of the truest benevolence we wish him a happy journey.

A GOOD IDEA.

Among the petitions presented to the House of Commons, on Thursday evening, was one by Mr. Wakley, from a gentleman in debt, who, out of a conscientious regard to the interests of his creditors, had applied to Parliament to lend him the money to settle with all of them. A desire to pay one's debts is so exceedingly laudable, that we hope the gentleman who has had the manliness to avow his embarrassments, will not be thwarted in his noble project of paying twenty shillings in the pound, by any ill-judged parsimony on the part of the Legislature. The debtor confesses he has taken the idea from the great piece of statesmanship lately propounded by Lord John Russell, as Prime Minister, in accordance with which Government is to lend, or give, which are often convertible terms, the money to pay the debts of the Irish landlords. It is delightful to see a private individual coming forward in a spirit of fine morality, and offering to pay his own debts on the same terms as those which are suggested to an entire nation by high ministerial authority. "Out of debt out of danger," is an admirable motto; and as Ireland is to be put out of danger by being got out of debt, we trust that Mr. Wakley's embarrassed petitioner will reap the fruits of his own honesty by the aid which—his being a parallel case to that of Ireland—he is fairly entitled to. What is true of the whole is true of a part, and what is good policy with regard to a whole community, must be good policy with regard to one of its members. The prayer of the gentleman's petition seems to be so reasonable, when we look at the policy Ministers have adopted with regard to Ireland, that we sincerely wish he may get it.

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

This distinguised monarch is identified, in the popular mind, with war, jack-boots, high shoulders, snuff taken in immense quantities from the waistcoat pocket, and Voltaire. His career is remarkable for the seven years' war, which is popularly confounded with the thirty years' ditto, but should, we need not say, be carefully distinguished from it.

Frederick was well known for his military sternness and brevity, which have made him a favourite on the stage and off. His amusement, while in camp, was to order out the candles at ridiculously early hours, and then to prowl about, detecting those who neglected to "dowse their glims," and immediately putting them to death.

His connexion with Voltaire redounds very little to the credit of either. He was in the barbarous habit of requesting the philosopher to review his works, and putting him in prison if he expressed an unfavourable opinion. Had His Majesty been lucky enough to possess a *Quarterly Review* in his dominions, he would have been spared this harsh alternative. Voltaire on one occasion remarked that Frederick might be a great king, but was certainly a small poet, for which cutting sarcasm his pension was stopped and himself confined for several years in the fortress of Glatz, where he made the acquaintance of the well-known Baron Trenck, and wrote his celebrated epic, the "*Pucelle de Belleville*," on the outside of a pewter pot, with a rusty nail.

Frederick set out in life with that determination to make his way, which has always marked the character of great conquerors and celebrated highwaymen. He found Prussia 2190 German miles in extent, and left it 3515, with seventy millions of dollars in the treasury, and an army of 200,000 men to keep off the owners, in case they claimed their property. All this was the fruit of the most unblushing spoliation, conducted on that large scale which entitles royal practitioners to the title of Great, while smaller depredators seldom rise, except to the gallows. He did not, however, promise his subjects a Constitution. He contented himself with being the Turpin of the house of Brandenburg, leaving to his present Majesty the character of its "Robert Macaire," which he now alternates with that of its "Tartuffe," in a style quite unparalleled.

ADDRESS OF CONDOLENCE TO PRINCE ALBERT.

Mr. Punch, his bosom happening to be fired with loyalty, begs to move that the following Address of Condolence be presented by his numerous readers to Prince Albert:—

May it please your Royal Highness:—We, the undersigned, readers of *Punch*, and constituting a large majority of the people of your Gracious Consort, beg to approach your arm-chair—they lament that they are as yet unable to say throne—with feelings of condolence and sympathy.

We never, except in case of necessity, omit that portion of our duties as subjects, which consists in daily reading the *Court Circular*, and making ourselves duly acquainted with all the movements and proceedings of our illustrious Sovereign, yourself, and your august family.

From the first of last September until recently, we hardly remember to have perused a single *Court Circular* in which we did not find it related that your Royal Highness, in the morning, had, for several hours, enjoyed the diversion of shooting. We were thus made sensible of the high gratification derived by your Royal Highness from that amusement, and of the strong attachment of your Royal Highness to your princely gun. We are hence enabled to sympathise with your Royal Highness in what we conceive must be your Royal feelings during the present suspension of sport.

We therefore humbly venture to condole with your Royal Highness on the termination of the shooting season, which occurred on the first of this month; and respectfully to express the hope that you will find some other amusement, which will be a resource and consolation to you between this time and the first of September next.

THE "STABLE MIND" ON CRACOW.

On the first night of the Session Lord George Bentinck—with all the coolness of Tattersall's—assured the House that the people of Cracow were delighted at the annexation of the city. The Austrian Eagle was, in fact, quite a pet with them; in witness thereof *they illuminated*. Liberty was extinguished, and they lighted candles in gratitude therefore. And now, what says the last protest of Lord George's delighted citizens of Cracow?

"The inhabitants received notice that they were not to quit their houses, that doors and windows were to be kept closed, that the patroles were ordered to fire on any one who might come out at a door, or look out at a window, *and that all the windows were to be lighted throughout the night*. This last was an effectual precaution for preventing the inhabitants from moving about, or peeping furtively into the streets."

And by windows so lighted, Lord Stablemind reads the huge content of an outraged people! Now, had the city been burnt to ashes, his Lordship would, doubtless, have eulogised the conflagration as a bonfire kindled to show far and wide the extreme felicity of the houseless!

The Prattle of Parliament.

The House of Commons is "at it again;"—at its old trick of talking to no purpose. Lord George Bentinck brings forward an Irish Railway Bill, which he well knows will never pass; Lord John Russell declares that he shall oppose it, and yet allows it to be discussed. "Time," says the adage, "is money;" of which Parliament is giving too much away to have any left to waste. We hope that the legend of "Tempus Fugit" will be conspicuously printed up in the new House of Commons.

THE RISING GENERATION

First Juvenile (*in cab*). "WELL, CHARLEY, HAVE YOU HAD IT OUT WITH THE OLD BOY?"
Second Juvenile. "YA—AS; AND—AW—WHAT DO YOU THINK THE UNDUTIFUL OLD GOVERNOR SA—AYS?"
First Juvenile. "HAVEN'T THE LEAST ID—EAW."
Second Juvenile. "WHY, HE SA—AYS I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET MY OWN LIVING!"
First Juvenile. "OH LAW! WHAT A HORRID RAW!"

THE LIVERY OF PARLIAMENT.

WE are not great admirers of the hat-band, shoulder-knot, and plush, when worn by footmen; and certainly not when donned by Members of Parliament—for some wear a livery, only, as *Ophelia* says, "with a difference." We repeat it; we do not think that even a JEAMES should be taken by the aristocracy—whether of gules or bullion—and fantastically drest, even as a little girl dresses her doll, in yellow, red, pink, purple, like a human tulip; nevertheless, it will take some time, no doubt, ere human vanity consents to have its servants out of livery. But surely, with the Reform Bill, we ought no longer to have Members of Parliament drest like lacqueys. The last victim is the Honourable Footman for West Sussex, RICHARD PRIME, Esq; in more holiday phrase, the nominee of the DUKE OF RICHMOND. What said the honest "MR. A. H. COX, of Brighton?" Why, he "protested against the farce being called an election for West Sussex. For," he continued—

"There was the DUKE OF RICHMOND and the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and two or three more, who, if they liked, could choose their own footmen as their representatives (cheers and counter cheers). The electors on this occasion had not the slightest power of preventing the election of MR. PRIME ['True']. * * * He repeated it was slavery to the tenants, and he defied any one to say that the DUKE OF RICHMOND's tenants dare vote against the Duke's nominee (MR. RUSHBROOKE). [Duke's agent, 'it is false;' cries of 'True, true.']"

Most true; and upon this truth, RICHARD PRIME, Esq. was elected Member for West Sussex; that is, he put on the Duke's livery. Yes; Truth, with her clear starlight eyes, sees PRIME, upon the hustings, endue his nether self with the Richmond plush, don the coloured coat, with its motley collar and facings, and stuck all over with the RICHMOND buttons, and then PRIME putteth on the hat with the Richmond band, and he is all over covered with the Richmond livery; only with this difference—the Duke's footman wears it upon his outward man, and the Duke's Member wears the livery upon his soul. The Duke's motto is *En la Rose je fleurie:* which PRIME, as a member of Parliament, thus freely translates—*Under the Duke I flourish!*

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

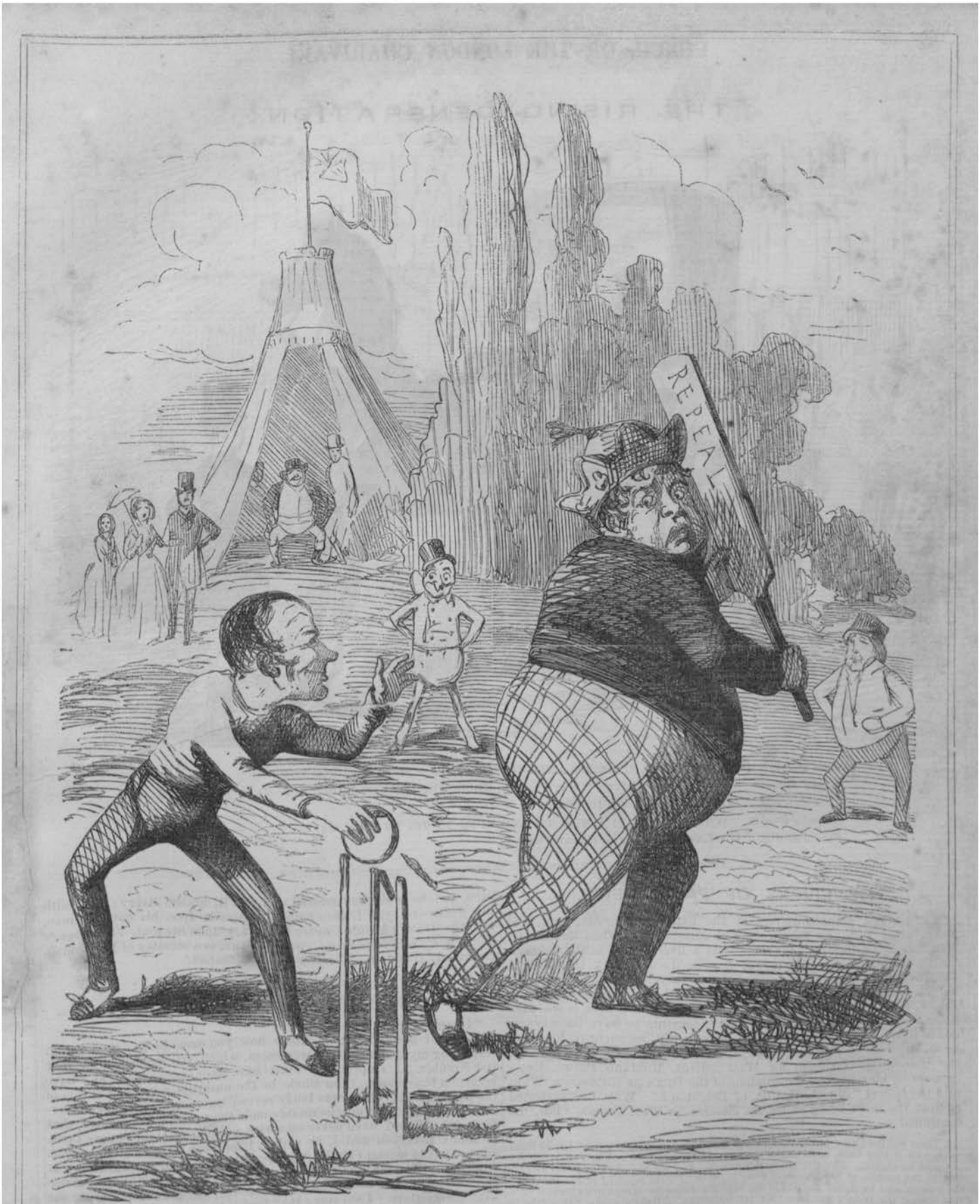
"DEAR PUNCH,

"I SHOULD like to know how you came by the information respecting my domestic inconveniences, which you published in your last Number. I suspect you must have been mesmerised, and have become a *clairvoyant*. You allude to the unsatisfactory composition of the peas pudding which was lately served up to me with some underdone pork; but you unaccountably omit the more important fact, that for a long time I have never met with a cabinet pudding to my taste. It seems that you and I, or rather I and you, were mistaken with respect to the attempt at the Sunday-closing of the soup-kitchens at Liverpool. The truth is, that I was hoaxed by one of those correspondents, who, as I complained in the Lords, are always pestering me with their letters. I am sorry that I misled you; but still you were to blame in too readily relying on my *ipse dixit*. Are you not aware that you must not mind everything that I say?

"Your friend and admirer,

"BROUGHAM AND VAUX."

*** We publish the foregoing without note or comment. If it is not a forgery, we shall be highly delighted to see the noble writer's pothooks again.



O'CONNELL STUMPED OUT.

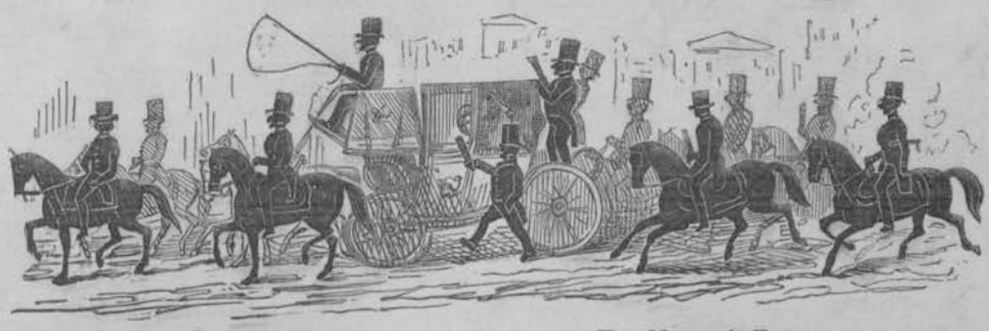
(AFTER THE POPULAR SKETCH BY SEYMOUR.)

THE POET BUNN TO JENNY LIND.

Why wilt thou not in Drury Lane
Let thy first notes be heard ?
Impatient England waits thy strain,
My nightingale, my bird !
Are all the contracts thou hast made
False—hollow as the wind ?
'Tis madness to be thus betrayed,
My faithless Jenny Lind.

The hollow drum may wear a mask
Of parchment, pale and thin,
But is there not, I fain would ask,
A deep-ton'd voice within ?
So thou may'st smother for awhile
The anguish of thy mind,
But there'll be groans beneath thy smile,
My faithless Jenny Lind.

Thy talents I would fain requite,
Though Lumley gives thee more ;
They say thy salary is, per night,
One six six, thirteen four.
The Haymarket may hear thy strain,
But, discord to thy mind,
Whispers will come, from Drury Lane,
Of faithless Jenny Lind.



Jenny Lind as she will appear protected to Her Majesty's Theatre.

The Ox and the Alderman.

In Smithfield, on a market day,
And 'tis Oh ! the lives that are weekly lost ;
An ox went mad and ran away :
Sing, How would you like to be gored and toss'd ?
In Smithfield this was nothing rare,
What did the Corporation care ?
Pooh-pooh ! it was not their affair :
Let us wait till we find a thing out to our cost.

This rabid ox rush'd right and left,
And 'tis Oh ! the lives that are weekly lost ;
And through the crowd his passage cleft .
Sing, How would you like to be gored and toss'd ?
Up Newgate-street he fiercely ran,
And met, right plump, no other than
An influential Alderman :
Let us wait till we find a thing out to our cost.

His hapless worship prostrate roll'd,
And 'tis Oh ! the lives that are weekly lost ;
The rest 's too horrid to be told .
Sing, How would you like to be gored and toss'd ?
The Corporation met, next day ;
And in a trice, without delay,
With Smithfield market did away :
For at last they had found a thing out to their cost.

"L'Or est une Chimere."

Louis-Philippe has been nicely tricked about the dowry of the Infanta of Spain. He expected to receive 30,000,000 francs, whereas he has only pocketed 30,000,000 reals ; which makes, it seems, a difference of nearly two-thirds less in the calculation. This will teach his Royal Majesty not to count his pecuniary chicks for the future previous to the "shelling out." We feel so acutely for His French Majesty, that we do not mind, for his sake, risking the paltry pun, and calling his disappointment "A Case of *Real* Distress."

THE THISTLEWOOD TALENT.

The *Post* is in a frightful rage with John Bright. Listen :—

"Mr. John Bright pronounced an oration. It was in his usual style of coarse, offensive, extravagant Radicalism—something like the impudence of the members of the old Thistlewood gang, without their talent."

Their "talent," we believe, was to provide a bag for the head of Lord Castlereagh, and to murder a police-officer ! And the *Post* speaks this savage truth of John Bright. He is "without their talent." Forlorn, destitute Quaker !

THE PROSPECTS OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

Poor Leicester Square ! It is locked up in Chancery, which may account for there never being anybody now in the interior. The fear, we suppose, of being kept there for life strikes awe into the most vagabond boys, and prevents the most spirited beadle from venturing inside. We always thought there was an atmosphere of Chancery about the dreary place. The poor thistles look sucked dry, and hang their heads in very shame for their depressed condition. The small remnant of grass is in the last stage of seediness, and sadly wants some revivor or other to restore its natural colour. The weeds are smoke-dried, and, being arrayed in the deepest black, seem to be in mourning for their miserable lot—pining away in solitude for the loss of that husbandry from which they have been so long widowed. The beds have not been made for the last twelvemonth—and look terribly damp—the trees want a good shaking—the shrubs are dirty, and certainly require being turned, or changed, or aired,—and the forlorn statue of George the First, who dozes in the middle of this immense four-poster, is an illustration, "done upon stone," of Shakspere's beautiful saying, that—"Misery, or Chancery, (it is all the same) makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." It would be the act of a true philanthropist to give him a new bolstering, or else provide him with a new berth.

But supposing His Majesty is passed on to a new parish, the question is, what can be done with his late home ? There is a talk of turning it into a circus, and making it the West Riding of London. There is also a whisper, which we picked up in the gallery of St. Paul's (price twopence, bishops gratis), of Madame Tussaud buying it for the purpose of airing her wax figures during the summer ; but this again is contradicted by a general murmur that Jullien intends to make it the arena for his monster ophecleides and drums, and that he will inaugurate the opening, in June, with a new set of quadrilles, called the *Smithfield Market Quadrilles*, in which will be introduced, in the *Pastorale*, imitations of 500 animals, with a new set of French horns. The most prevalent rumour, however, is that it will be kept in its present state for the Christmas Cattle Shows, as it has been calculated that there will be a saving of fodder on account of the abundant pasturage ; but we are afraid that Durhams and Southdowns will turn up their noses at thistles, and feel themselves painfully stung with nettles after having been fed with the richest cake, and having lived all their lives over head and ears in clover. But we think all these rumours, whispers, murmurs, and reports, are dreadfully premature, for if the Square is in Chancery, it will be time enough, fifty years hence, for persons to be speculating what to do with it.

The Prussian Constitution.

It was asserted by the *Augsburgh Gazette*, that the day on which the Prussian Constitution would make its appearance would be the 24th instant, the anniversary of Frederick the Great's birthday. Of course this statement has turned out to be fudge. We are authorised to announce that the day that has been fixed upon by the King of Prussia, on which to confer a Constitution on his subjects, is the 30th of February.

POETS AND THEIR PATRONS.

THE PAST.

THE PRESENT.

VAST is the difference between the Poets' Patron of the past and of the present period. Formerly the noble was the encourager of the lofty strains of inspiration, but now-a-days MOSES is the MÆCENAS of the Muses. In times gone by the bard was accustomed to write lays to laud the lazy lordling, but now he sings pæans to the paletot, and invests the vest with the graceful trimmings of fancy.

The poet has turned puffer instead of parasite. Should another POPE arise, he would sing the praises of another Chesterfield; but instead of being the Earl of that name, it would be the wrapper he would take for the subject of his lucubrations. The following is a fair specimen of the style of thing to which a new POPE would most probably devote his poetical talents:—

How happy is the new Mosaic cut!
When MOSES opens, let the rest be shut.
Look at the coat! so dashing, yet refined,
In front perfection, and the same behind;
Body and skirt their equal distance keep,
The collar not too narrow, nor too deep;
Grace shines about it with enchanting beams,
And finest workmanship cements the seams.
Taste lurks in every fold, and—Gracious Heaven!
You get the article for two pound seven.
Let others to the western Schneiders fly,
With eastern elegance 'tis vain to vie.

PROTECTION FOR BRITISH STREET-SWEEPERS.

"MR. PUNCH, Yer honner, Sir,

"PRAY Besto a triful of attenshun on the Complaint of a Pore sweeper—from things you sez every Now and Then, i spose you Aprooves of the chepe Postidge sistim hinwented by mister Rolan Dill. Wel, sir, i Won't Deny but wot it may be a Great adwantidge to gennlemen wot has many letturs sent to 'em, and allso to sitch Pore peeple as Gits won Now and Then. but my corspondince Is so werry limmittid that i can't say as it Bennyfitts me. Hon the contrairy i'm a great Deal the Wuss off for the Altration. You must No, mister *punch*, I'm a man wot Sweeps a Crossin in the neighbourwood of palmal and the Clubbuses, and i gits my livin by the Coppurs witch i pix up thereby.

"Now, sir, wot i've to Complane of is this here, that it have Becum the Fashun of late, partickler at Clubbs, to give Change in Postidge Eds insted of pensanspence, wherby it appens that Nine times out of Ten Gents has no Coppurs in their Pockits. Howin to witch my perfeshunal Inkum Has bin Redooced to a terrable lo Ebb. i Therefore ope, sir, that if you can't Do Away with the penny Postidge, you wil be so Good as to Try and Put Down the Practis of Givin stamps Insted of Change, witch is a Change sewerely felt by

"Yer honner's umble servent,

"BENJ. BESOM."

Slave-Holding America.

WE learn from the papers that that nest of singing birds, the HUTCHINSON family, were not permitted to carol, because they would not bind themselves not to execute anti-slavery songs. They bowed to the despotism of the republican slave-holders, and were silent. We understand that certain American authorities, with whom coloured flesh is especially dear, inasmuch as they make dollars by it, propose to enact a law for the destruction of all small birds at liberty; it being considered dangerous to the interests of slavery, that even linnets and goldfinches should sing, if not in cages.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER L.—CLUB SNOBS.

THE misfortune which befel the simple and good-natured young SACKVILLE, arose entirely from that abominable Sarcophagus Club; and that he ever entered it was partly the fault of the present writer.

For seeing MRS. CHUFF, his mother-in-law, had a taste for the genteel—(indeed, her talk was all about LORD COLLINGWOOD, LORD GAMBIER, SIR JAHALEEL BRENTON, and the Gosport and Plymouth balls)—WAGLEY and I, according to our wont, trumped her conversation, and talked about Lords, Dukes, Marquises, and Baronets, as if those dignitaries were our familiar friends.

"LORD SEXTONBURY," says I, "seems to have recovered her Ladyship's death. He and the Duke were very jolly over their wine at the Sarcophagus last night; weren't they, WAGLEY?"

"Good fellow, the Duke," WAGLEY replied. "Pray Ma'am (to MRS. CHUFF), you who know the world and etiquette, will you tell me what ought a man to do in my case? Last June, His Grace, his son LORD CASTLERAMPANT, TOM SMITH, and myself were dining at the Club, when I offered the odds against *Dadilylongleg*s for the Derby—forty to one, in sovereigns only. His Grace took the bet, and of course I won. He has never paid me. Now, can I ask such a great man for a sovereign?—*One* more lump of sugar, if you please, my dear Madam."

It was lucky WAGLEY gave her this opportunity to elude the question, for it prostrated the whole worthy family among whom we were. They telegraphed each other with wondering eyes. They looked at us with mute surprise, like stout CORTEZ when he stared on the Pacific. MRS. CHUFF's stories about the naval nobility grew quite faint: and kind little MRS. SACKVILLE became uneasy, and went up stairs to look at the children—not at that young monster, NELSON

COLLINGWOOD, who was sleeping off the whisky-and-water—but at a couple of little ones who had made their appearance at dessert, and of whom she and SACKVILLE were the happy parents.

The end of this and subsequent meetings with MR. MAINE was, that we proposed and got him elected as a member of the Sarcophagus Club.

It was not done without a deal of opposition—the secret having been whispered that the candidate was a coal-merchant. You may be sure some of the proud people and most of the parvenus of the Club were ready to black-ball him. We combated this opposition successfully, however. We pointed out to the parvenus that the LAMBTONS and the STUARTS sold coals: we mollified the proud by accounts of his good birth, good nature and good behaviour; and WAGLEY went about on the day of election, describing with great eloquence, the action between the *Pitchfork* and the *Furibonde*, and the valour of CAPTAIN MAINE, our friend's father. There was a slight mistake in the narrative; but we carried our man; with only a trifling sprinkling of black beans in the boxes: BYLES's, of course, who black-balls everybody: and BUNG's, who looks down upon a coal-merchant, having himself lately retired from the wine-trade.

Some fortnight afterwards I saw SACKVILLE MAINE under the following circumstances:—

He was showing the Club to his family. He had brought them thither in the light-blue fly, waiting at the Club door; with MRS. CHUFF's hobbadehoy footboy on the box, by the side of the flyman, in a sham livery. NELSON COLLINGWOOD; pretty MRS. SACKVILLE; MRS. CAPTAIN CHUFF (MRS. COMMODORE CHUFF we call her), were all there; the latter, of course, in the vermilion tabinet, which, splendid as it is, is nothing in comparison to the splendour of the Sarcophagus. The delighted SACKVILLE MAINE was pointing out the beauties of the place to them. It seemed as beautiful as Paradise to that little party.

The Sarchophagus displays every known variety of architecture and decoration. The great library is Elizabethan; the small library is pointed Gothic; the dining-room is severe Doric; the strangers' room has an Egyptian look; the drawing rooms are LOUIS QUATORZE (so called because the hideous ornaments displayed were used in the time of LOUIS QUINZE); the *cortile*, or hall, is Morisco-Italian. It is all over marble, maplewood, looking-glasses, arabesques, ormolu, and scagliola. Scrolls, ciphers, dragons, Cupids, polyanthuses, and other flowers writhe up the walls in every kind of cornucopiosity. Fancy every gentleman in JULLIEN's band playing with all his might, and each performing a different tune; the ornaments at our Club, the Sarcophagus, so bewilder and affect me. Dazzled with emotions which I cannot describe, and which she dared not reveal, MRS. CHUFF, followed by her children and son-in-law, walked wondering amongst these blundering splendours.

In the great library (225 feet long by 150) the only man MRS. CHUFF saw, was TIGGS. He was lying on a crimson velvet sofa, reading a French novel of PAUL DE KOCK. It was a very little book. He is a very little man. In that enormous hall he looked like a mere speck. As the ladies passed breathless and trembling in the vastness of the magnificent solitude, he threw a knowing, killing glance at the fair strangers, as much as to say, "Ain't I a fine fellow?" They thought so, I am sure.

"*Who is that?*" hisses out MRS. CHUFF, when we were about fifty yards off him at the other end of the room.

"TIGGS!" says I, in a similar whisper.

"Pretty comfortable this, isn't it, my dear?" says MAINE in a free and easy way to MRS. SACKVILLE; "all the magazines, you see—writing materials—new works—choice library, containing every work of importance—what have we here?—'DUGDALE's Monasticon,' a most valuable, and I believe, entertaining book."

And proposing to take down one of the books for MRS. MAINE's inspection, he selected volume vii., to which he was attracted by the singular fact, that a brass door-handle grew out of the back. Instead of pulling out a book, however, he pulled open a cupboard, only inhabited by a lazy housemaid's broom and duster, at which he looked exceedingly discomfited—while NELSON COLLINGWOOD, losing all respect, burst into a roar of laughter.

"That's the rummest book I ever saw," says NELSON. "I wish we'd no others at Merchant Tailors'."

"Hush, NELSON," cries MRS. CHUFF, and we went into the other magnificent apartments.

How they did admire the drawing-room hangings, (pink and silver brocade, most excellent wear for London,) and calculated the price per yard; and reveled on the luxurious sofas; and gazed on the immeasurable looking-glasses.

"Pretty well to shave by, eh?" says MAINE to his mother-in-law. (He was getting more abominably conceited every minute) "Get away, SACKVILLE," says she, quite delighted, and threw a glance over her shoulder, and spread out the wings of the red tabinet, and took a good look at herself; so did MRS. SACKVILLE—just one, and I thought the glass reflected a very smiling, pretty creature.

But what's a woman at a looking-glass? Bless the little dears, its their place. They fly to it naturally. It pleases them, and they adorn it. What I like to see, and watch with increasing joy and adoration, is the Club *men* at the great looking-glasses. Old GILLS pushing up his collars and grinning at his own mottled face. HULKER looking solemnly at his great person, and tightening his coat to give himself a waist. FRED. MINCHIN simpering by as he is going out to dine, and casting upon the reflection of his white neck-cloth a pleased moony smile. What a deal of vanity that Club mirror has reflected, to be sure!

Well, the ladies went through the whole establishment with perfect pleasure. They beheld the coffee-rooms, and the little tables laid for dinner, and the gentlemen who were taking their lunch, and old JAWKINS thundering away as usual; they saw the reading-rooms, and the rush for the evening papers; they saw the kitchens—those wonders of art—where the *Chef* was presiding over twenty pretty kitchen-maids, and ten thousand shining saucepans; and they got into the light-blue fly perfectly bewildered with pleasure.

SACKVILLE did not enter it, though little LAURA took the back seat on purpose, and left him the front place alongside of MRS. CHUFF's red tabinet.

"We have your favourite dinner," says she, in a timid voice, "won't you come, SACKVILLE?"

"I shall take a chop here to-day, my dear," SACKVILLE replied. "Home, JAMES." And he went up the steps of the Sarcophagus, and the pretty face looked very sad out of the carriage, as the blue fly drove away.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

We have heard it said of an individual of a shattered constitution, that "so and so is an old man before he is a young one;" and it really seems as if the New Houses of Parliament would be Old Houses of Parliament before they come to maturity. Reid and Barry have been at their quarrels again, and Reid is declared by Barry to be the barrier to the completion of the building. It is beginning to be quite evident, that if the present Parliamentary generation ever goes into the new house, it will be when they are all octogenarians at least; for there is little chance of the completion of the buildings until we have nearly run through the present century. Dr. Reid's ventilation is the only regular ill wind that blows nobody good, and must be the very gust alluded to in the proverb. He has dealt out upon poor Mr. Barry what may be aptly termed—

"A heavy blow and great discouragement."

We can fancy the figures that will be cut by such of the existing members of the legislature as may survive long enough to take their seats in the New Houses of Parliament. Poor Lord Brougham, who has been so anxious for the Lords to get a house, that he actually had thoughts of proposing that the Peers should join the Mutual Benefit Building Society, has been heard to sing the following quatrain—

"There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a',
There 's nought but ague in the house,
Till Doctor Reid 's awa!"

THE INDIAN MAIL.

Perceiving that the newspapers are spending their five and ten thousand a year to get what is called an "Anticipation of the Indian Mail," we have some idea of running an express of our own; but we shall try the experiment, in the first instance, on a small scale, from one of the suburbs. We find, on referring to the contents of the bi-monthly budget from India, that it is not the quality of the news, but its arrival two days before it comes in its regular course, that constitutes its value. For example, we will give a fair average specimen of an Indian Summary, to obtain which, eight-and-forty hours in advance of the post, couriers have been riding as rapidly and upon as many horses as M. Leonard, in his circuitous overland, or over-sawdust route, round the ring, at Astley's, from St. Petersburgh. It is for information like the following that half-a-dozen couriers post, steam, rail, and gallop their precious lives out some twelve times a year, and for which the steam is kept up at a cost of fifteen pounds a day all the year round, in the harbour of Boulogne. *Voici!*

OUR SUMMARY.

"The Wuseer has been suffering from a slight cold, and has had several sneezing fits, which, as his health is valuable, have vibrated from the mountains of Cashmere to the gates of Kangra. Ghoolab has had another attack of the mumps, which has, for the present, closed his mouth; but he must eventually have a voice in the settlement of Indian questions. The Beloochees are tranquil, but the Ghilzies are noisy, while the Booghtie tribes are neither one thing nor the other. Emeam-ood Deen, the shaky Sheik, has had a mustard poultice on his chest; but he is still thought to harbour all kinds of evil in his perfidious bosom. Fal has had two interviews with Sal, but nothing resulted from either.

"In domestic matters of intelligence there is the usual amount of interest. The ship *Rollabout*, from Madras, Captain Topheavy, had sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Jones and servant, as well as Captain Cuddy and a 'generally useful' boy, as passengers. Mr. Rantipole and lady, with maid-of-all-work, were passengers in the *Rifum-Tifum*, from Calcutta, but not having the money to settle for their berths, they were indignantly put ashore by the captain on the Hog's Back, where they still continue. The *Tooral-Looral*, in crossing the line, which had become a little tangled, got into a regular web, and could only get out at the rate of half-a-knot an hour. At length a loophole was found for escape, and the captain, giving three cheers for Old England, two for himself, and a 'little one in,' steered his vessel bravely through the dilemma.

"Among the Indian marriages we have to record that of Lieutenant Smith, of the Yellow Facings, to Laura, eleventh daughter of Adjutant Flambeau of the Native Flareups. The bride received, as her portion, her father's blessing, and one of his old epaulettes. The happy couple started off to Bubblejee Beerabad, to pass the honeymoon. A post-chaise and four elephants was in readiness to convey them as far as the first stage, which is only seventeen hundred miles, after which they intended palanquining it as far as Bobdul, when they would walk the rest of the way to Bubblejee Beerabad."

Such is an average synopsis of one of those tremendous "anticipations" which come over twice a month from India. We think we might get news almost as exciting, and far more economical, from Brompton or Battersea. Here, for instance, is a specimen—

"Bald Bob, the beadle, remains at Don Salteros, in a state of hopeless inebriety. Sam Flam, the relieving officer, has refused his adhesion to everything, and will listen to nothing. The shipping intelligence is devoid of interest. The *Bee* left the pier with four passengers, but we could not ascertain the name of any one of them. If we hear more we shall say more at another opportunity."

Punch and the Aldermen of London.

Mr. Alderman Sidney, at the Corporation Reform Meeting, ventured to apply a little of his own gunpowder to *Punch*. Speaking of the Aldermen, he said—"A little might be said in *Punch* derogatory to them, but they had no hostile feeling directed against them." [*Cries of "Oh! Oh!"*]. Again he said, "he believed there were scarcely an Englishman to be found who wished ill to the Aldermen of London." Now *Punch* herewith declares, that he *does* not wish ill to the Aldermen; on the contrary, he wishes them *much better*.

INNOCENCE

"Oh, Sir! No, Sir Please Sir, it ain't me, Sir! It's the other boys, Sir!"

A PLACE AT COURT.

We know that a royal household requires a vast number of servants and officers of different rank and degree, but the Middlesex Sessions developed on Thursday last a most extraordinary and ambiguous character, under the name of "the Queen's knacker." An individual aspiring to the honour of wearing the Windsor uniform as "Her Majesty's knacker," is a startling novelty in the constitution of a Court as refined as that of England. We doubt whether the Queen keeps a knacker at all, and we hope the Lord Chamberlain will at once repudiate a gentleman who has been engaged in the excitement of a wager, that a certain dog of which he is proprietor would "worry" a hundred rats in seven minutes.

The accomplishment of the feat was denied, and indeed we should think it is almost impossible to judge when a rat is thrown into that state of mental anxiety which amounts to "worry" in the opinion of the best judges. We often say of ourselves, that "we are worried out of our lives," though it is not literally the fact, and we think the rat should have the benefit of the margin which is allowed to human beings.

But we are losing sight of our point, which is the singular claim set up by an individual calling himself "the Queen's knacker." We remember a person who used impudently to advertise himself as "Bug-Destroyer to William the Fourth and all the Royal Family." No, no. We don't believe it. We could understand a Court poet, a Court jester, or a Court fool; but a Court knacker—Pooh!! Incredible!!!

CROWNS FOR WOULD-BE KINGS.

When *Lucy Lockit* sees *Captain Macheath* in chains—the lighter ones, sold by her dear papa, who has them "from one guinea to ten"—she vows there is nothing so touching as the sight of a great man in distress. The *Morning Post* improves upon this sensibility. With Jenkins, the smaller the hero, the greater his claims to loyalty and sympathy. Hence, when Jenkins catches an exiled prince, he insists upon crowning him, and calling him Majesty. On a recent occasion *Punch*, as a faithful journalist, gave a brief account of the coronation of the Conde Montemolin at the office of the *Morning Post*; whence he issued, to the astonishment of at least the publisher, as the King of the Two Spains. Full of his new dignity he rushed to the Haymarket to astonish Webster with his sudden majesty, and called for the farce of *The Village Lawyer* (if we do not mistake—and we never do,) and rewarded the manager for his touching performance of *Sheepface* with the order (in tin) of the Golden Fleece. In fact, ever since Jenkins crowned the Count, he has been tremendously majestic; and, we hear, in imitation of the Stuarts, proposes, at his lodgings, "to touch people for the simples." (We may daily look for advertisements.)

However, the last loyal effort of Jenkins was to concoct a song, called "*A Health! The Song of the Loyal Spaniards,*"—(of course executed as a *solo*)—*on the* 31*st of January,* (Sunday, Jenkins!) 1847." We give a verse—we cannot give a worse—from the effusion:—

"Here's a health to him, the young and brave, whose noble soul shall bid
A new-born spirit rise for Spain, from the ashes of the *Cid!*
Who from traitor hands and traitor hearts his country's fields shall rid;
And see again, ere all be done,
Her flying foemen wheel
From *the glory* of old Arragon
And *the pride* of old Castile!"

Oh, that poor *Cid!* What would Spaniards do if they had not him to talk about? And then, for "the glory" and "the pride" of Spain, they endow the present race with as much true dignity as would be conferred by the old coat of a true gentleman bought in Holywell Street by a *Jeremy Diddler.*

Nevertheless, it is very good of Jenkins to dispose of large crowns to little Princes as he does; and, in furtherance of his benevolent object, we understand that he proposes to have a variety of crowns on hand, for those deposed, and for others, in the event of deposition; to be disposed of as worthy tradesmen put off hats. He will shortly issue a bill, from which we make an extract:—

	£	s.	d.
The Crown of France; an excellent article, warranted to fit the rightful owner	50	0	0
The Crown of Portugal; almost as good as new, and warranted to wear at least a twelvemonth	30	0	0
The Crown of Brunswick; a little battered, and for which reason a great bargain	1	10	0
The Crown of Spain (the jewels picked out)	*Disposed of*		
A Pope's Tiara (made of Puseyite gold)	100	0	0
The Crown of Poland, excellent for melting for Cossack Spurs	70	0	0

Crowns of the Cannibal Islands, Tahiti, Madagascar; in fact, Crowns of every country constantly on hand, and in great variety. A Doge's Cap, to go—a great bargain.

All Orders—such as the Fleece, the Elephant, &c.—executed on the shortest notice.

Members of Parliament and Orators at Exeter Hall supplied with British Lions of remarkable ferocity.

Apply (all Letters post-paid) to Jenkins, Office of *Morning Post.*

SONG OF THE SLIGHTED SUITOR.

Oh, where, and oh where is my learned counsel gone?
He's gone to the Queen's Bench, where a case is coming on,
And it 's oh, in my heart, that I wish my case his own.

What fee, and what fee did your learned counsel clutch?
Five guineas on his brief he did not think too much;—
And it 's oh! if he 's a barrister, I wish he 'd act as such.

In what court, in what court is your learned counsel found?
I cannot catch him anywhere, of all he goes the round;—
And it 's oh! in my heart, that to one I wish him bound.

What excuse, what excuse can your learned counsel make?
None at all, none at all, but his head he 'll gravely shake,
And it 's oh! in my heart, that the fee he 's sure to take.

THE CAT IN THE NAVY.

It is a vulgar and very prevalent error that there are moral humiliation and physical torture inflicted by the boatswain's cat; whereas the thong is never touched upon in Parliament but up rise admirals and post-captains, who protest that the cat is little more than an instrument imparting very lively sensations, and by no means unpopular among sailors. A few nights ago, on the motion of Mr. Hume for flogging returns, great was the unanimity that prevailed among the nautical Members of the House on the utility of the lash. "A harmless, necessary cat," says *Shylock*, and so say the sailors of the House of Commons. The officers again and again protest that flogging is not—as a false humanity preaches—objectionable to sailors. "If that shoe pinches your lordship," says Foote's shoemaker, "may I be hanged!" Upon the like principle do the men with epaulettes answer for the feelings of foremast-men.

BROUGHAM'S POSES PLASTIQUES

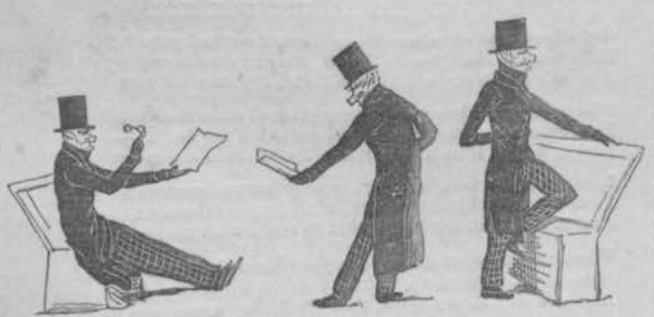
We have had, during the last year or two, a variety of Professors whose attainments have consisted of an aptitude for throwing themselves and others into all sorts of different attitudes. We have seen Professor Risley with his sons standing on the palm of their parent, who gets his children off his hands in the most astonishing manner. We have witnessed entortilationists of every description, who have combined the twistaboutitiveness of the eel, with the jumpupeightfeethighativeness of the antelope. We have heard of, though we have not cared to see, the half-dozen Venuses who have been nightly rising from the sea during the last six months in every quarter of the metropolis.

But the greatest wonder of all in the *pose plastique* line are the marvellous entortilations of Henry Lord Brougham. He has all the elasticity of Indian-rubber, with more expression; and the play of his features, down to the very tip of his nose, is absolutely wonderful. The very best of the Venuses rising from the sea is nothing compared with the Ex-Chancellor rising from the woolsack. Cincinnatus tying his sandal—by the bye, how was it he had it so frequently dangling about his heels as to make his tying it a personal peculiarity by which he is known to posterity?—was a mere fool to Brougham fastening his high-low.

But the most astonishing part of the noble Lord's performances is the series of attitudes into which he throws himself during a speech in the House of Lords; for however brief the oration may be, he contrives to illustrate it with a rapid succession of effective *tableaux*, as unique as they are graceful. He not only suits the action to the word, when he speaks himself; but while any one else is addressing the House, Lord Brougham finds for every word a suitable action: he is the great pantomime peer, or, to use a legal expression, he is a tremendous *chose en action*. The annexed Sketches, made on the spot by an accomplished artist, during a short speech made by Lord Stanley, will show the rank his Lordship ought to hold as an entortilationist.

"Lord Stanley entirely concurred in the observations of his noble

and learned friend, that this was a time of all others when public men



ought not to be subject to misrepresentation with regard to their

motives, and particularly when their motives and actions had reference to public distress."

A FEW WORDS WITH JOHN BRIGHT.

John, thou art a sturdy, stalwart sort of man, speaking roundly out, with something of a good English leaven in thee; but thou art hot, John, and thus riskest to be ungenerous and ignoble in thy speech on the Short-time Bill. *Punch* would urge on thee, in kindness, certain truths which thou hast forgotten.

Thou callest this a bill to control adult labour. It would limit the working-hours of boys between thirteen and eighteen, and of women of all ages, to something under twelve hours a day. Thou sayest that when the work of the young stops, stops that of the grown man. If mules and spindles are not tended, and threads pieced, the power-loom must pause and the spinner stay idle. Does not this apply in the case of children below thirteen? Might not the same argument have held to keep them to their twelve, thirteen, and fifteen hours' daily toil, while big men could be found willing to labour so long, and requiring the children's aid?

There is an alternative, John; older people may be employed if young ones cannot. Wages will not suffer for that, and wits will be all the brighter for not simmering in the tropical heat of the mill, and faces the ruddier, and lungs the sounder, for an hour's more fresh air to counteract the cotton-fuz.

This Bill puts no absolute restraint on the labour of the strong man; it but restrains that labour *under its present circumstances;* it gives women some time to attend to their homes and families. All this, John, thou unaccountably sayest nothing of. Wages, wages, wages, is thy cry. We do not think they will suffer; but if they did, there is something besides money.

Thou wert never at school after fifteen! Perhaps thou art none the better for that, John. Thou tellest the House that in the establishment with which thou art connected there is an infant school, a reading-room, and a news-room, a school for adults after working-hours; and a person specially employed, at a very considerable expense, who devotes his whole time to the investigation of every case which can affect the welfare of the working people, as a missionary among them; and not a few hundred pounds per annum are expended in promoting the advantage of that body of workmen, wholly independent of any compulsion by any act of the House.

Then thou goest on to warn the House, that if they arm the working classes against the capitalists by a law fixing the maximum of labour to ten or any other number of hours, *it will be impossible that that feeling should exist on the part of the manufacturers towards the working classes which had hitherto existed.*

Dost thou mean that, if the Bill passes, thou wilt do away with thy infant schools, and adult schools, and reading-rooms, and missionaries? —*that if Parliament infringe on what thou deemest thy rights thou wilt no longer perform what certainly are thy duties?* John, John, this is unworthy! It is not on condition of working thy looms fourteen hours a day that thou dost these things. It is that thou art an employer of labour—and an intelligent one—and acest what belongs to thy station, that thou providest thy workpeople with something beyond work and wages.

We remember, when schoolboys, to have had a similar disposition. If the master thwarted us, by admonition or punishment, we determined to be very bad boys, to write naughty words on our slate, to deface our books, and rebel against our lessons.

Surely, John, thou art not going to threaten the House with similar pranks, now-a-days? Bethink thee of this, John. Thou hast not, in all these things, done a whit more than thy duty; nothing to plume thyself on; nothing thou canst cease to do without sin; nothing thou canst talk of ceasing to do, without making thy enemies chuckle and thy friends sigh—as *Punch* sighs, and subscribes himself

Thine, in sorrow.

The Mangling Market.

In the late snow-storm, the officials of the National Gallery almost despaired of clearing the long pavement which runs through Trafalgar-square, in front of their architectural cruet-stand. One of them, however, thought of the picture-cleaner, and by his exertions the path was soon as smooth as the canvass of "Peace and War." The Paving Commissioners complain that this operation has damaged the stones. They intend to proceed against the Trustees of the National Gallery, as they say the injury lies at their door.

THE BONDS OF THE IRISH PARTY.

The "Hereditary Bondsmen," whom O'Connell was so constantly appealing to, must mean the Irish Landlords, whose mortgaged estates fully entitle them to the appellation of "Bondsmen." They are at present "striking the blow," in getting England to pay off their bonds, for they know well enough that, without that, they never can be "free," or their estates either.

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HENRY THE THIRD, OF FRANCE.

Silly and savage, bigoted and base,
In *Punch's* Gallery assume thy place;
France's Third Henry—he who urged, with glee,
The bloody work of St. Barthelemi;
Whose life was an alternate groan and grin,
Now sternest sanctity, now foulest sin.
Who passed from penance to a favourite's hugs,
From burning Protestants to breeding pugs.
Now with his minions he reclines at ease,
Anon we find him murdering the Guise:
Till, blood begetting blood, the hasty knife
Of Jesuit Clement slits that hideous life.
We call our tyrants Nenos—Why should Rome
Furnish the type? We might look nearer home.

The Dis-united Irishmen.

Mr. M. J. O'Connell said, last week, that, "unfortunately for Ireland, it was her curse that her representatives could never agree even upon matters the most vital." And yet the hon. gentleman is always clamouring for an Irish Parliament. We can imagine the debates of that Utopian House of Commons would be interrupted every minute by a cry of "Division." Every act would be a Riot Act—and every member would be a Speaker, who would be always intent in catching somebody's eye. The "voices of the nation" would be continually shouting, and the echoes of College-green would soon grow hoarse in repeating every night the same demand—"Will you plase thrade upon my coat?" That would resolve itself into the Great Irish Question—the only one, we are afraid, upon which the representatives of Ireland would agree.

A TITLE BY DESCENT.

The celebrated Aboo Gosh, nicknamed by Eothen and Titmarsh, "The Father of Lies," has been secretly done away with at Jerusalem. However, as long as Monsieur Guizot continues Prime Minister of France, there is no chance of the title becoming extinct.

THE POLITE PARLIAMENTARY SPEAKER.

Mr. H. Grattan is, it must be confessed, a perfect master of abuse. If he cannot speak pearls and diamonds, he can at least throw dirt. This is something. His favourite aversion is Mr. Roebuck, whom, it may be remembered, he designated "a shrivelled adder." Mr. Roebuck will not suffer that united body of Irishmen, the landlords, to ransack the pockets of John Bull; and he is therefore to be assailed by Irish eloquence—pelted with bad potatoes. Pondering upon the words of Mr. Grattan, we have arrived at the opinion that the Members of the House of Commons might, like the Red Men of America, be characteristically designated; so that the names given to them should, at once, convey a clear notion of their peculiar qualities. "The Downy Beaver"—"The White Buffalo"—"The Diving Mouse," give us an instant notion of the character of the bearer; and as the Speaker of the House of Commons permitted the silver-tongued Grattan to apply to a gentleman the term "shrivelled Adder," we think that from the whole world of lower animals might be judiciously selected a phrase of equal significance, applicable to every member. We will suppose a few:—

"The Hon. Scorpion, who has just stung the House"—
"The Hon. Viper, whom I do not see in his place"—
"The Right Hon. Weasel, asleep upon the Treasury Bench"—
"The Hon. and Learned Earwig, who has just sat down"—
"The Hon. and Gallant Field Mouse"—
"The Noble Jackass"—And so forth.

With all modesty we submit the scheme to the fervid imagination and high ability of Mr. H. Grattan, who, we hope, will give to the world a *Polite Parliamentary Speaker*, affixing to every M.P. the name that shall, in the unerring opinion of Mr. H. Grattan, denote the senatorial excellence of the newly-christened.

THE POLICE AT THE PLAY.

The Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police have, we perceive, applied for admissions for two to all the London theatres. "A 1 and friend" are to have accommodation in front of the curtain, but it is not yet arranged what places they are to occupy. We have no doubt that the best places in the house will be expected to be reserved for these officials, and we understand that two of the best stalls at the Opera are already being fitted up for A 1 and his *dilettante* colleague.

We think a considerable saving might be effected in the expense of the police by turning the free admissions of the force to a profit. We are sure there are many amateurs who would undertake the policeman's duty of going to Her Majesty's Theatre, Drury Lane, the Haymarket, the Princess's, the Lyceum, the Adelphi, or even Astley's for nothing, and even pay for the privilege. The necessity for wearing the official costume for a few hours would be the only disagreeable part of the arrangement; but as the police will be at a premium when high consideration like this is shown to them, the coat and striped wristband will be rather a badge of the amateur than of the salaried myrmidon. We are certainly tending towards the establishment of a police who shall pass their days in "lettered" ease, and their evenings in a state of soft enchantment. The approbation of the police will soon become essential to the *éclat* of an opera or play, and the success of an actor or singer.

A Tremendous Charge.

A bull, who had been carrying everything before him all the way from Smithfield Market, ran into St. Paul's churchyard, and was taking the shortest steps to enter the Cathedral, when the doorkeeper had the presence of mind to shut the door in his face, and shout, "Twopence!" The animal, not having the sum about him, was obliged to turn back.

A BRIGHT IDEA!

The ladies of Cambridge have opened a subscription of old clothes for the relief of the starving Irish. This is one way of trying to give that unfortunate people the benefit of all sorts of measures.

Libelling a Planet.

A periodical, talking of the new planet, says—"Its circulation is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible, and its powers of attraction are limited to a very narrow circle." The best name for it, considering these attractions, would have been the *Literary Gazette*.

DRAMATIC EXPENDITURE.

Mr. Hume.—To move for a return of all the sums that are distributed every night at the Haymarket Theatre, in the *School for Scheming*.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I SAY, HARRIET—DO US A FAVOUR?"
Pretty Cousin. "WELL, WHAT IS IT?"
Juvenile "GIVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR TO TAKE BACK TO SCHOOL."

IMPERTINENT INTRUSION.

OLD WINTER has been lately playing the part of *Don Basilio* in the *Barber of Seville.* No sooner did we imagine that we had got fairly rid of him, than he comes back with his horrible *agitato* movement and disagreeable *tremolo.* We had hoped that he had gone to sleep for the next ten months at least, and had wished him *buona sera*, when he suddenly returns, making us shake hands whether we will or no, and rendering himself eminently disagreeable. He seems to serenade us somewhat after the following fashion :—

Oh leave the gay, the social room,
The fire so warm and bright,
And rove with me, 'mid cold and gloom,
In February's night.
And as you take your chilling way,
From home and comfort far,
'Tis not improbable you may
Incur a slight catarrh.

I'll tell thee how the lady sneezed,
When out in cold and rain ;
And how the podgy vet'ran wheezed,
And ne'er breath'd free again.
I'll tell thee how the feet kept dry,
The best preservers are ;
But if your boots or shoes are shy,
You 'll catch a slight catarrh.

A Stranger in the Gallery.

THE other night, at the close of business in the House of Commons, the Sergeant-at-Arms made the awful announcement that he had caught a stranger in the Members' Gallery. The wretched intruder was at once seized, but it having been explained that he had lost his way, he was discharged from custody. It is natural enough that a stranger should lose himself in such a labyrinth as the ways of the House of Commons. Their narrowness, intricacy, and tortuosity are certainly enough to bewilder any unfortunate stranger who accidentally gets into them.

NEW APPOINTMENT.—MR. J. A. ROEBUCK, to be Taxing Master Extraordinary of the Parliamentary Bills, *vice* MR. JOSEPH HUME, resigned.

HUGH M'NEILE AND A GENERAL FAST.

THIS gentleman has already obtained an unfortunate celebrity by his sermon on the visit of PRINCE ALBERT to Liverpool—a sermon disfigured and debased by the most irreverent comparison of a mere man with the Divine Nature. He has now penned a petition to the QUEEN—a petition lying for signature at Liverpool—for a general fast. MR. M'NEILE has, we understand, most laudably exerted himself in behalf of the suffering Irish ; but such exertions do not justify the absurdity and audacity of the man who attributes the present famine to the wickedness of the people, who have drawn upon themselves the wrath of Heaven. "Your petitioners," says the document—

"—cannot, therefore, hear the tidings daily arriving from Ireland, of inquest after inquest returning verdicts of 'death by starvation,' without recognising the outstretched hand of Almighty God.

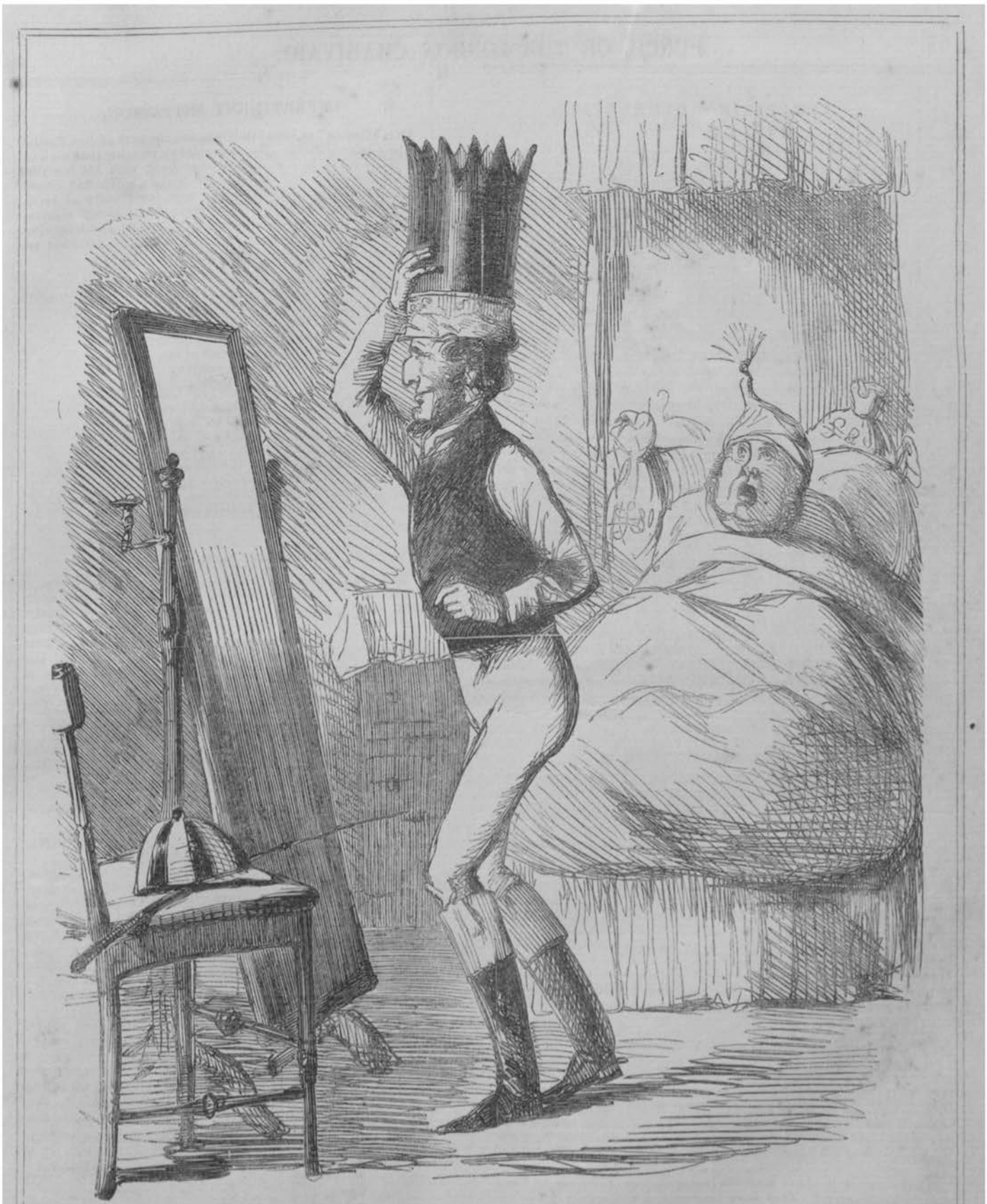
"Your petitioners believe also, on the same sacred authority, and without presuming to be wise above what is written, that famine and pestilence are two of the sore inflictions of an offended God *for the transgressions of a guilty people ;* and that when they appear, wise men should hear in them a voice calling aloud to national repentance.

"Your petitioners are grieved to perceive that, by persons of station and influence, sentiments have been uttered wholly subversive of this fundamental principle of the religion which your Majesty has solemnly sworn to defend, and calculated, as far as their evil example can extend, to propagate *practical infidelity* amongst your Majesty's subjects."

What—we ask it—have been the transgressions of the wronged and wretched peasantry ? They have been ground to the dust by oppression, and they have never murmured. But—we think we discover the meaning of the preacher—they have been smitten for the patience with which they have endured long-suffering. Doubtless, thinks MR. M'NEILE, there is a point at which resignation becomes pusillanimity. If he do not mean this, we can see nothing in the words of the petition-monger—nothing save religion turned inside out.

DIPLOMACY.—The old proverb of "He lies like truth," has been altered for the use of rising diplomatists into "He lies like GUIZOT."

"NOW, YOU BOYS HAD BETTER BE QUIET, OR I SHALL CALL THE POLICE, AS SURE AS YOU 'RE BORN."



LORD GEORGE BENTINCK, PRINCE OF RAILS, TRYING ON KING HUDSON'S CROWN.

THE BEST VINEGAR.

AT last the Prussians, after waiting more than a quarter of a century, have got their Constitution; but the people do not much like the taste of it. They say that a Constitution, like wine, may be kept too long. The present sample, for instance, after being thirty years in bottle, closely sealed up, is found, when opened, to be *completely gone*. It may have been very good drinking, thirty years ago—but at present there's nothing in it—the spirit has quite evaporated—it is nothing but vinegar. So many of the boldest are calling upon His Prussian MAJESTY to give them a bottle of a newer vintage, with a little more body in it. We say, most fervently, we only wish they may get it.

The Prussian Constitution may be reduced to two clauses; but then, like cakes of portable soup, there is a great deal in them, only not so easy to swallow it:—

First. If the King wants any money, he will pay the Prussians the compliment to ask for it before he takes it.

Second. But if the Prussians refuse it, they must not be offended if the King tells them to go about their business.

It was scarcely worth waiting so long to get so little. But we have a saving clause. Let us hope His Prussian MAJESTY has merely thrown out the above clauses, lobster-like, by way of feeler.

AVALANCHES FOR THE MILLION.

LONDON has been within the last few days visited with a series of small avalanches, which present a very singular phenomenon. The celebrated PROFESSOR SKYLARK was riding in his Brougham in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Gardens one day last week, when his man was suddenly rendered invisible, by being imbedded in a mountain of snow, which transformed him into a sort of miniature Mont Blanc, whose coronation will be remembered by all the readers of LORD BYRON. The Professor perceiving that some invisible agent had crowned his coachman with "a diadem of snow," began to philosophise on the extraordinary fact, and proceeding to take an observation through his pocket edition of ROSSE's telescope, discovered a continuous fall of avalanches on each side of him. On proceeding further, and taking the parallax of one of the stacks of chimneys, he made the beautiful discovery that the avalanche, in which his coachman still remained imbedded, arose not so much from a freak of Nature as from the bounty of the inhabitants who were distributing the gifts of HYEMS among the passengers, in the most liberal manner. PROFESSOR SKYLARK, on the stopping of his carriage, proceeded to examine the condition of his unfortunate coachman, and was compelled to perform an operation, very like that of unrolling a mummy.

As each separate layer of snow was removed the domestic began to give signs of consciousness, and it was found that, luckily, the brim of his hat had formed a ledge, underneath which he had continued to breathe during the time of his being embedded under the snowy diadem. It appears, on inquiry, that several of these avalanches have fallen during the last week, in consequence of the inhabitants having been engaged in shovelling the snow from the tops of their houses. As the mansions about Hyde Park Gardens are unusually lofty, the avalanche, descending from so great a height, has been more destructive than in other lower localities.

Wonderful Fulfilment of a Political Prediction.

IN our last Number we predicted that the KING OF PRUSSIA would grant his subjects a Constitution on the 30th of February. We may safely say that our prediction has been verified. His Majesty has produced what he calls a Constitution, but what, we are certain, the Prussians will call nothing of the sort.

NEW CRIES.

"MEXICO for the Yankees."
"LOUIS-PHILIPPE for the Spanish;" and
"England for the Irish."

To Lucy.

(BY A FRIEND OF MR. BRIEFLESS.)

ALL ye spirits, blithe and witty,
Aid me with your powers divine;
Never shall I learn from CHITTY,
How to write a Valentine.

Help, oh help!—my pen refuses
To indite a loving strain;
For the Temple of the Muses
Is removed to Drury Lane.

I can draw a declaration,
But my love cannot declare;
File a bill or information,
Yet am silent to the Fair.

Saints would take their affidavits,
Stones would shed their tears like bricks,
Even a bold dragoon would shave his
Moustache—if in such a fix.

Special pleading of no use is
When we plead at Beauty's shrine;
Still affection oft excuses
Errors in a Valentine.

Give me, dearest, but a trial;
CUPID shall my counsel be,
He will take no coy denial,—
Kisses are his only fee.

Bid me lay aside my fear;
Listen to my plaintive suit,
And Love's juvenile idea—r
Teach, oh teach it how to shoot!

Now I beg ten thousand pardons
As my name I do not sign,
But each day in Temple Gardens
You may see your Valentine.

Pump Court, Feb. 1847.

PAINLESS OPERATIONS.

THE following resolution was unanimously agreed to at the last meeting of the Directors of the Eastern Counties' Railway:—

"Resolved, that as it is advisable to stop the complaints of the public as much as possible on account of the numerous accidents which, somehow, will occur on the best-regulated railways, rooms be immediately prepared at every station, where persons who dislike being hurt or injured, or are foolishly apprehensive of danger, may have the option of inhaling the ether, so that they may have the privilege of remaining during the whole journey in a state of insensibility, for which act of accommodation the Directors trust the public will be duly thankful."

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER LI.—CLUB SNOBS.

WHY—why did I and WAGLEY ever do so cruel an action, as to introduce young SACKVILLE MAINE into that odious Sarcophagus! Let our imprudence and his example be a warning to other gents; let his fate and that of his poor wife be remembered by every British female. The consequences of his entering the Club were as follows:—

One of the first vices the unhappy wretch acquired in this abode of frivolity was that of *smoking*. Some of the dandies of the Club, such as the MARQUIS OF MACABAW, LORD DOODEEN, and fellows of that high order, are in the habit of indulging in this propensity up-stairs in the billiard-rooms of the Sarcophagus—and, partly to make their acquaintance, partly from a natural aptitude for crime, SACKVILLE MAINE followed them, and became an adept in the odious custom. Where it is introduced into a family I need not say how sad the consequences are, both to the furniture and the morals. SACKVILLE smoked in his dining-room at home, and caused an agony to his wife and mother-in-law which I do not venture to describe.

He then became a professed *billiard-player*, wasting hours upon hours

at that amusement; betting freely, playing tolerably, losing awfully to CAPTAIN SPOT and COL. CANNON. He played matches of a hundred games with these gentlemen, and would not only continue until four or five o'clock in the morning at this work, but would be found at the Club of a forenoon, indulging himself to the detriment of his business, the ruin of his health, and the neglect of his wife.

From billiards to whist is but a step—and when a man gets to whist and five pounds as the rubber, my opinion is, that it is all up with him. How was the coal-business to go on, and the connexion of the firm to be kept up, and the senior partner always at the card-table?

Consorting now with genteel persons and Pall Mall bucks, SACKVILLE became ashamed of his snug little residence in Kennington Oval—and transported his family to Pimlico—where, though MRS. CHUFF, his mother-in-law, was at first happy, as the quarter was elegant and near her Sovereign, poor little LAURA and the children found a woeful difference. Where were her friends who came in with their work of a morning?—At Kennington and in the vicinity of Clapham. Where were her children's little playmates?—On Kennington Common. The great thundering carriages that roared up and down the drab-coloured streets of the new quarter, contained no friends for the sociable little LAURA. The children that paced the squares, attended by a *Bonne* or a prim governess, were not like those happy ones that flew kites, or played hop-scotch, on the well-beloved old Common. And ah! what a difference at Church, too!—between St. Benedict's of Pimlico, with open seats, service in sing-song—tapers—albs—surplices—garlands and processions, and the honest old ways of Kennington! The footmen, too, attending St. Benedict's were so splendid and enormous, that JAMES, MRS. CHUFF's boy, trembled amongst them, and said he would give warning rather than carry the books to that church any more.

The furnishing of the house was not done without expense.

And, ye gods! what a difference there was between SACKVILLE's dreary French banquets in Pimlico, and the jolly dinners at the Oval! No more legs of mutton, no more of "the best port wine in England;" but *entrées* on plate, and dismal twopenny champagne, and waiters in gloves, and the Club bucks for company—among whom MRS. CHUFF was uneasy and MRS. SACKVILLE quite silent.

Not that he dined at home often. The wretch had become a perfect epicure, and dined commonly at the Club with the gormandizing clique there; with old DR. MAW, COLONEL CRAMLEY, (who is as lean as a greyhound and has jaws like a jack,) and the rest of them. Here you might see the wretch, tippling

Sillery champagne and gorging himself with French viands; and I often looked with sorrow from my table (on which cold meat, the Club small-beer, and a half-pint of Marsala form the modest banquet), and sighed to think it was my work.

And there were other beings present to my repentant thoughts. Where's his wife, thought I? Where's poor, good, kind little LAURA? At this very moment—it's about the nursery bed-time, and while yonder good-for-nothing is swilling his wine—the little ones are at LAURA's knees lisping their prayers; and she is teaching them to say—

"PRAY GOD BLESS PAPA!"

When she has put them to bed her day's occupation is gone; and she is utterly lonely all night, and sad, and waiting for him.

O for shame! O for shame! Go home, thou idle tippler.

How SACKVILLE lost his health; how he lost his business; how he got into scrapes; how he got into debt; how he became a railroad director; how the Pimlico house was shut up; how he went to Boulogne,—all this I could tell, only I am too much ashamed of my part of the transaction. They returned to England, because, to the surprise of everybody, MRS. CHUFF came down with a great sum of money (which nobody knew she had saved) and paid his liabilities. He is in England; but at Kennington. His name is taken off the books of the Sarcophagus long ago. When we meet, he crosses over to the other side of the street; and I don't call, as I should be sorry to see a look of reproach or sadness in LAURA's sweet face.

Not, however, all evil, as I am proud to think, has been the influence of the Snob of England upon clubs in general:—CAPTAIN SHINDY is afraid to bully the waiters any more, and eats his mutton-chop without moving ACHERON. GOREMOUCHE does not take more than two papers at a time for his private reading. TIGGS does not ring the bell and cause the library-waiter to walk about a quarter of a mile in order to give him Vol. II., which lies on the next table. GROWLER has ceased to walk from table to table in the coffee-room, and inspect what people are having for dinner. TROTTY VECK takes his own umbrella from the hall—the cotton one, and SIDNEY SCRAPER's paletot lined with silk has been brought back by JOBBINS, who entirely mistook it for his own. WAGGLE has discontinued telling stories about the ladies he has killed. SNOOKS does not any more think it gentlemanlike to blackball attornies. SNUFFLER no longer publicly spreads out his great red cotton pocket-handkerchief before the fire, for the admiration of two hundred gentlemen; and if one Club Snob has been brought back to the paths of rectitude; and if one poor JOHN has been spared a journey or a scolding—say, friends and brethren, if these sketches of Club Snobs have been in vain?

GREAT TWOPENNY MEETING AT ST. PAUL'S.

[From our own Correspondent, who was locked in.]

NIGHT before last a very important meeting was held of the Shades of the illustrious men buried in the Cathedral, and also of those whose ashes otherwise bestowed, have nevertheless monuments erected to their memory in the sacred edifice. Your reporter, having strolled into the Cathedral to refresh his architectural taste, for which he duly paid twopence at the door, was, whilst indulging in a profound sleep—caused by circumstances too minute to enumerate—locked in. He awoke as the bell tolled twelve. Immediately, he perceived that all the monuments were in motion. DOCTOR DONNE walked out of his urn, and gracefully folding his winding-sheet about him, stept with great dignity. LORD DUNCAN sheathed his sword, and adjusted his boat-cloak. SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE rose from the arms of the Highland soldier who has for so many years supported him; and NELSON stept from his pedestal, BRITANNIA herself giving him her hand as he descended. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN came from the crypt, majestic and venerable in his looks of 91. In a word, all the worthies of St. Paul's were in motion, and it was plain that there was some important business in hand. The church was beautifully lighted as by a July sun; and the organ pealed forth a magnificent voluntary. As it ceased I heard a heavy tread, and, looking round, saw DOCTOR JOHNSON, holding up his robes, certainly not with the grace of his friend GARRICK, and shaking his head and scroll, and gesticulating very oddly. All the other Shades bowed to him; and then there was a general hush. SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN was unanimously called upon to preside. Who, indeed, so fitting?

SIR CHRISTOPHER opened the proceedings.—Brother Shades, we have by one general impulse been moved to this gathering. For many years have our spirits been tormented by the rattling of halfpence and the ringing of sixpences and shillings taken and changed at the Cathedral door, that we may be shown as they show the lions in the Tower, or the dromedary and monkey and dancing bears in the street. By my troth, worthy friends, when I built this Cathedral I deemed it was to be dedicated to a purpose of holiness, and not for the lucre of money-changers. ("Hear," from DOCTOR JOHNSON.) When I look about me, and see the awful representatives of philosophers, and divines, and heroes, I do feel that their moral dignity is insulted and made a byword, when, like the beasts at Bartlemy Fair, they are shown for shillings. Our object, I believe, is to remonstrate with the Dean and Chapter, who, if their hearts are not to be turned from halfpence by our prayers, must be further dealt with as to us shall seem fit and meet.

DOCTOR JOHNSON proposed the first resolution. The great architect—the father, he might say, of that tremendous edifice, that, in the words of a great and good man, though he was sorry to say he was a Dissenter, that tremendous edifice that would "strike awe into a bacchanal"—SIR CHRISTOPHER had well delineated the humiliation to which they were spiritually subjected by the pecuniary gulosity of the ecclesiastical authorities. Let them, however, be incorporate and unanimous, and the degrading Twopence must pass away with other mortuary and sublunary abuses. They must now do something; they must not, as he had observed on another occasion, re-act the old fable, showing to the expectant world that parturient mountains, with all their heaving, only produced muscipular abortions.

LORD NELSON said the whole Dean and Chapter wanted a thorough overhauling. A good many of them were, in his opinion, a set of lubbers that—(Cries of "Order, order!" from DOCTORS DONNE and JOHNSON)—Well, for his part, he had no wish to offend the parsons; but he did not think that Mother Church ought to higgle and haggle with halfpence—for all the world like a bum-boat woman selling soft tommy. Besides, if money was to be taken—if they were all to be made a show of—like MRS. SALMON'S wax-work that he remembered when a boy,—why not have the thing done plain and above-board? Why didn't the Dean and Chapter always have a signal flying with "St. Paul's expects every man to pay his twopence?" In conclusion, the gallant Earl observed (with a slight oath) that he was ready to do anything to overhaul the parsons.

GENERAL WOLFE said he had a great respect for the Church, and all Church associations. It might not be generally known; but the night before he received his death-wound he had read and got by heart the very beautiful elegy by MR. GRAY. Therefore, in the most respectful—nay, in the most affectionate spirit, he would co-operate with the gallant admiral in his own fine, tarpaulin phrase, to overhaul the parsons.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD observed that, to speak the truth, he did not think sailors and soldiers had any business at all in Cathedrals. ("Hear, hear," from the two services.) Fighting had been their trade; and they had done their best. Nevertheless, he did not think that the true odour of Christianity was to be found in gunpowder; or that the Army of Martyrs meant soldiers with guns and bayonets, and forty-two pounders. The Church Militant was not, in his opinion, a Church with Ball-Cartridge. However, as they *had* been placed there, he felt in common with his friends the indignity put upon them by the Twopence, and would heartily co-operate for its abolition.

Here the meeting became very noisy. MR. JOHN OPIE, R.A., began to speak—when he was interrupted by FUSELI, who stamped and foamed at the mouth, and made very free indeed with "the parsons." He observed, it had been said of him that "his domain was air and hell; the clouds and the grave. It was he who made real and visible the vague and unsubstantial phantoms which haunt, like dim dreams, the oppressed imagination." If this were true—and he, for one, could not deny it—"he would advise the parsons to look out for themselves. He would not be shown like a dancing bear; he would not—" (and then he swore).

Hereupon DOCTOR JOHNSON moved that the meeting should dissolve: and, after certain formalities, the meeting was dissolved accordingly. It being understood that the Dean and Chapter should be firmly and respectfully remonstrated with, that they might discontinue the twopence; and that, in the event of their contumacious denial, the Ghosts of the Statues should take it in turn to make midnight calls on each and every of the reverend body.

This determination seemed to give great pleasure to the naval ghosts; and LORD NELSON, sheathing his sword, again mounted to his pedestal, muttering something about "overhauling the parsons."

An Old Joke newly Applied.

Irish Landlord. Please bestow a trifle on a poor landlord.

John Bull. I haven't anything for you, my good man.

Irish Landlord. Please do, that's a noble gentleman—our estates are going to rack and ruin. I and my blessed family haven't tasted turtle for many a day.

John Bull. Poor fellows! I quite bleed for them. Here, my fine fellow, here's a trifle—it's all I have about me (*gives him sixteen millions*); but mind, I don't give it. I look upon it as a debt, which, understand, you owe me—

Irish Landlord (*pocketing the money*). And may your honour live till I repay you!

ANGELS' VISITS.

THE *Observer*, in finding fault with one of ETTY'S pictures, says:—"Such an angel was never seen in Heaven." One would imagine, from the confident tone of the critic, that he had only just returned from a long visit there.

To Spirited Capitalists.

WANTED TO BORROW.—A series of small sums, or a million or two, upon a *bona-fide* debt of £60,000,000, exclusive of interest, owing by the British Government to Ireland. Any gentleman of a speculative turn of mind and extensive capital will find this a most desirable investment, as the debt has been satisfactorily proved, and the accounts are at present before Parliament previous to their final settlement. For further particulars, apply to MR. JOHN O'CONNELL, Old Palace Yard, or any Irish Landlord.

VERY CONSIDERATE.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT kindly told us in the Chamber of Deputies that "France has no intention of turning the Mediterranean into a French lake." He should have extended the information a little further, and have told us that France has no thoughts just at present of making England her Botany Bay.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

WE have not heard anything of the "Perpetual Motion" this year. We mean the motion which MR. BROTHERTON brings forward every Session of adjourning the House at twelve o'clock.

THE SNOW AND THE STATUE.

A NEW appeal has this week been made to the public on behalf of the Wellington Statue, which has appeared in the character of a poor frozen-out equestrian. The snow has stood upon its arms, nestled in its cocked hat, fringed its nose, conglomerated in its eyes, and stagnated on its saddle. The snow would melt the coldest heart to consent to a removal of the monster, which is only catching cold so long as it remains in its present position. The horse, which seemed almost to speak a short time ago, is getting hoarser every day; and the Duke, who seemed but lately as brilliant as a bright poker, is hourly getting dingier and dingier. The original stood the firing of Waterloo, but the copy cannot even tolerate the smoke of London. He is beginning to get black in the face, as if with anger at the treatment he has experienced.

Our Birthrights and our Beadles!

Such is the inspiriting cry that now resounds through the parish of Fulham. The glorious motto enters the parish at the first turning to the right, then takes the second to the left, then the first to the right again, and there it is, filling the whole parochial air with its echoes. "Our birthrights and our beadles," is the cry that is now coming home to our businesses and bosoms. Fulham, is at the present moment beadleless. There is a sort of cocked-hat interregnum, during which the staff lies neglected in the hands of nobody, and the energies of the cane are dormant. Anarchy is in the streets of the beadle-bereft district; juvenile rebellion throws the snow-ball, cuts out the slide, pelts the pump, and talks in church on a Sunday.

It is a healthy sign there is little competition for the vacant collar, cuffs, cape—or victorine, and cane of beadlery. It is evident that absolute power is no longer coveted, and that a mixed constitutional beadle—like that in the Quadrant, who is associated with the "civil" power—must be very preferable to the pure despotism in beadles, like that which keeps Fulham under the beadlian thumb during the present century.

As the parish is to have a new beadle, now is the time to strike for Ty—rol—or, rather, for Tol de rol, and Liber-tea. Let us all determine to vote for no beadle but the one who will give us a constitution to secure our own, or at least, our children's liberties. The right of assembly at a Punch and Judy show must be conceded. We must have a guarantee that the sliding-scale shall be abolished as far as the pavements are concerned, and that the principles of protection shall still be adhered to.

We have every hope that the next beadle of Fulham will evince the reforming and liberal spirit shown by the new Pope, whom, we believe, our candidate has closely studied. There is an important omission observable in his canvassing letter, for he omits to state the number of his children. We believe the children's qualification is indispensable. Had he been able to throw NINE CHILDREN into LARGE TYPE, or even to put a baby in arms into SMALL CAPS, there would have been an approach to our sympathies which can only be reached through such a medium.

A Health to the Pope.

HERE's a health unto PIUS, the ninth of the name,
Here 's a health unto Italy's hope;
Though we 're sure to set Exeter Hall in a flame
By proposing the health of the POPE.
But, wherever we find him, we honour a man
Of improvement who forwards the work;—
Let him do all the good that he possibly can,
And we 're ready to drink the Grand Turk.

For right feeling, with masculine wisdom combined,
An intense admiration we own,
Whomsoe'er they distinguish, indeed, never mind,
If they grace the Pontifical throne.
He who puts down abuses and pushes reforms
In the danger of poison and knife,
Like a rare gallant fellow, our sympathy warms,
And we wish him success and long life!

One, and only one Briton has e'er had the luck
To be raised to the Fishermen's see;
But POPE PIUS displays such decision and pluck,
One might think that a Briton was he.
Here 's his Holiness' very good health, then, once more,
The tiara long rest on his pate!
And may PIUS THE NINTH, ere his Popedom is o'er,
Earn the title of PIUS THE GREAT.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE'S MISTAKE.

AMONG the foreign intelligence in the *Morning Post*, we read that—

"Through the intervention of M. BRESSON, the KING OF THE FRENCH has, it appears, formally demanded an *apanage* for the DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER."

Though LOUIS-PHILIPPE has been styled the NAPOLEON of peace, we have always considered him too old a soldier to be taken in by anybody. That he should not have known better than to let his son go and marry, without taking care that the lady's dowry should first be legally tied down, quite astonishes us. As His Majesty is his own minister, so, we imagine, he is his own lawyer, and has accordingly the sort of client that such lawyers are proverbially said to have. Is it possible that, with the value of Spanish bonds before his eyes, he can have trusted the Government of Spain? He may now whistle for his daughter-in-law's *apanage*; and we think that M. JULLIEN should compose an Orleans Quadrille, in which His Majesty might be supposed to execute such a *solo* on the *piccolo*.

It may, perhaps, be surmised that this demand of an *apanage* will be made the pretext for annexation of Spain; but we doubt, after all, if the KING OF THE FRENCH has an eye to the Spanish crown. We suspect he thinks a great deal more of five-shilling-pieces than of crowns. It strikes us that all his ambition, in the MONTPENSIER marriage case, was simply, that his son should marry a lady with money. His disappointment will only increase the derision which he has incurred by the transaction in question. We doubt not that, in a short time, he will be saluted by the Parisian mob with the cry of "How are you off for your *apanage*!" which, the moment this number of *Punch* is smuggled across the Channel, is sure to be translated into French.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

THE SNOBS OF ENGLAND.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

CHAPTER LAST.

HOW it is that we have come to No. 52 of this present series of papers, my dear friends and brother Snobs, I hardly know—but for a whole mortal year have we been together, prattling, and abusing the human race; and were we to live for a hundred years more, I believe there is plenty of subject for conversation in the enormous theme of Snobs.

The national mind is awakened to the subject. Letters pour in every day, conveying marks of sympathy; directing the attention of the Snob of England to races of Snobs yet undescribed. "Where are your Theatrical Snobs; your Commercial Snobs; your Medical and Chirurgical Snobs; your Official Snobs; your Legal Snobs; your Artistical Snobs; your Musical Snobs; your Sporting Snobs?" write my esteemed correspondents: "Surely you are not going to miss the Cambridge Chancellor election, and omit showing up your Don Snobs who are coming, cap in hand, to a young Prince of six-and-twenty, and to implore him to be the chief of their renowned University?" writes a friend who seals with the signet of the Cam and Isis Club; "Pray, pray," cries another, "now the Operas are opening, give us a lecture about Omnibus Snobs." Indeed, I should like to write a chapter about the Snobbish Dons very much, and another about the Snobbish Dandies. Of my dear Theatrical Snobs I think with a pang; and I can hardly break away from some Snobbish artists, with whom I have long, long intended to have a palaver.

But what's the use of delaying? When these were done there would be fresh Snobs to pourtray. The labour is endless. No single man could complete it. Here are but fifty-two bricks—and a pyramid to build. It is best to stop. As JONES always quits the room as soon as he has said his good thing,—as CINCINNATUS and GENERAL WASHINGTON both retired into private life in the height of their popularity,—as PRINCE ALBERT, when he laid the first stone of the Exchange, left the bricklayers to complete that edifice, and went home to his royal dinner,—as the poet BUNN comes forward at the end of the season, and with feelings too tumultuous to describe, blesses his *kyind* friends over the footlights: so, friends, in the flush of conquest and the splendour of victory, amid the shouts and the plaudits of a people—triumphant yet modest—the Snob of England bids ye farewell.

But only for a season. Not for ever. No, no. There is one celebrated author whom I admire very much—who has been taking leave of the public any time these ten years in his prefaces, and always comes back again when everybody is glad to see him. How can he have the heart to be saying good-bye, so often? I believe that BUNN *is* affected when he blesses the people. Parting is always painful. Even the familiar bore is dear to you. I should be sorry to shake hands even with JAWKINS for the last time. I think a well-constituted convict, on coming home from transportation, ought to be rather sad when he takes leave of Van Dieman's Land. When the curtain goes down on the last night of a pantomime, poor old clown must be very dismal, depend on it. Ha! with what joy he rushes forward on the evening of the 26th of December next, and says—"How are you?—Here we are!" But I am growing too sentimental:—to return to the theme.

THE NATIONAL MIND AS AWAKENED TO THE SUBJECT OF SNOBS.

The word Snob has taken a place in our honest English Vocabulary. We can't define it, perhaps. We can't say what it is, any more than we can define Wit, or Humour, or Humbug, but we *know* what it is. Some weeks since, happening to have the felicity to sit next to a young lady at a hospitable table, where poor old JAWKINS was holding forth in a very absurd pompous manner, I wrote upon the spotless damask "S —— B," and called my neighbour's attention to the little remark.

That young lady smiled. She knew it at once. Her mind straightway filled up the two letters concealed by apostrophic reserve, and I read in her assenting eyes that she knew JAWKINS was a Snob. You seldom get them to make use of the word as yet, it is true; but it is inconceivable how pretty an expression their little smiling mouths assume when they speak it out. If any young lady doubts, just let her go up to her own room, look at herself steadily in the glass, and say "Snob." If she tries this simple experiment, my life for it, she will smile, and own that the word becomes her mouth amazingly. A pretty little round word, all composed of soft letters, with a hiss at the beginning, just to make it piquant, as it were.

JAWKINS, meanwhile, went on blundering and bragging and boring, quite unconsciously. And so he will, no doubt, go on roaring and braying to the end of time, or at least so long as people will hear him. You cannot alter the nature of men and Snobs by any force of satire; as, by laying ever so many stripes on a donkey's back you can't turn him into a zebra.

But we can warn the neighbourhood that the person whom they and JAWKINS admire is an impostor. We can apply the Snob test to him, and try whether he is conceited and a quack, whether pompous and lacking humility—whether uncharitable and proud of his narrow soul. How does he treat a great man—how regard a small one? How does he comport himself in the presence of His Grace the Duke; and how in that of SMITH, the tradesman?

And it seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—"proper pride," she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady; and she, I mean MRS. SNOB,—ELIZA—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin the Captain's wife did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somer's Town. And though I believe in her heart MRS. WHISKERINGTON is fonder of us than of her cousins, the SMIGSMAGS, you should hear how she goes on prattling about LADY SMIGSMAG,—and "I said to SIR JOHN, my dear JOHN;" and about the SMIGSMAGS' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

LADY SMIGSMAG, when she meets ELIZA,—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connexion of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But, oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when LORD and LADY LONGEARS come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organise rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organise EQUALITY in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the STUARTS back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the pillory.

If ever our cousins the SMIGSMAGS asked me to meet LORD LONGEARS, I would like to take an opportunity after dinner and say, in the most good-natured way in the world:—Sir, Fortune makes you a present of a number of thousand pounds every year. The ineffable wisdom of our ancestors has placed you as a chief and hereditary legislator over me. Our admirable Constitution (the pride of Britons and envy of surrounding nations) obliges me to receive you as my senator, superior, and guardian. Your eldest son, FITZ-HEEHAW, is sure of a place in Parliament; your younger sons, the DE BRAYS, will kindly condescend to be post captains and lieutenant-colonels, and to represent us in foreign courts, or to take a good living when it falls convenient. These prizes our admirable Constitution (the pride and envy of, &c.) pronounces to be your due: without count of your dulness, your vices, your selfishness; or your entire incapacity and folly. Dull as you may be (and we have as good a right to assume that my lord is an ass, as the other proposition, that he is an enlightened patriot);—dull, I say, as you may be, no one will accuse you of such monstrous folly, as to suppose that you are indifferent to the good luck which you possess, or have any inclination to part with it. No—and patriots as we are, under happier

circumstances, SMITH and I, I have no doubt, were we dukes ourselves, would stand by our order.

We would submit good-naturedly to sit in a high place. We would acquiesce in that admirable Constitution (pride and envy of, &c.) which made us chiefs and the world our inferiors; we would not cavil particularly at that notion of hereditary superiority which brought so many simple people cringing to our knees. May be we would rally round the Corn-Laws; we would make a stand against the Reform Bill; we would die rather than repeal the acts against Catholics and Dissenters; we would, by our noble system of class-legislation, bring Ireland to its present admirable condition.

But SMITH and I are not Earls as yet. We don't believe that it is for the interest of SMITH'S army that young DE BRAY should be a Colonel at five-and-twenty,—of SMITH'S diplomatic relations that LORD LONGEARS should go Ambassador to Constantinople,—of our politics, that LONGEARS should put his hereditary foot into them—any more than we believe it is for the interest of science that HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DR. PRINCE ALBERT should be Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. SMITH says, that, as a Chief of a University, he will have a SMITH'S prizeman.

When DR. PRINCE BLUCHER was complimented with a degree, the old dragoon burst out laughing, and said—"Me a Doctor? They ought to make GNEISENAU an apothecary;" but GNEISENAU, though a better General, was not a Prince; it was the Prince that the Snobs worshipped, and invested with their tom-foolish diploma.

This booing and cringing SMITH believes to be the act of Snobs; and he will do all in his might and main to be a Snob and to submit to Snobs no longer. To LONGEARS, he says, "I can't help seeing, LONGEARS, that I am as good as you. I can spell even better; I can think quite as rightly; I will not have you for my master, or black your shoes any more. Your footmen do it, but they are paid; and the fellow who comes to get a list of the company when you give a banquet or a dancing breakfast at Longueoreille House, gets money from the newspapers for performing that service. But for myself, thank you for nothing, LONGEARS, my boy, and I don't wish to pay you any more than I owe. I will take off my hat to WELLINGTON because he is WELLINGTON; but to you—who are you?"

I am sick of Court Circulars. I loathe *haut-ton* intelligence. I believe such words as Fashionable, Exclusive, Aristocratic, and the like, to be wicked unchristian epithets, that ought to be banished from honest vocabularies. A court system, that sends men of genius to the second-table, I hold to be a Snobbish system. A Society that sets up to be polite, and ignores Arts and Letters, I hold to be a Snobbish Society. You, who despise your neighbour, are a Snob; you, who forget your own friends, meanly to follow after those of a higher degree, are a Snob; you who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a Snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.

To laugh at such is *Mr. Punch's* business. May he laugh honestly, hit no foul blow, and tell the truth when at his very broadest grin—never forgetting that if Fun is good, Truth is still better, and Love best of all.

LEGISLATING IN THE DARK.

SOME short-sighted Member (MR. HUME, we think) complained of the very bad lighting of the House. We should say that, considering how very obscure most of the public measures were, there was a sad deficiency of light in the House of Commons which prevented Members seeing things as clearly as people out of doors. The light seems to come all from one side—a kind of party light—which may account for such one-sided views being always taken of the laws of the country by those who have been legislating in the dark. There appears to be the Tory light, the Whig light, and the Radical light, and that farthing rushlight, the Protectionist light. Now, the sooner these lights are merged into one, and a good central light introduced, by which Members shall be able to see the same on all sides of the House, the better it will be for those who have an antipathy to taxes. We do not know of a better one than the Light of Truth. It is cheap—requires no snuffing—trims itself—never goes out, and gives the light of we don't know how many million candles. Will any tallow-chandler inform the House where it is to be had?

A HANDSOME DOUCEUR

will be given to any lady or gentleman who will procure for the advertiser a *permanent* situation. Address, D. W., Arch, St. James's Park, corner of Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly.

THE NEW GAME OF "FRENCH AND ENGLISH."

LORD BROUGHAM, it is said, is fond of hearing himself talk. We confess that we like to hear him talk too—whenever he talks as follows. Mettraye, we should premise, is a school for the reformation of convict children:—

"It was to the honour of the sister kingdom, that the French Government had aided the Mettraye Institution by grants of money, it being partly supported by the labour of the convicts themselves. They had also founded twelve similar institutions in other parts of France, in consequence of the great success that had attended that at Mettraye. If he had a feeling of rivalry with respect to France—if he had any national feeling, it led him to envy the French government, far more for having established such institutions, than for all their colonies in Algeria—than all their Spanish Marriages—than all the glory of NAPOLEON and TURENNE, against which he would set the brighter glory of his noble friend who sat near him (the DUKE OF WELLINGTON). He hoped and prayed that they might soon think only of the rivalry he had mentioned, and that the trifling quarrels and trumpery objections they had lately heard of, would give way to subjects of greater interest and importance."

Thus, according to the *Times'* report, spoke LORD BROUGHAM, the other evening, in the House of Lords. Bravo, HENRY! Since there must, of course, always exist some feeling of rivalry between France and England, we hope that it will assume the form which his Lordship desiderates. We shall then endeavour to cut out French penitentiaries instead of French fleets, and it will be our national boast, that one of our own schoolmasters is equal to three of our neighbours'. We shall mutually vie in teaching the young idea to shoot—without a musket. Our war-cry will be—"Up, scholars, and at them!" We shall alter, not abolish, a favourite pastime of the Old School. The game of "French and English" will be played—with a difference—in the New.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "WELL, I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO: I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR SOME OLD GAL WITH PLENTY OF MONEY."

Holiday for the English Language.

THE Italian Opera House is open; the ballets have begun, and critics are now permitted to have any sport with the English language, talking at their own sweet will of the poetry of motion—the valse in the abstract—with the æsthetic tendency of the Polka, and the esoteric and exoteric influence of *entrechats!*

SMOKE *VERSUS* STEAM.

A BOOK has recently been published under the title of "The Steam-Engine Superseded." The engine by which this wonder is alleged to have been accomplished, is termed the "Fumific Impeller." We have not inspected this invention, but we believe we are justified in pronouncing it to be all smoke.

MISS GRIFFIN'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THIS finishing establishment for young ladies, not being conducted on common principles, has not its vacations at the vulgar time of Christmas or Midsummer. Hence, the examination of the pupils before breaking up took place last week; and MISS GRIFFIN, knowing the great interest that *Punch* takes in the proper education of the female mind, very handsomely sent him a card and a patent safety cab, requesting the honour of his attendance. Now, MISS GRIFFIN'S establishment is really finishing, its whole object being to turn out the fair pupils fully impressed with the solemn responsibilities of marriage; a knowledge of housewifery and cookery being rightly considered among the most serious.

Thus, MISS GRIFFIN gives practical lectures. Whenever she goes to market she takes a select class with her, who, by such means, obtain a perfect knowledge of the tenderness of beef in all its joints, and learn how "to choose fish," and detect the age of poultry. Something like a "finished" education this!

We were present at the examination last week, and were delighted with the fluency and correctness with which nearly all the young ladies answered leading questions on English Housewifery and Cookery. (M. SOYER, by the way, is engaged as the master of French dishes.) The young ladies were assembled in a row, and their examination gradually rose from rump-steaks to turtle. It was quite delightful to listen to the silvery voices of the lovely girls, as they prattled of "ketchup" and "shreds of shalots," and then deepened into "onions." One young lady carried off as a prize—for fitting prizes were bestowed—a very handsome silver butter-boat, given as a reward for the admirable manner in which she described the cooking of a calf's-head, throwing in various original suggestions that proved, from her intimate knowledge of the subject, she would be a treasure to any man.

Another pupil received half-a-dozen silver skewers for the adroit and elegant way with which she carved a fowl, making no more of it than if it had been a roasted Cupid.

Another bright-eyed little thing, not above sixteen, "took down" a whole row, getting at once to the head of the "Pastry" class upon her intimate knowledge of tipsy-cake. The whole class was at fault as to the relative proportions of brandy with other ingredients, when she cried out, "Six spoonsfull of the best white," when, as we have said, she took them all down, and won for a prize a Punch-ladle, with VICTORIA'S face smiling in gold in the middle of it.

The "Chicken Currie" class was particularly interesting, from the solemnity with which the examination was carried on. MISS GRIFFIN evidently felt that the eye of *Punch* was upon her; and therefore commenced her interrogatories with beseeming gravity. And the class—six bouncing girls—felt the presence of their august visitor, and were in a state of very proper trepidation.

"How to make a chicken currie?" asked MISS GRIFFIN, in a solemn voice.

"Cut up the chickens raw," said the head girl, "slice shalots—"

"Onions," cried the second.

"Take her down, MISS BRIGGS," said MISS GRIFFIN, and the first girl was taken down accordingly.

"Slice onions, and fry both in butter of a fine auburn brown," said the third. "Lay the joints in a stewpan with veal or mutton gravy, and a clove or two—"

"Clove of what?" cried MISS GRIFFIN,—and number four was at fault.

"Clove of garlic," shrieked number five; and of course she took number four down.

And in this way the different classes went through the whole Cookery Book; winding up with the "Bishop" and "Grog" class. And we must say it—the progress of the young ladies as to the mixture of "bishop," "cardinal," and so forth, was delicious to listen to. The "Grog" class was no less excellent: we must give a sample. It was the "Chicken Currie" class, again examined.

"Young ladies," said MISS GRIFFIN, "it ought to form the reasonable hope of every young woman entering upon life, that some excellent, endearing man may think her worthy of being exalted to the honour of the marriage state. In looking at the various vicissitudes of this changeful world, every young lady cannot do better than keep her eye wide open to the probability of the wedding-ring. Now, it is not enough to catch the affection of a husband—no; the grand secret is, to hold what you catch. Husbands are like those little delicate love-birds on sale at the Pantheon; easy, as I am told, to cage, but difficult to keep. Now, it is the weakness of most men to be at times addicted to spirituous admixtures; and it would ill become me, as a teacher of female youth—as the Principal of the Finishing Housewifery Establishment, and, as I may say, a Living Guide to the Marriage Service—to suffer any young woman to leave my tuition without having passed her examination as to what I may call the proper conjugal mixture of brandy-and-water, and of other grog or grogs." Hereupon MISS GRIFFIN drew herself up, and asked, "How to make a Husband a first glass of brandy-and-water?"

"Half-and-half," said MISS BRIGGS; and MISS GRIFFIN bowed assent.

"How a second?"

"Two waters, one brandy," answered number two; and all the responses, varying with the supposed number of glasses, showed equal wisdom and foresight on the part of the scholars.

We have not room to dilate upon the "Pickling" class, but we must say, until then we never saw the latent beauties of cabbage and gherkins. In brief, we left MISS GRIFFIN'S establishment with a still higher appreciation of the noble qualities of the female mind, when, as we had witnessed, so beautifully, so wisely directed.

We shall be happy—in confidence—to send MISS GRIFFIN'S card to every mother interested in the connubial prospects of—it may be—an only child.

FRESCOES FOR PARLIAMENT.

LIKE a number of little children, who, when they are promised anything new, want to have immediate enjoyment of the novelty, the Members of the House of Lords are anxious to get into the new building before the walls are dry, and before the frescoes are even finished. It will be necessary, therefore, for the artists to work in the daytime; and after the Peers have held their sittings at night, it is not improbable they will carry away on their backs the occasional impress of some historical portrait. We have no doubt that a good deal of stencilling will be accomplished on the coats of their Lordships in

this curious manner. We do not know whether they will be guilty of an infringement of copyright, by walking away with a fine proof impression, of their having had a design upon the picture, or the picture having had a design upon them, which would be nearly identical. We seriously warn their Lordships against the danger of damp houses, and we earnestly recommend that one of the proxiest of the Peers should be requested to go and speak for an hour a day within the walls, in order to aid in drying the building.

THE RISING GENERATION.

"A HIGH-SPIRITED FELLOW."

Father. "In short, you are ruining yourself and everybody belonging to you by your extravagance and dissipation."

Juvenile. "Why, ya—as, there's a great deal of—aw—truth in what you say; but the fact is, my dear Sir, that I am, really—aw—such a creature of impulse—that—aw—that—aw—" (*Explanation dies away*).

THE CAMBRIDGE BEGGING-LETTER WRITERS.

The Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge being vacant by the death of the Duke of Northumberland, the Heads of Houses, with that gushing loyalty which distinguishes such dignitaries, have drawn up a humble petition to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, to allow himself to be put in nomination for the office.

A very incorrect copy of this begging letter having been circulated, we have been requested by several of our friends, the Heads, to publish a correct version.

To His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe Gotha, Field Marshal, LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., F.X., Y.Z., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The humble prayer of the University of Cambridge, by its Heads duly assembled.

May it please Your Royal Highness,

The Chancellorship of this loyal and ancient University being vacant, we venture humbly, reverentially, respectfully, and admiringly, to pray that Your Royal Highness will be graciously pleased to condescend to allow the University of Bacon and Newton to do itself the honour to elect Your Royal Highness into the office of its Chancellor.

We, the Heads of this University, beg leave most humbly to express that intense devotion to the person of Your Royal Highness which our body has, from the earliest period of historical memory, felt for the Crown and all that stands in immediate connection with it.

While the military achievements of your Royal Highness have secured to your Royal Highness the distinguished rank of Field Marshal; while your knowledge of the laws of this country has placed your Royal Highness high on the Bench of Lincoln's Inn; while the universality of your Royal Highness' acquirements is testified by the number of learned societies which are proud to acknowledge a patron or president in your Royal Highness, we humbly venture to claim for our University the united advantages of your Highness' military skill in maintaining its discipline, your Royal Highness' legal erudition in ascertaining its privileges, and your Royal Highness' Encyclopedaic information in directing and enlarging the inquiries of its various professors and societies.

As standing nearest to the Crown, your Royal Highness will of course be the most impartial mediator between the Crown and the University, which, we assure your Royal Highness, will be found at all times submissive to the will of the Sovereign. Your Royal Highness, not possessing a seat in the Legislative Body, will be spared the fatigue of protecting University interests in Parliament; while, not having been educated at this University, your Royal Highness will be free from all bias or prepossession as to measures affecting its interests.

We almost venture to regret that the attainments and character of your Royal Highness are such as in themselves perhaps to justify this application. But we are proud to assure your Royal Highness that, had your Royal Highness been as ignorant as you are learned, as rude as you are cultivated in good arts, as violent as you are gentle, as overbearing as you are modest, we should still have shown our loyalty and respect for dignities, by laying this office at the feet of your Royal Highness.

[Here follow the signatures of the Heads, many of whom wept while subscribing their names in transports of dutiful and loyal affection. We believe it is intended, if his Royal Highness accept the office, to insist on all members of the Senate kneeling during the installation, the Heads of Houses remaining entirely prostrate.]

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

While Sir Jabesh Windbag, from red-covered Bench of St. Stephen's, questions, in the Face of the Honourable Dryasdust, in Discourse remarkable for the infinitesimal Precipitate of Sense deposited by its turbid, hubble-bubble, frothy Word-fluid, whether Oliver Cromwell "should have a statue"—we, *Punch*, thinking that, on the Whole, it matters Little what such Windbag or World of such Windbags may think about this, or, indeed, any other Subject, have chosen that Oliver "shall have a Picture."

Here He is, looking, upon the Whole, more like the Flesh-and-Blood British Lion—whose distorted Orange, or Pitt True-Blue Effigies, and Phantasm, or Skin, stuffed with Chaff and Rubbish of Folly, is hideously paraded, with infinite Celtic Yell of unintelligible Irishmen, or Lowing of ruminant Farmers, or much Snorting of draffy apoplectic Squires—than any other Man that has gotten to himself a Place among the Worthies of our England, or, indeed, any other of the Earth's Countries.

It seems clear to Us that albeit Sir Jabesh Windbag glibly holdeth

ANOTHER VERSION OF JOHNNY GILPIN.

Away went Bentinck, neck or nought,
'Gainst every timid Whig;
They little dreamt when he set out,
He would run such a rig.

Some Irish Members cheer'd him on,
Protectionists and all
Cried out, "Go at it, George; well done!"
As loud as they could bawl.

Away went Bentinck, who but he
Could run such pace around?
He carries weight, he rides a race
For sixteen million pound.

such question of Statue or no Statue with DRYASDUST, and others of that Kidney (which, however, we prefer not to give name to, just at Present) he would not have held it so comfortably on the Whole, before that very pendulous, portentous nose of OLIVER'S, ready to wrinkle in sudden Scorn and Bauble-Defiance, and those Five Fingers clasped round that brown iron Broad-Sword-Hilt. Somehow, this Figure appears to us meant for an altogether different kind of World from this of the WINDBAGS—not made for its calf-leather boots to tread on Sham Froth Floors, with Iron Heels crushing noisily, nor to live on St. Stephen's Soap-Bubbles, and such evanescent, windy Pabulum as WINDBAG and DRYASDUST are fain to furnish between them. On the Whole, OLIVER would scarce have been at Home in this choky, hot, Steam-Vapour of our 19th Century, with our Sanatory Regulations, and shrieking GOSSET-Privilege Questions, and Pie-Crust-BARRY Decorations, and Æolus Discord of REID-Ventilation, great Carrying-out of the WINDBAG principle, and suitable altogether to our Westminster "Great Talk," or *Parliament*, which is "*Speaking*" in the Anglo-Norman.

Altogether, Probably, OLIVER would have inarticulately somehow said to us, "On the Whole, I prefer the pitch-dark Nowhere, and infinite Space, to this dim, black-grey, London-Fog of a Sham World."—Still, here is his Picture.

"His Lordship doth Protest too much, methinks."

LORD RADNOR is ready to die, at any moment, for ST. ADAM SMITH and the blessed MACCULLOCH. He wants the Irish peasantry to follow his example. His protest against the Destitute Relief Bill is a very powerful admonition to empty bellies not to grumble. Starvation is met by science, and death made demonstrably necessary. It must be a great comfort to Skibbereen to learn that nothing whatever can be done for its hunger; that there are the most satisfactory reasons why Ireland should starve, and England refuse to help her.

We want a new Gospel of Political Economy for the use of nations *in extremis*. For "mercy," it should read "demand and supply;" and for "charity," "natural check." For "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you," the new Evangel must run, "Leave things to find their level." Where the Christian law says, "Feed the hungry and clothe the naked," the RADNOR dispensation substitutes "Rely on your own exertions." For "Blessed are those that give," the new beatitude is, "Blessed are those who take care of themselves and leave others to do the same."

LORD RADNOR is probably a humane man, and it is, perhaps, not without considerable self-scarification, that he has vitrefied his heart in the furnace of political economy. He may be standing in the midst of the dying and the dead, the daily victims of fever and famine, as the Red Indian among his torture-fires, suffering intensely, but glorying in the suppression of wince, groan, or tear,—singing, as a cheerful death-song, the triumph of Economical Principles, while his heart bleeds with sympathy, and exposing his softest parts of humanity to the stings and arrows of the press, with an imperturbability that results not from want of feeling, but rare power of self-command.

If so, LORD RADNOR is a pitiful spectacle of savage virtue. He mistakes the time and text of his sermon. This is not "the natural state of things" we are dealing with. It is too late for "people to rely on their own exertions." They have not the strength to make them. God help the poor Irish to whom LORD RADNOR talks of "energy" and "disclosing resources."

Does the doctor, when he brings comfort to a bedside, preach to his patient of the duties of temperance and caution while in health? Does he begin an elaborate proof, that what the sick man is suffering is the result of his own folly and heedlessness and excess; that if he get better he will very likely fall ill again, from dependance on his physician's power of cure! No; he relieves and cures. England is Ireland's physician. She must relieve, not talk. She must mortgage every acre, pawn every loom, anticipate every penny of her income, rather than the horror of such starvation should continue.

Keep political economy to its time and place, and we will listen to it. But ADAM SMITH is not the prophet that should stand between the dying and the dead. The prophet for that office bears a holier name, and raises a nobler gospel.

LORD RADNOR'S protest stands alone. He is the COCLES of our time; the one man bold enough to cut down the bridge, in the face of Ireland's starving thousands pouring in upon us. We do not envy him the nerve that such a task requires.

MONSIEUR CHABERT, the Fire King, cooked his own mutton chops in his own furnace, and came out looking calm and composed. So, in the awful hour of the Irish famine, LORD RADNOR pens his protest, calmly and collectedly; when common hands would be stricken into charity, and hearts, even of ordinary economical proof, melted into running waters of relief.

THE POLITICAL JOHN GILPIN.

GEORGE BENTINCK was a sporting man
Of credit and renown,
A stud in training eke had he,
For Epsom's famous down.

GEORGE BENTINCK to himself said he,
Though M.P. I have been
For many years, yet in debate
My name is seldom seen.

JOHN RUSSELL to the Commons goes,
As rumour doth declare,
A bill for Ireland to propose,
And I will meet him there.

There 's BORTHWICK, simple as a child,
Myself and DISRAEL(EE);
We 'll start the game, and other fools
Are sure to follow we.

I am a rider free and bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Railway King
Lends me a dodge or so.

The evening came, the dodge was plann'd,
An Irish railway grant,
And sixteen million little pounds
Was all, they said, they 'd want.

So BENTINCK, HUDSON, BORTHWICK, BEN,
The measure did bring in;
Four precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Away they rush'd, on went their tongues,
No rest their hearers had;
The speeches seem'd to be composed
Of eloquence run mad.

GEORGE BENTINCK his steam hobby rode
With all his might and main;
And up he kept himself awhile,
But soon came down again.

Away went BENTINCK, neck or nought,
'Gainst every timid Whig;
They little dreamt when he set out
He would run such a rig.

Some Irish members cheer'd him on;
Protectionists and all
Cried out, "Go at it, GEORGE; well done!"
As loud as they could bawl.

Away went BENTINCK, who but he
Could run such pace around?
He carries weight, he rides a race
For sixteen million pound.

And every one that saw him run
Believed it was for place;
Against JOHN RUSSELL they declared
GEORGE BENTINCK rode a race.

And so he did, and lost it too,
For every one in town
Where he had been on getting up,
Found him on sitting down.

Let 's sing I wean, long live the QUEEN,
And BENTINCK long live he;
When next he his steam hobby rides
May we be there to see.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

MR. PUNCH, to move for returns of the quantities of food now in course of being thrown away in fattening cattle, sheep, and pigs in the United Kingdom, whilst that part of it called Ireland is in a state of starvation.

HUDSON IMPEACHED!

LORD BENTINCK assured the House that his friend the Lord Mayor of York would give his gratuitous services, ("nothing can come of nothing," says LEAR,) to carry out the Irish railway scheme; to see, in fact, to the expenditure of the £16,000,000 to the perfect satisfaction of Englishmen, "and to be responsible for its success at the risk of *impeachment!*" A great load is taken off our mind by the division on the debate; for had MR. HUDSON accepted the perilous charge, our feelings would have been in a continual state of alarm lest he should have failed. For only imagine His Majesty impeached! See another martyr tried by the Commons! Follow him, reader—if you have at once the heart and the imagination—follow KING HUDSON to Whitehall Yard, where he shall have his head cut off by the golden axe of the lost £16,000,000! But we are saved from such a second Whitehall tragedy—saved, and, according to certain malignant people, LORD BENTINCK is very much disappointed; for it has been whispered that his Lordship, being now the acknowledged Prince of Rails, had hopes, on the sacrifice of the reigning monarch, of succeeding to the iron crown itself. This has been said; but we can only add, that our columns are open to LORD GEORGE for a brief reply—brief, mind; for he must not think himself in the House of Commons when admitted into *Punch*. Three parliamentary speeches in the columns of *Punch* would be to him a fatal dose of ether—he would never recover it.

The Pleasures of Hope.

MANY old Germans, who have reason to recollect the French invasion, live in the hope that the Prussian Constitution will be published yet, before their deaths. When they are told that it is already published, and persons show them the royal proclamations, they get very angry, and, puffing away at their meerschaums, exclaim, "That's no Constitution—but it's a sure sign we shall have one." "Coming events cast their shadows before."

PAPA FREDERICK-WILLIAM AND LITTLE PRUSSIA'S NEW PLAYTHING—A NURSERY ECLOGUE.

'T was a tiddy ittle sing,
—it shall have its Constitution,
If it 's a very dood, dood boy, and won't kick up a revolution;
But it mustn't be a greedy child, and sprawl for its new Diet—
Dere—tuck its tooty footies in, keep its ickle fingers quiet.

And wasn't it a kind Papa, to give it a pretty toy,
And to keep it so snug, all dis while, for his dear ittle boy?
Yes! once, in four years' time, if he's very good, he may
Have his toy to look at, and then Pa will put it safe away.

No, no; it must keep fingers off that—that 's Foreign Policy;
(Dear child! he takes for something alive that wooden doll, I see,)
There now, there, don't be meddling with the internal regulations—
Papa will manage them for you (These children have no patience!)

What, you *will* touch the soldiers? you naughty little boy!
If you do that again, Papa you 'll seriously annoy;
Say, "Please, Papa, move soldiers," and then, if Pa thinks fit, he
Will make them march and countermarch, so nice and clean and pretty.

Oh, these provoking children! I do declare he 's sucking
The colour off already, and the varnish from it plucking!
Such childish curiosity! I 'm sure I can't abide on't—
Oh, gracious me! he 's trying to peep in the inside on't.

Give me your toy, you naughty boy, and let me lock it up, or
I 'll whip and send you off to bed, at once, without your supper.
You ungrateful little rascal!—What's that? 'The toy 's no good"!
'It won't work"!! "And the gilding is only painted wood"!!!
Give it me back at once—(why I declare the child refuses!)
What 's that?—"You 'll work your toy yourself, whether or not' Pa chooses?"
Rear children to defy one! Here 's a lesson for a father!
Catch me giving *you* another toy; I wish you may, Sir, rather.

BARNUM OUTDONE!

DON MIGUEL IN LONDON.

THE *Times* speaks of a report of the arrival of MIGUEL in London, but does not in any way vouch for its accuracy. Neither do we: nevertheless, a circumstance has come to our knowledge which we print for the information of LORD PALMERSTON. Late last night, a Parcels Delivery cart was drawn up at the door of the *Morning Post*, and a parcel placed within it—a parcel marked "With care,—this side upwards." We may be wrong, but, from this description, we think the article was no other than the crown of Portugal, spoken of in our last, and sold to the Don. Our suspicions are strengthened by the fact that the cart drove to —— Street, Camden Town, and the parcel was delivered at a small butcher's, "for the foreign gent as lived in the two-pair back.

The (Lord) Mayor's Nest.

PUNCH, as many other people have done before him, has discovered a Mare's Nest; but, unlike his predecessors, is enabled to describe it. The Mare's Nest is a nest of hornets, in the shape of Common Councilmen, which the LORD MAYOR has contrived to raise about his ears, by kicking against them. His Lordship is said to have been severely stung; and if this is true, he must be a frightful object, for he was already much puffed up when he provoked their hostility. Some say that he upset this angry hive in consequence of being pushed on by the RECORDER, who must indeed be a mad wag to have played him so dangerous a trick.

RIVAL STORY-TELLERS.

THE fertility of ALEXANDRE DUMAS in romance has, till lately, been esteemed unrivalled among his countrymen. It is now clear that M. GUIZOT beats him hollow: he is a much better hand at telling stories than M. DUMAS.

HOW TO STOP A SUGGESTION.

A NOTICE has been issued to all the Post-office departments to this effect:—that if any officer have any suggestions for improvement to make to MR. ROWLAND HILL, he will first forward them through the Postmaster-General: in which case *Punch* hopes that MR. ROWLAND HILL may always get them!

RAILWAYS FOR IRELAND.

STATION ON AN IRISH RAILWAY.—PASSENGERS WAITING FOR TRAIN.

While Lord George Bentinck was insisting on the great importance of giving Railways to Ireland, without a probability of either goods or passengers to carry, we understand that the terrible example afforded by our own little Kensington Railway never once occurred to him. Never shall we forget the impression created by the opening of that line, where a table of phantom fares might be seen, arrayed for the purpose of attracting a purely visionary traffic. Spectral stokers were standing there with nothing to stoke; inspectors were there with nothing but the most dreary look-out open to their inspection. It was idle to attempt to get up a hectic and feverish desire on the part of the public to run from the Scrubbs of Wormwood to the back of the Crescent of Kensington. It was a railway without a result—a road leading from a place where nobody ever was, to a place where nobody was ever going. It is true that Great Western sagacity discovered that the line only wanted a place to start from, and a place to go to, in order to render it convenient to the public and profitable to the shareholders.

By adding a bit at both ends, the line which led nowhere and began nowhere, will be connected with an important link of communication between a flourishing suburb and the centre of the Metropolis. High beats the heart of Hammersmith, and happy is Hungerford, at the prospect of their speedy union! But Irish railways would be in a state of irredeemable destitution; for extend them as far as you could, it would be impossible to carry them to a point of profit. Though there was no chance of success while the Bush of the Shepherds remained the terminus of the Kensington line, whole flocks will rush to be conveyed upon it when pushed to the Broadway at Hammersmith.

It is different in Ireland, where every railway must be what our own railway used to be. The case will indeed be worse, for as the ground is out of cultivation, there is not a chance of those dividends in the shape of lettuces which used occasionally to be declared to the shareholders of the Kensington. We shall never forget the ardour with which, as an original allottee, we exchanged our scrip for some registered sprouts, without the coupon or stalk, which was left to create a sort of rest for future produce; nor shall we ever cease to remember our own energetic efforts to get an extension of the line to Savoy, with a deviation towards Brussels—(sprouts).

M. DUMAS, THE LITERARY BRIAREUS.

The Porcupine Man who appeared on the stage of life some years ago, only shadowed the great coming event—Alexandre Dumas, certainly the greatest hero of quills yet vouchsafed to the world. The recent trial, in which the literary monster was proceeded against for breach of supply of foolscap, reveals the tremendous energies of the man. He haunts the world, a goose-quill demon! He lives on paper, and bathes in ink. He writes five *feuilletons* at a time; that is, a *feuilleton* with every right-hand finger. Horses of best blood pant to keep up with him; and the railway stokers heap up coals, and the engineer puts the train to double speed, and all to supply the Paris press with the written thoughts of M. Dumas! Now, for any man to do this, to be modest, would be treason to his genius. He knows that he covers the whole world with a sky of paper, and that all the human race walk only by his light. Therefore, what would be the grossest impudence in a man of genius, is merely grace in the Demon of Authors. "Who dare assign a limit to genius?" asks M. Dumas; and, says the report, there is a "movement" among the auditors at the interrogation. M. Dumas engages to supply eighty volumes; and he supplies them! Whereupon, he says, and hardly says enough:—

"The whole Académie together, forty in number, could not have produced eighty volumes in the time allowed me by my publishers. I had begun five different romances in five different journals. I have finished them all in the given time, and every word is written by my own hand. [*Oh!* Alexandre!] I have done what no man ever did before, and what none but myself can ever do again."

The Demon continues:—

"I have at this moment three horses *ready saddled in my stables*—three grooms *ready booted*, ready *spurred* to mount—*then* the railway going *every hour* to carry my *feuilletons* to Paris."

And whilst this was going forward—adds a correspondent of the *Atlas*—Dumas was revelling with his friends in a wood, hunting and feasting, the "most uproarious of them all." And the guests knew "nothing of the toil and trouble of the nights," when the Demon was at work.

Now, it has been scandalously reported, and of course as generally believed, that Alexandre Dumas is only the Director of a Company of novel-mongers; and that what appears under his name is, about nine-tenths of it, the work of inferior quills. But then, Alexandre

> "Sheds o'er the page his purity of soul,
> Corrects each error, and refines the whole."

This is, of course, the base calumny of base envy; for Dumas says he writes every word with *his own hand*; or rather, hands; for, like Briareus, he has a hundred of them, and can write with each. How, otherwise, could he meet the impatience of three horses ready saddled—three grooms ready booted—and the railway, starting every hour to Paris with copy? We are sorry to be compelled to say it; but we have it from our own correspondent, that Dumas has sold himself to the Printer's Devil, for the use of a hundred hands, with a pen in each, so many hours every night. Thus, after his "delightful dinners" at his Pavillon de Henri Quatre at St. Germain—and his "revelling in the woods, hunting and feasting"—and his "petits soupers" are concluded, he retires to his chamber, and,

taking off his coat, has, for certain hours of the night, the unlimited use of a whole hundred hands, with pens, like bread, *à discrétion*.

The Water-Gruel System.

The German papers say the King of Prussia has published his Constitution at a very seasonable period. The weakness of the Diet is beautifully adapted to a season of fasting, like Lent. Let us hope that His Majesty, as soon as he perceives that Prussia is still suffering under constitutional weakness, will make her Diet a little stronger. As it is, it really seems as if he had taken for his recipe the Poor-Law Diet of England. The strongest microscope would be puzzled to find anything substantial in the provisions of either.

THE MONIED MONARCH.

The Bank of France has applied to the Bank of England for a loan. Need its Directors have travelled so far for assistance? They seem quite to have overlooked the hoards of the Tuileries. Surely Louis-Philippe could have spoken to a friend, who, on the usual terms of course, could have cashed them a bill to any amount.

THE SERENADING MANIA.

We have had the age of brass, the age of bronze, the age of gold, the age of silver, the age of copper, and the age of lead; but the present is the age of bones and banjos. The metropolis is at the present moment literally darkened by groups of these black serenaders with that ear for music which Shakspeare alluded to when he talked of "the rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear." We are, however, getting tired of serenaders who are nothing if not Ethiopian. Why must the locality be so remote, when there are places much nearer home, which might furnish a name, if not a local habitation, to these bone and banjo minstrels? The Kensington Catawaulers would be a capital name for a party of these musicians. We would suggest that much might be done by exciting a sort of domestic interest, which could very easily be accomplished if a set of serenaders would localise their entertainment, or make it of a purely national character.

Let us take, for instance, the Haberdasher Serenaders. What music could rival the Swans (and Edgars) of some fashionable haberdashery establishment, the "young men" belonging to which might take advantage of the "early closing" to give a series of serenades after the fashion of the Ethiopians. We have heard that a *quartette* is already in the course of formation by four of S. & E.'s principal *artistes*. We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with the portraits of these fascinating fellows, as they will appear when arrangements are completed.

Mr. Pinkey on the scissors, is expected to create a sensation of the most extraordinary character. The facility with which he takes the most difficult sharp upon this piercing instrument is truly marvellous. The pieces said to be in rehearsal are remarkable for taste, polish, and purity. The celebrated invitation to the young ladies of Waterloo House, under the spirited title of "Waterloo Gals, come out to-night," is expected to be a tremendous favourite. "Get out of the way, old Dan Sewell," addressed to the respected head of the house of Sewell and Cross, on the prospect of his honourable retirement, is also calculated to become exceedingly popular.

We are greatly surprised that the sweeps, who seem formed by nature and art for Ethiopian Serenaders, have not come forward in that interesting and appropriate character. Suited and sooted by their ordinary occupation to look like real Ethiopians, they possess an advantage over other classes of serenaders; while their musical treatment of the shovel and scraper qualifies them for the artistical portion of their performance.

We expect very shortly to be able to announce a series of serenading dustmen, who will produce some very new effects on their bells, and

play the most wonderful Fantasia on the fantail, which is emblematical of their profession. Their vast experience in the handling of bones when "strewing repentant ashes" over the top of their carts, may also be calculated upon for the production of various effects of startling novelty.

There is now in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge a "most musical, most melancholy" vendor of muffins, who goes alternately by the names of the Muffin Mozart and the Crumpet Cimarosa. We have had vocal vendors of eatables for some years, but the instrumentalists are a new class of itinerant artists. The vicinity of Sloane Street has long been frequented by a fishmonger, known from his musical voice as the Mackerel Mario; and a veteran, called familiarly the Lollipop Lablache, is a well-known vendor of brandy-balls at Brighton. The bringing of some of these professors together into *quartette* parties as serenaders is a step in the right direction.

Since the abolition of the general postman's bell, we fear that the instrument will fall into neglect, unless the muffin-boys still preserve

that boldness of touch and delicacy of fingering for which their style has always been conspicuous. We had almost forgotten to mention the butchers, who are coming out in considerable force with the marrow-bone, which may be said to have given the idea of one of their principal instruments to the Ethiopians. A splendid version of "Lucy Neal," on the subject of "Luscious Veal," will, it is anticipated, be an universal favourite.

Important to Europe.—After mature deliberation, *Punch* is of opinion that the best site for the Wellington Statue will be—*out of sight*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, February 27, 1847

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL IS SEVERELY KISSED, AND HITS UPON AN EXPEDIENT TO RELIEVE HIMSELF.

ARE you ready, Gen'ral?" ses BARNUM. "Quite ready," ses I. "You may let the critters in." With this BARNUM waves his hand, Majesty-like, and the doors fly back. Well, never on airth did I see such a shoal of humans! If they didn't swim in—like herrins—over one another's shoulders, I'm a sea-horse. I could see them through a leetle hole in the curtain; for I hadn't walked out upon the table yet. And there they was! Such a mighty sight of grandmothers, and mothers and daughters; ten women to two men, and one in. Well, I will confess it: I couldn't help sayin agin to meself—"You hippopotamuses! haven't you got nothin o' your own at home to nurse—no babbies; or, if no babbies, not even a spaniel or a kitten, to make a screeching hubbaboo about, but you must come out o' your own houses, to break your stay-laces, and have your ribbons—that cost them honest critters, your husbands, so much—tore slick off your bonnets, scrouging to see the smallest piece on airth of human natur?" Yes; I will say it: I do have these thoughts that belittle me—all really great critters have, BARNUM tells me; and the bigger they are, he says—in spirit, in coors, I mean—the leetler will they sometimes insist upon bein. "It 's all in the brain," ses BARNUM; "and the brain," ses he, "is jist for all the world like a bit of ingy-rubber; the further you pull it out, with the greater the force, and all the backwarder it will go back." However, about these female critters. When the room was quite full—and, with the fine clothes, and the ribbons, and all that the women had about 'em, you would have thought it had been a gen'ral meetin of all the rainbows, past and to come, of all creation—when the room was as full, and as noisy as a whole forest of cockatoos, I steps out.

Well, you should have heerd the shrekin! You should have heerd the precious names they called me—'t was enough to break the heart of a peacock with delight, as BARNUM said to me afterwards. As for meself—you know I'm used to it, now—I was bashful, shame-faced like, they said sich things to me. If I didn't blush to that degree that my shirt was tinder, I'm a varmint. Well, I danced in coorse, and sung my songs, and all that; and the critters were all but faintin with pleasure. At last, when we got a leetle quiet, BARNUM pinted out to the people the dimond ring that Gracious Majesty had given me—and the dimond studs, and the goold pencil-case, and all the jew'llry. I sartinly did think that some on 'em would have dropped upon their knees, when they looked at 'em. And then they stared at me agin, as if somehow—knowin how I'd been treated at the palace—they thought I'd brought somethin royal, precious like about me, when I came away. But there was one thing happened that whips the universal airth. And this is it.

These critters think that whatever comes from a palace must have kinder magic in it: and so, one old lady comes up to BARNUM, with tears a runnin down her face like rain-drops down window-frames, and ses—"My dear Mister, could you do me the leetle favour to lend me the dimond ring that Gracious Majesty give to the Gen'ral."

"What on airth do you want it for?" ses BARNUM.

"Why, jist for this," ses the old lady. "The fact is—my leetle boy—poor critter! has got a humpback."

"Well?" ses BARNUM, as much as to say—"I havn't."

"And I'm mortal sure on it," ses the old lady, "that if a leetle pimple, or sty, is to be rubbed away by a plain goold ring—as it always is"—

"Well?" ses BARNUM agin—"Allowin it—what then?"

"Why, that my leetle boy's humpback could be rubbed quite straight by the ring with the QUEEN's dimond in it."

Dreadful, isn't it, to think on the superstition of these poor critters? But so it is, or I'm worse nor a snake. Well, now I'm a goin to tell you the beginnin o' my troubles.

After I 'd done my dance and my song, and the postures—the ERC'LES a stranglin the Nimmim Lion was, arter the 'POLLO, the special favorite—the critters, jist as if they was askin nothin, said they should like to kiss me. Well, not having any fear—being sure they wouldn't bite—I said, "Very well, you critters; come along." The young and the pretty ones, if I must tell the truth, did not go aginst the grain, by no means; but it is a leetle too bad to be left to have no choice. Well, they all, one arter the other, fell a kissin me; and the older they were, I do really believe the harder they kissed. I felt my face a goin away—a meltin like a peach; and I cried out, and screeched; and at last was obligated to jump slick into BARNUM's coat pocket; and hold, I may say, a kinder parley like, afore I 'd come out. "I tell you what," ses I, "I've no objection on airth to be kissed; but then I do like to choose my own lips. Now it 's mighty cur'ous, but I ne'er could bear to be kissed by leetle gals in all my life. No: I don't think kisses come to their full growth and flavour till thirty—so here I am proud and happy to be kissed by any female critter that is risin thirty-one." You should have seen 'em: they all hung behind in a minute; and nobody would from that minute beg a kiss, 'xcept it was a pretty pussy critter that knew her lips, and eyes, and roses in her cheeks made it kinder joke to be thought even two-and-twenty. And after that fashion—for the first day—at least, I was only kissed by the young and tender.

And so the first day was over; and arter a time, I got home; well nigh, I may say it, kissed off my legs. My face was skinned again—(what the critters had to answer for!) and BARNUM went for SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, (he didn't live far from us,) and he recommended a poultice of cold cream and rose-water outside; with a mutton-chop and a julep—for he said the American constitution required a julep—a-goin to bed.

Well, next mornin, I rose like a giant clean shaved; and went agin private to the Hall. I must say it—it was beautiful to see BARNUM with his ear a half-cock kinder listenin to the shillins droppin at the door—as he would say, such a tarnation shower of silver! And never since this airth began, did any duck or goose—not that BARNUM's either, not he; quite as far from one as t'other—ever enjoy a shower as BARNUM did them silver-drops.

Well, on the third day, I 'd hardly got to the Hall, when BARNUM's man comes runnin as if there was a ghost at the pay-place that wanted to come in for nothin—but it wasn't: quite the contrary.

"What 's the matter?" ses BARNUM.

"The DOOK OF WELLINGTON 's at the door," cries the man.

"Is he? Then I 'll go and talk to him—kinder gammonin him—while you, like greased lightnin, dress the Gen'ral as NAPOLEON. We can do no less; and the DOOK will take it handsome."

FOOD FOR MEN AND BIRDS.

THE proposal has been made to cut off the oats which are usually given to horses, and make bread for men; but there is another consuming class which is allowed with impunity to take the food out of the poor man's mouth. We allude to the hares and rabbits. Every rabbit consumes a bushel of wheat—so says the calculation before us; robbing the farmer of his money and not benefiting the landlord. We think, therefore, when there is not a mouthful of too much food to spare, it would be as well to get rid of these epicurean rabbits and hares, and so increase the stock of provisions. It would be a delightful item to read amongst the subscriptions to the Irish and Scotch Destitute Fund:—

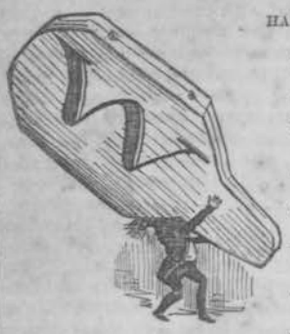
"The Abolition of the Game Laws . . . . . 2,000,000 bushels of wheat."

It would be only a small addition (the bushel of wheat being six shillings) of £600,000! By the bye, what has become of the Game Law Committee? The members require starting a bit, for they do nothing apparently but sit upon their forms.

Who will lend us Eight Millions?

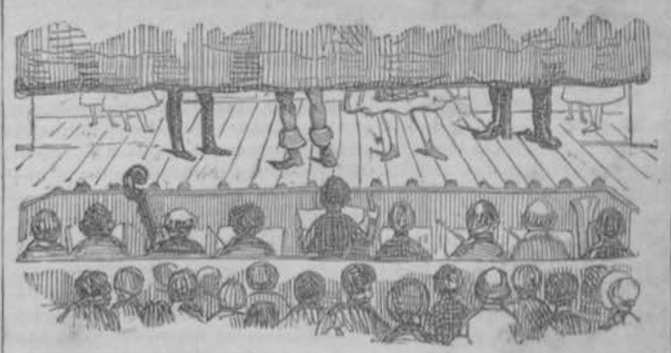
A MEETING of City capitalists, the *Times* informs us, took place last week at the Treasury, to offer their opinions as to the best mode of raising the proposed loan to Ireland. It may be difficult to find any one able to advance a sum of a figure so high as that required. But we think we know one individual who, on good security, and perhaps at fifty per cent., would supply the needful. Let the Government try LOUIS PHILIPPE. He is the likeliest person we know to have eight millions about him.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA.



WHAT excitement, what bustle, what squeezing, what crushing!
To the Opera every one seems to be rushing.
No sooner the janitors open the doors,
Than into the house a vast multitude pours.
At the door of the pit is the usual squeeze:
Says one—"Take your heel off my toe, if you please!"
While another exclaims, from a corner remote,
"I'll thank you to hand me the tail of my coat."
Some backwards, some forwards, some sideways, are thrust;
But somehow or other go onwards they must,
Till they find themselves pack'd, by a very close fit,
In the front, or the centre, or back of the pit.
Brimful is the house, and, as every one knows,
Expectation stands quite on the tip of its toes
To see what the manager brings in the stead
Of those who away from his standard have fled.
And first, on a scale comprehensively grand,
Before us is spread the new Opera Band:
A forest of fiddles, a thicket of basses,
A small grove of flutes, and a bed of *grosses caisses;*
A little plantation of trumpets and brass,
With serpents—but now not one snake in the grass.
What a splendid effect! How delicious the twiddles
That come from the strings of those exquisite fiddles!
And then how majestic, how soft, and how mellow,
The sound of that beautiful first violoncello!
How deeply yet smoothly the notes seem to glide
From the thundering mouth of that huge ophycleide.
How soft the trombone! how wondrously pat
It leaps all at once from the sharp to the flat.
That charming triangle! its sound makes us feel
There sometimes is soul in a bit of cold steel;
And ah! that magnificent drum how it soars
To the highest of notes in the highest of scores.
That sweet clarionet, how it gracefully gambles!
From nat'ral to nat'ral it playfully rambles;
Now shrieking at A, and now moaning at F,
It touches, with ease, every note in the clef.
The curtain ascends—in procession before us
Pass a body of monks, who are singing a chorus.
The piece is the popular opera, *The Favourite*.
The plot has some strong situations to flavour it;
But into particulars let us not go
Of what half the public by this time must know.
They 've seen it with TEMPLETON, and with DUPREZ,
And with young MR. TRAVERS, of whom critics say
That he 's destined to win operatical glory,
As our freshest and primest of *primi tenori*;
With the heroine's part we completely at home are,
Through the aid of the Drury Lane favourite, MISS ROMER.
The plot it is needless again to repeat;
How *Fernando* a lady is taken to meet,
And how he abandons his home in the cloister,
To open the world with his sword—like an oyster;
How he wins all the battles, and gets all the fame

That *primi tenori* are licensed to claim;
How he asks *Leonora's* fair hand from the King;
How he gets it, and hears a most horrible thing;
How he 's married, and thrown himself madly away
On the Sovereign's favourite—*la bella del re*—
Oh, then what a terrible outburst ensues,
Fernando his monarch begins to abuse;
His badges of honour are marks of disgrace,
And smack they all go at the legs of the base.
Leonora, of course, to her *Ferdinand* clings,
At the hazard of tearing and rumbling her things;
Like a heroine plunged in the depths of despair,
She wildly gives loose to her grief and her hair;
'Tis always a mark of a sorrowful mind
When a heroine's back hair is all dangling behind.
Fernando re-enters the convent, and straight
A penitent female appears at the gate,
Of course it is wondrously easy to guess—
Leonora's the woman, in white and distress.
A deserted *soprano* their efforts ne'er cease,
The tenors can get not a moment of peace;
But such importunity can we regret
When it gives us a beautiful final *duet*,
Which, after a total exhaustion of force,
Will finish in death and forgiveness of course?
The tenor, GARDONI, must rank with the best;
How precious the treasures locked up in his chest!
Not e'en England's Bank if you came to inquire,
Contains in its chest any notes that are higher.
SUPERCHI and BOUCHE will soon be well known,
For they 've each of them voices and styles of their own,
That render them worthy of taking the places
Of baritones best, and profoundest of bases.
MISTER LUMLEY, the manager, surely has reason
To be proud of the Opening Night of his Season.
The house fairly echoed with shoutings for LUMLEY,
Who bowed to his patrons in attitude comely:
And then to wind up, just by way of a closer,
Came calls for our principal English composer—
For BALFE, who pursuing the usual decencies,
Achieved some half-dozen most graceful obeisances.
The Ballet came after, with wondrous success,
But to say any more we can't now stop the press;
So we coolly make use of the common evasion,
By promising more on some future occasion.



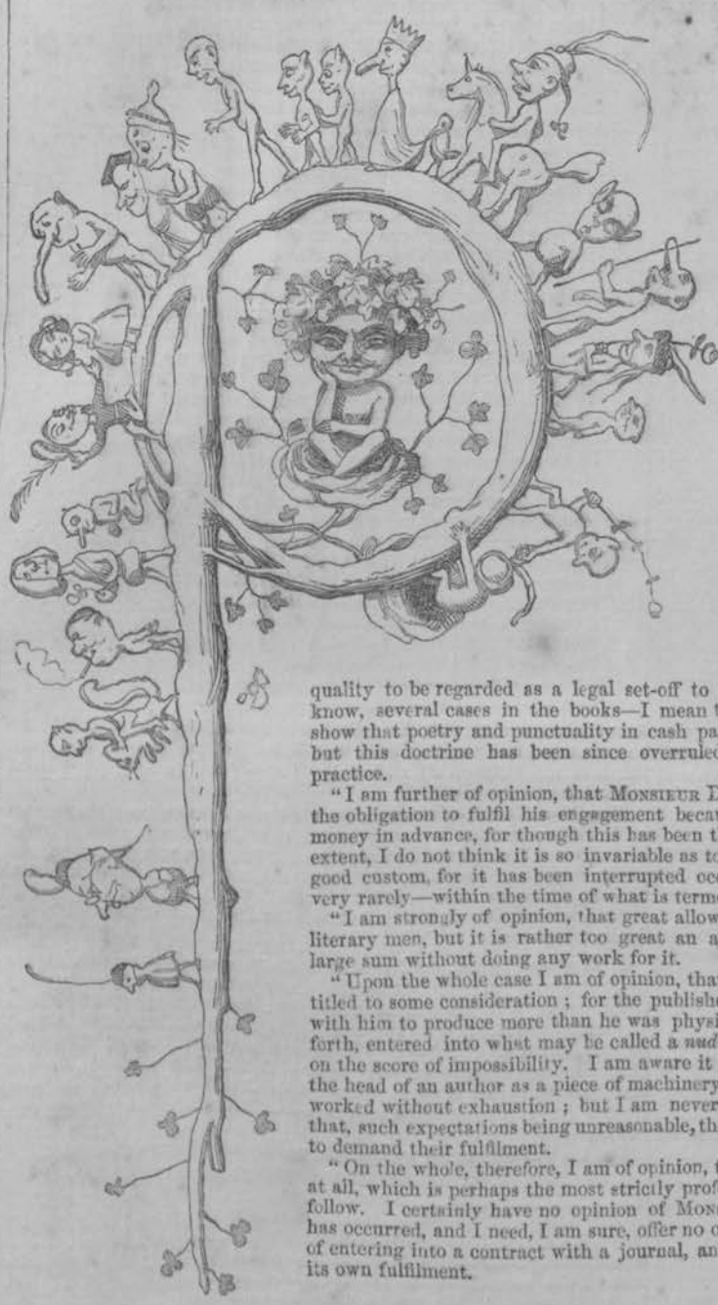
More Offices for the Prince.

WE understand that PRINCE ALBERT has been solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for the high and honourable office of Ranger of the park of Whetstone. His Royal Highness, from his knowledge of all subjects, is considered the fittest person to preside over this well-known park, and to defend its privileges against the rude hands of reformers. Whetstone Park was originally a manor or chase, and was so called from the determined manner in which chase was given to those dishonest debtors who gave the name of Whetstone to the place, in consequence of its making every blade when destitute of blunt a sharper of the most penetrating description. The rangership has no emolument beyond the privilege of killing a buck; but as few bucks resort to the park, this privilege is almost formal.

PRINCE ALBERT has likewise been offered the professorship of Hebrew in the University of Hounsditch. It is true his Royal Highness does not understand the language, but this will render him more tolerant to those who are learning it.

It is rumoured that the square-keepership of Golden Square is to be offered to the Prince on the first vacancy. There will be an opposition candidate, who, it is said, relies on the sympathy-exciting fact of his having three children; but as the Prince is in a position that will enable him to put forth a placard inscribed "Vote for Albert and five children," his Royal Highness's return may, we think, be safely predicted.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS—HIS (LITERARY) CREDITORS.



PUNCH determined, in consequence of the interest excited by the trial in France on this subject, to lay a case before his friend, MR. BRIEFLESS, whose opinion is distinguished for those delightful qualities which have placed him at the top—his chambers are on the third floor—of his profession.

The following is the important document, which will be read by the lawyer and the *litérateur* with equal interest :—

OPINION.

"I am of opinion, that MONSIEUR DUMAS is not exempt, on the score of genius, from the fulfilment of a legal contract; for he might, on the same plea, refuse to pay his washerwoman; & though genius is often exceedingly irregular in the settlement of pecuniary claims, I think it would be dangerous to allow such a quality to be regarded as a legal set-off to an action. There are, I know, several cases in the books—I mean the tradesmen's books—to show that poetry and punctuality in cash payments are incompatible; but this doctrine has been since overruled by a more wholesome practice.

"I am further of opinion, that MONSIEUR DUMAS is not exempt from the obligation to fulfil his engagement because he has received some money in advance, for though this has been the custom to a very great extent, I do not think it is so invariable as to make it what is called a good custom, for it has been interrupted occasionally—though I own very rarely—within the time of what is termed legal memory.

"I am strongly of opinion, that great allowances should be made for literary men, but it is rather too great an allowance to be allowed a large sum without doing any work for it.

"Upon the whole case I am of opinion, that MONSIEUR DUMAS is entitled to some consideration; for the publishers, in making a contract with him to produce more than he was physically capable of bringing forth, entered into what may be called a *nudum pactum*, which is void on the score of impossibility. I am aware it is the practice to regard the head of an author as a piece of machinery which may be constantly worked without exhaustion; but I am nevertheless clearly of opinion, that, such expectations being unreasonable, the publishers have no right to demand their fulfilment.

"On the whole, therefore, I am of opinion, that I can form no opinion at all, which is perhaps the most strictly professional course that I can follow. I certainly have no opinion of MONSIEUR DUMAS after what has occurred, and I need, I am sure, offer no opinion on the impropriety of entering into a contract with a journal, and leaving the contract to its own fulfilment.

"J. BRIEFLESS."

THE TEMPLE PORTERS.

IT is said that two of a trade never agree; but this odious maxim is completly controverted by the delightful harmony that exists between the porters of the Temple. The two white-aproned and pewter-badged functionaries who stand at the gate under HONEY and SKELTON'S, late HENRY VIII. and WOLSEY'S, are more like brothers than opposition messengers. It is beautiful to watch the harmony in which they pass their days. Nor does the approach of a customer occasion any disturbance of the friendly relations existing between them. There is no indecent struggle for a letter, no impetuous rush at a carpet bag, no violent plunge into the middle of a message, which is being entrusted to one in the presence of the other. It would seem that the pewter badge subdues the heart-burnings that might otherwise be in active operation beneath, and that the white apron is the emblem of peacefulness.

We have often watched these friendly functionaries with the most earnest interest, and marked the amiable intercourse which goes on between them, without the smallest touch of that envy and jealousy which acts like *aqua fortis* in corroding all the finer feelings of our nature. We are sure that an Ode to Friendship might be inspired by a contemplation of the porters of the Temple, who, so far from struggling to wrest from one another the employment they are supposed to seek, may be observed actually pretending, with the utmost delicacy, not to see the proffered parcel; so that the one to whom it is offered gives, as it were, the refusal of the job to the other.

There is something very touching in this trait of brotherhood. We have heard, alas! a selfish interpretation put upon this apparent disinterestedness. It is said they share all they get, and consequently they both shirk the work as much as possible. Oh no! we will not allow the charming illusion to be dispelled so easily. We cannot, we do not believe that there is an understanding between the porters to share the fees, and that the one who does least gets the easiest life with the same pay as his companion. For the credit of human nature, and for the honour of British porterhood, we reject so base an insinuation. Let the passing stranger mark the benevolent faces, or listen for a moment to the friendly converse of the two officials, and it will be impossible to doubt the genuineness of their disinterested regard for each other.

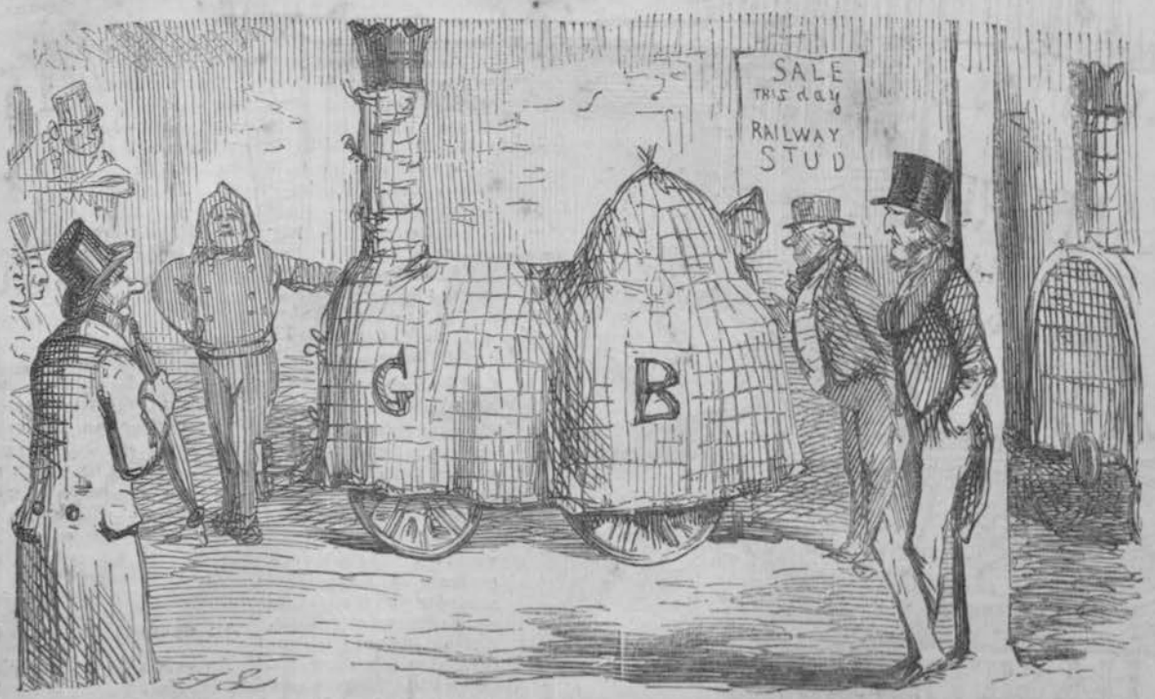
An Opening for Lord George.

AN evening paper contains an advertisement, intimating that "An old established house in London is in want of a thorough first-rate man of business as a Country Representative." As the "Country Representatives" in the House of Commons, or those who call themselves so, *par excellence*, are likely to be very much out of place for some time to come, we do not see that they can do better than offer themselves as Country Representatives to the old London house, which appears to be in want of their services.

WHERE WILL IT END?

MR. BENTLEY has published a book "with *two* portraits of the author." Hitherto authors have only done the thing by halves; but we suppose the two portraits are for the purpose of giving the front and back view of the author, as is done in giving the portrait of a large mansion;—or was one portrait done for the first edition, and the other for the second? Perhaps they are profile and full-face, or there may be a difference in curling the hair; or they may not both have whiskers, or one may be in *robe de chambre*, and the other in full-dress; or, who knows?—the second portrait may be taken of the author "on horse back," whilst the first only shows him cross-legged in his arm-chair. We shall not be easy till we have seen these two portraits, as there must be something very extraordinary upon the face of them to induce an author to pledge himself to the public, and present them also with the duplicate. It is a bit of extravagance which not all the fine writing in the world can redeem. We know what the consequences of this "duplex movement" will be: the next book MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH publishes will contain "Four Portraits of the Author."

SALE OF THE BENTINCK STEAM STUD.



Very great excitement has been produced at the "Corner" by the sale of Lord George Bentinck's steam stud, advertised to take place, "as the noble owner is about to retire from the rail." We were, of course, on the spot, and are thus enabled to furnish a report of this interesting sale.

1. *Burster*. A fast, narrow-gauge, long-boiler engine, got by *Stephenson* out of *Experiment*. It has been worked, during the last season, on a North Line. Warranted safe, with a steady stoker, but apt to run off the rails when extra steam is put on.

Burster, on being run up and down the yard a few times by Messrs. Tattersall's stoker, exhibited very perfect action, although some knowing hands detected a tendency to "roaring." Bought in.

2. *Vesuvius*, got by *Dividend* out of *Economy*. Aged. Has been worked a short time on the North Midland Line.

Vesuvius, on being trotted out, looked anything but showy. Wind evidently bad, and very great tendency to bolt. The stoker absolutely refused to run him down without a safety-valve. Put up very cheap, and bought for an "amalgamation line" for a trifle.

3. *King Death*, got by *Express* out of *Recklessness*. Well known as a "queer customer." Messrs. Tattersall did not attempt to disguise from their customers that *King Death* was the well-known engine which had already killed three stokers, four first-class passengers, and two-thirds of a parliamentary train full. Temper said to be vicious, and a screw loose in the boiler.

King Death on being run into the yard was at once pronounced "no go." Great difficulty was experienced in getting him to start. When he did, he at first went off at a slapping pace, then stopped short, and finally "backed" over the temporary embankment. The stoker sustained a severe concussion, but it is hoped he may recover.

This engine is well known for vice and want of bottom. He was finally bought in.

4. *Faugh-a-Ballagh*, *Dunbrown*, and *Bally-smash-it*, the Irish lot, got by *Protectionist* out of *Speculation*, colts, not yet backed, except by their noble owner and breeder, at a very reckless figure, probably as a "hedging" dodge. This lot hung very heavy on hand, and there seemed no disposition to purchase. We cannot say anything of their performances, but appearances were against them. It is a maxim on the turf that "an Irish horse is a dark horse," and we do not see any reasons for excepting these specimens of Lord George's Hibernian "cross."

The lot was ultimately withdrawn, no buyers being forthcoming.

THE LAST KICK OF BIGOTRY.

Mr. Watson, last week, in the House of Commons, brought forward a bill for repealing the remainder of the penal laws against the Roman Catholics. Sir Robert Inglis moved that it be read this day six months, and the amendment was appropriately seconded by Colonel Sibthorpe. It was, however, rejected; and Intolerance, we trust, has kicked her last.

Colonel Sibthorpe, no doubt, seriously believes that the Roman Catholics would, if they could, roast him alive in Smithfield. His horror of Romanism is equal to his dread of railways; he regards its professors as tigers and wolves, who, if they got him into their clutches, would tear him in pieces. Sincerely entertaining these suppositions, of course he votes for the maintenance of the penal laws against the Catholics. Of course, also, he would enforce them.

Now, Sir Robert Inglis can hardly participate in the gallant Colonel's apprehensions. He surely can be in no dread of Romish fire and faggot. Nor does he desire that Catholics shall be imprisoned or transported. He would not wish bigotry to use her rod; but it seems that in his tenderness for the old creature he would not have her deprived of the pleasure of holding it: he feels, we suppose, that there is something comfortable in its grasp—a satisfaction in the consciousness of the potentiality to use it: he cannot consent to yield that. Poor gentleman! We congratulate him on being seconded by the member for Lincoln. Colonel Sibthorpe cries "ditto" to Sir Robert Inglis. Our Colonel is quite right.

Another New Constitution.

The public will hear with universal satisfaction that the Beadle of the Lowther Arcade has promised a Constitution to those who are under his government. The staff is to be transferable in cases of misconduct, and the protective system is to be abolished, by allowing boys to go in and out free of duty; that is to say, whether they have any business or not upon the premises. The inhabitants are to be allowed the privilege of meeting each other half way with their goods, by spreading them from side to side of the Arcade; but the blockade is not to interfere with the rights of neutrals to effect a passage. These are some of the principal points in the Constitution, which has been long looked for with intense interest.

ELECTING A CHANCELLOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

(A LITTLE ALTERED FROM GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S "ELECTING A BEADLE.")

LOVE SONGS MADE EASY.

OULD our readers ever forget the writings of our friend the Stout Contributor, there would be a necessity to remind them of that singular and erratic young poet's propensity to fall in love.

Few men, in fact, have gone through life without several attacks of that delightful fever. Some people (and they are not worth a fig) never feel it. Some fellows only have it once, like the small-pox, and very bad. Others are continually suffering under little attacks—and our friend was of the number. He never was *very* much hurt; but he always made a more prodigious noise and groaning when he was taken ill, than a whole hospital of patients would do. Sometimes he was delirious—often violent. More than once he had the complicated form of the disease (that in which a man is heart-smitten by two or three women at once); once he was actually so ill that he couldn't eat any dinner, but it was in very early youth, and he owns that he made an uncommonly good supper at night. In fine, our Stout Friend was an—inflammable and sentimental man.

When he went abroad last—to join GENERAL TAYLOR in Mexico—the F. C. left us a bundle of MSS., on various scraps of paper, and in different stages of his hand-writing. They were tied up with an old piece of pink ribbon, and entitled "Passion Flowers;" they are signed FREDERICK CHUMLEIGH, FERDINAND CAVENDISH, FRANK CHESTERFIELD, FULKE CADOGAN, FITZROY CLARENCE (all names with the initials F. C., which in fact are his own, and which led us humourously to call him the Fat Contributor). His real name we are not at liberty to divulge until his death, which he states is very near.

As these love-verses are in all sorts of styles—and as the *Blind God* (if we may be permitted the expression) is a favourite among the younger readers of *Punch*, who may find every now and then remarks suited to their *peculiar circumstances*, in the lyrics of our most sentimental friend—we shall from time to time print a few of his verses.

Here are a set which may be considered a pretty fair specimen of the Genteel or May Fair Love Song.

WHAT MAKES MY HEART TO THRILL AND GLOW?

SONG BY FITZROY CLARENCE.

WINTER and summer, night and morn,
I languish at this table dark;
My office window has a corner looks into St. James's Park.
I hear the foot-guards' bugle horn,
Their tramp upon parade I mark;
I am a gentleman forlorn.
I am a Foreign-Office Clerk.

My toils, my pleasures, every one,
I find are stale, and dull, and slow;
And yesterday, when work was done,
I felt myself so sad and low,
I could have seized a sentry's gun
My wearied brains out out to blow.
What is it makes my blood to run?
What makes my heart to beat and glow?

My notes of hand are burnt perhaps?
Some one has paid my tailor's bill?
No: every morn the tailor raps;
My I O U's are extant still.
I still am prey of debt and dun;
My elder brother's stout and well.
What is it makes my blood to run,
What makes my heart to glow and swell?

I know my chief's distrust and hate;
He says I'm lazy, and I shirk.
Ah! had I genius like the late
RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE.
My chance of all promotion 's gone,
I know it is,—he hates me so.
What is it makes my blood to run,
And all my heart to swell and glow?

Why, why is all so bright and gay?
There is no change, there is no cause;
My office-time I found to-day
Disgusting as it ever was.
At three, I went and tried the clubs,
And yawned and sauntered to and fro;
And now my heart jumps up and throbs,
And all my soul is in a glow.

At half-past four I had the cab;
I drove as hard as I could go.
The London sky was dirty drab,
And dirty brown the London snow.
And as I rattled in a canter down by dear, old Bolton Row,
A something made my heart to pant,
And caused my cheek to flush and glow.

What could it be that made me find
Old JAWKINS pleasant at the club?
Why was it that I laughed and grinned
At whist, although I lost the rub?
What was it made me drink like mad
Thirteen small glasses of Curaço?
That made my inmost heart so glad,
And every fibre thrill and glow?

She's home again! she's home, she's home!
Away all cares and griefs and pain;
I knew she would—she's back from Rome;
She's home again! she's home again!
"The family 's gone abroad," they said,
September last—they told me so;
Since then my lonely heart is dead,
My blood, I think 's forgot to flow.

She 's home again! away all care!
O, fairest form the world can show!
O, beaming eyes! O, golden hair!
O, tender voice, that breathes so low!
O, gentlest, softest, purest heart!
O, joy, O, hope!—"My tiger, ho!"
FITZ-CLARENCE said; we saw him start—
He galloped down to Bolton Row.

Divested of the genteel, the circumstances of the above ballad are as follow:—Our F. C. was not a "Foreign-Office" Clerk, but a Foreign Office-Clerk, in the service of MESSRS. TODD and RADDLE, Turkey and Sponge Merchants, Tower Hill. Hence his military allusions, and his bitterness against his "Chief," MR. RADDLE, acting partner, who, in fact, dismissed him for idleness after three months. The "Clubs" he talks of were "The Kidney," held at the "Cock and Woolpack," Sweeting's Alley; and "The Feast of Shells," an Oyster Club at the Tobago Coffee House, Monument Yard. He *was* in debt a good deal at this time, and has been, we believe, ever since. The young lady in question did not live in *Bolton* Row but in *Bunhill* Row, commanding the City Artillery Ground. She was a MISS CROWDER, and he wrote these lines on her return from *Gravesend*, not Rome. Hearing of his irregularities, MISS C. refused him, and is at present the respected lady of a sugar-baker, not a hundred miles from Whitechapel. Thus it is that there is always a portion of truth in the poet's fictions, and that he invests with romance and splendour the circumstances of common life.

A DELICATE POINT.

DURING the election for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, some discussion arose as to the propriety of PRINCE ALBERT appearing in moustachios in the event of his being elected to the dignity for which he was a candidate. It was allowed to be impossible for him, as a Field Marshal, to dispense altogether with the upper lip appendages of the military character, and it was therefore suggested that he should compromise the matter by having one moustachio removed, in compliment to the University, and allowing the other to remain, in compliment to the British Army.

It is one of the inconveniences of accepting appointments and honours of an opposite character, that the recipient himself must exhibit in his own person appearances that may be justly called contradictory. Some of the admirers of the Prince declared that as Chancellor of the University he ought to shave off his moustachios entirely; others contended that he should keep them both on, and in the approbation expressed of the latter proposition the fable of "the *hair* and many friends" has had a new turn given to it. Our own view of the case is that the Prince should have his moustachios made after the fashion of railway shares—transferable, so that he might attend a review with them on as a Field Marshal, but take them off and put them in his pocket when called upon to officiate as Chancellor of Cambridge University.

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LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

"Well, Jim, ave you heard the Latest Intelligence?"

"No! vat is it?"

"Vy, Common Garden Theayter 's to be turned into a Hopera for the million! Ain't that prime?"

Mr. Jeames's Sentiments on the Cambridge Election.

TO MR. PUNCH.

"Dear Mr. P.,

"Some vulgar & raddicle igspreshns in the last number of your mislany injuice me to edress you—I mean those in which you indulch in *mean snears* at the conduck of the Donns of Cambritch Unavussaty.

"Being ony an individgl, and not a Unavussaty mann, it ill becomes me, I know, to put in *my* or in the dispute about the Cambridg Chanslor. *My* vote (did I pesess that fackIty) would be—where, I needn say. Art and sole with my Prins and Roil Concert of my Crownd.

"*My* sentimence is those of Doctor Whyouwewyouwhewell. I've stood behind his chair in fommer days, where I instantly reckonised his elygnt urbannaty, 'his retiring modesty, his unfained umillaty, and his genuin cuttisy,'—jest as 'Anti-Junius,' in the *Times*, igspresses 'em—and I've no doubt his pupils *was* 'his absobbing care.' I've heerd say, by gents who were at Cambridg College, that his love for the young fellers was ackshly affecting to see; that one of 'em was never ill, but he sor him take his medsan and put his feet in hot water; that he wrote to the Mars of every I of them every mawning; that he used to weap when they went ome for the oladays; that he ruined himself in making 'em presents, and giving 'em parties; in a wud, there was no end to his kindness and femilliar regard for 'em.

"If he doesn't allow young gentlemen to sit down in his presents now: you must remember *Mr. Punch*, that the purshoots of these Schudents is already sedntерry: and it 's unwholesome for 'em to be too long in a sittn postar.

"This however is not the pint which I wish at present to udj. What I like, is the bust of loilty which has placed my Prints at the head of the pole: and that manly exabition of indipendns which has caused Masters of Arts & Brittns to rally round him. Manly a Brittn *always* is—there 's no truckling about *us*—*we* never kiss a great man's shoostrings; and if the Unavussaty chooses a Young Jumman Prince of sixntwenty for its Chanslor depend on it it ad its reasns. Depend on it he 'll be an honor to his Halmymater. He was chose not on account of his exalted rank but on account of his 'admirable virtues'—it was *them* that made him Chanslor, and no mistake.

"Y—you've only to read his Roil Highness own roil nóte in reply to the Cambridge requisishn to convints you he 's not a common man—I think it beats everythink in pint of style, in neatness of erangemint, and felissaty of igspreshn.

"'The expression of the wish upon the part of so numerous and influential a portion of the Senate of the U. of C., including so many eminent names, that I should allow myself to be proposed for election into the vacant office of C. of the U. cannot be otherwise than highly gratifying to my feelings. Did it not appear from proceedings entered into by others in the University that there does not exist that unanimity which alone would leave me at liberty to consent to be put in nomination, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride in acceding to the desire expressed in this address, and so personally connecting myself with your ancient and renowned seat of learning.'

"There's a stile for you, dear Mr. P. 'The expression *of* the wish *upon* the part *of* a portion *of* the senate including so many eminent names,'—there's writing, see how the preposishns back up that sentns! 'The wish upon the *part* of a *portion* of the senate,'—isn't that neat?—and 'including so many eminent names,'—how plesntly that phrase comes in! It may be—

1. The senate includes eminent names,
2. The wish includes eminent names,
3. The expression includes eminent names,

or quite the revuss, or any way you chews—it 's elygant however you take it.

"And 'did it not appear that there does not exist that unanimity of feeling, I should have felt both the greatest pleasure and pride'—there 's a happy modesty about that igspreshn which amounts to perfect Poitry. Unless the Universaty 's unanimous—unless every man—every poor curick in Northumberland—every pius Bishop in Wesmister—is brought to see that the Prince must be Chanslor, that it 's impawsable to think of any other,—to ignolledge that His R.H. is the man, as you ignolledge a Star or a Comick in Heaven—he can't come forrards. There never was such an instants of amiable diffidents. But the Eds of Ouses woodn let H. H. off. Our reveared Bishops sor his tricks—they knew what was for the good of Hengland and the advancement of learning; they took his Roil Highness *nolus bolus*, (to use a Lating igspreshun,) and carried him blushing to the head of the pole.

"In that ellyvated poast I am proud to see him; and what's mor, I hope when little Mary Hann and Jeams are arrived at the proper age, I shall be able to take them to be confummed by that exlent prelick (and at present most Independent minister), Bishop Whyewyouwhooill.

"I look forrard, I say, to see him on the Bench—an ideer which I am sure has never entered into the head of that 'honored and beloved' man. I say he deserves it. and Y? because he's worked for it. And I present my respeckfle complymence to Anti-Junius and the sperrited proprietors of the *Times*.

"Your obeajnt suvnt,

"Jeames de la Pluche."

THE LAY OF LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Quadruple Alliance, I broke thee too soon,
Over-eagerly clutching at Spain,
As little I dreamt as the Man in the Moon
That e'er I should want thee again.
To think that Don Miguel is like to return,
To the downfal of Portugal's Queen!
With vexation and rage I am ready to burn,
Now I find, after all, I was green.

If Portugal's Majesty loses her throne,
And that fellow, Don Miguel, comes in,
That other pretender will next get his own—
As he calls it—that Montemolin.
Then whack! goes the crown which I wish'd to secure
For an heir of the race of Orleans;
And the which—if the truth must be told—to insure
I made use of such underhand means.

The cash, too—the dowry on which I relied—
I'm sure to be done out of that,
And have to maintain my Montpensier's bride—
Of a truth I was dreadfully flat!
Oh! Quadruple Alliance, I find, to my cost,
That I broke thee completely in vain,
The respect and esteem of Great Britain I've lost,
Whilst I nothing am likely to gain.

Go to England, my Leopold, there's a good man,
Make it up with Victoria for me;
Say any thing—every thing—do what you can,
For I can't move without her, I see.
That Quadruple Alliance—Oh! what shall I do?
To cement it again how I wish!
I would give a great deal, now, if I were Poo-Loo,
And the treaty I've broken, a dish.

ITALIAN BRIGANDS AND ITALIAN RAILWAYS.

Among the other poetical associations which are being destroyed by railways, must be ranked the annihilation of the trade of the brigand. The traveller can no longer hope for the excitement of having a carbine muzzle brought in contact with his own, or being carried off to the "mountain home" of a band of bandits, until he obtains his ransom by a cheque on Ransom's bank, or a draft *Coûte qui Coûte* on Coutts's.

We understand that remonstrances are pouring in upon the Pope from the depredating fraternity; and the following has, we hear, been addressed to his Holiness by some modern Mazzaroni to the air of—

"*Gentle Zitella.*"

Jolly old fellow,
I have heard say,
The caves where we dwell, Oh!
You'll soon clear away.
Long we have lived by
Attacking the road,
Our end is advancing,
The railway 's abroad.
Jolly old fellow, &c.

To the light carriage
The engine adds wings,
'Tis the rude whistle
Defiance that flings.
Horrid old fellow,
Pause, then, I pray,
Ere the railroads have clear'd all
The brigands away.
Jolly old fellow, &c.

THE IDEA OF IRISH RAILWAYS!

The House of Commons has shown an unusual amount of common sense in rejecting Lord George Bentinck's Irish Railway Bill. Our senators, however, would have displayed much more of that quality, by wasting considerably less discussion upon it. An obvious line of argument too, which common sense might have suggested against the measure, was wholly overlooked by the House. It was urged, to be sure, that commerce develops, instead of being developed by railways; but the absurdity of the confusion of cause and effect, which formed the basis of the whole scheme, was very insufficiently dwelt upon. Nobody remarked on the singularity of the circumstance that a proposal to put the cart before the horse should have emanated from a stable mind. It was never observed that to give railroads to Ireland would be doing her about as much good as sending her *assiettes* and wine-coolers. The House did not bethink itself that it might as well vote a side-pocket to a toad—a cradle to a Malthusian—as railways to a country like Ireland.

Above all, the question was not asked, Who would ever venture on an Irish railway? Where was Colonel Sibthorpe? Even in England, no prudent person will travel on any line intestate; and who, for a moment, would dream of trusting his life and limbs upon an Irish one? *Irish* railways! Why, who does not see that an Irish Great Western would run due East—a Midland Counties along the coast? A passenger booked for Dublin would infallibly find himself at Cork. Gradients would ascend the sides of mountains, turnings would be made at angles of ninety; one portion of a double line would run within the other; broken rails would be repaired with flag-stones, damaged machinery with bits of string; sleepers would be planted on a substratum of bog; the guard would sit fronting the road side, enjoying the view and his pipe; the whistle would never be sounded till after a collision, on the principle of not crying out before you are hurt; the coals would be put in the boiler, and the water underneath it; and when the train came to a standstill, the engineer would thrash the engine with his shillelagh. If the Irish could afford to travel by them, they would certainly reduce the population.

THE PROGRESS OF SONG.

England may now dispute with Italy the claim to the title of the Land of Song, or rather may be regarded as peculiarly the Land of Sing-song. The million are undoubtedly music-mad; and we hope that, thanks to Mr. Hullah, the only fanatics of Exeter Hall will soon be the *fanatici per la musica*. Society to have taken to singing on all subjects. The "Ship on Fire" is the theme of a popular ditty, and by way of a companion to it, we shall no doubt have the "Chimney on Fire" next. Every trade and profession will have its ballads, and public discourses will be delivered in recitative at least. Lectures will become lyrics, and the Mesmerist and Phrenologist will utter crotchets truly musical, like the gentleman whose song and portrait we subjoin:—

Ladies and Gentlemen, this cast displays a combination
Of Benevolence deficient, with excessive Veneration;
Destructiveness is very large, Acquisitiveness ample;
Of a criminal development this head is an example.
Bow, wow, wow!
(This man was executed)
Bow, wow, wow!

He committed the atrocity a little boy of killing,
For a silken pocket-handkerchief, a pencil-case, and shilling;
For cruelty he oft was fined—had once been tried for arson;
But in Newgate was remarkably attentive to the parson.
Bow, wow, wow!
(Highly corroborative!)
Bow, wow, wow!

Stoppage in the City.

The civil war that is at present raging in the City has stopped the Lord Mayor's dinners. Many persons who know the weakness of the Common Councilmen, declare that this stoppage, instead of being the effect of the feuds, is the cause—the real *casus belli*. We cannot believe that an alderman could be the slave of his appetite; but if it is true that the Board is rebellious from being deprived of its daily turtle, it will be easy for his lordship, instead of throwing out the bill, to say at the next discussion, "Gentlemen, this bill will be laid upon the dinner-table, and discussed this day three weeks;" and then, if all animosity is removed with the table-cloth, it may be said that "many persons are led by their noses, but aldermen are led by their stomachs.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "Aw, Hairdresser, when you 've finished my hair, just take off my beard, will you?"

A SUGGESTION TO M. SOYER;

OR, THE TICKET FOR SOUP.

M. Soyer deserves to be called the Gastronomic Regenerator of Ireland. His receipt for cheap soup is the best practical suggestion which has been yet made for the relief of that unlucky island. It has, however, been objected against M. Soyer's soup, that it contains an insufficient quantity of meat. We have a plan to propose, by which this defect may be remedied. Nay, we will show how animal matter may be plentifully introduced into the soup with positive gain instead of expense to the country. Let game be applied to this purpose. We shall be told that it will require all the game in the kingdom. Exactly so. Two great savings will thus be effected; one in crops to the agriculturist, the other in prosecutions and prison-expenses to counties. For if the Irish eat up the game, the game will not eat up the farmer; poaching will be impossible, and the Game Laws become a dead letter. We therefore, for once, recommend a series of *battues* for the benefit of the starving Irish. Let us not be told that this is an unseasonable proposal. Famishing people can eat stranger food than game out of season. March hare will make very sensible soup. Our scheme we know will spoil sport; but it is rather better to sacrifice that than human life. Instead, therefore, of making game of Soyer's soup, we say, let Soyer's soup be made of game. And the extirpation of game by the instrumentality of Soyer will add appropriate lustre to a name associated with Reform.

SPANISH MARRIAGES—SPANISH BLOOD.

Marriage would, at times, seem to be like the scarlet fever; let it only attack one, and it straight runs through a family. The Queen of Spain is the first victim; and then immediately afterwards (not at the *same time*, M. Guizot) her little sister. Well, their affections being placed, or said to be placed, upon respectable husbands—that is, gentlemen with royal blood in their veins (the very best and brightest scarlet dye)—there is but little difficulty in the matter, and all such let or hindrance Bresson, the great wedding-ring minister, speedily nullifies. The girls are married, and there is an end. Well, poor Don Henry, finding himself attacked by the hymeneal fever, is desirous of obtaining a remedy. Whereupon he is about to marry the young Countess de Castellan, when his cousin, the matronly Isabella—now some three or four months a wife, with perhaps a new sympathy for the young man on his impending misfortune—forbids the banns, orders the prince to be popped into a post-chaise, and to travel to "finish his naval education." The young Countess is packed to a convent, ultimately, it is not improbable, to take the veil instead of a husband. But there are great state reasons for this apparent tyranny. This breaking of young hearts is only necessary for the better cementing the Spanish Constitution. For it is not permitted to royal blood to wed with the *sangre azul*, the blue blood of even the grandees and best nobility.

There is much noise about blood in Spain. According to Mr. Ford, the blue blood animates the true nobility; the real fluid, the poor gentleman and younger brothers. "Those Peninsular ladies," says Mr. Ford, "who are *blues*, by blood, not socks, are equally fastidious, in the serious matter of its admixture even by Hymen; one of them, it is said, having chanced in a moment of weakness to mingle her azure with something brownish, alleged in excuse, that she had done so for her character's sake. 'What nonsense!' was the reply. 'Why ten living mishaps would have less discoloured your blood, than one legitimate baby born of such a misalliance!'" Hence, Spain being very precise in the article of blood—though, by the way, she is apt to be more than sufficiently liberal of it—will insist upon keeping the royal fluid particularly pure. This is a pity; for, considering what poor wishy-washy stuff it has become, very certain we are, that there is much blood in Spain that would very well bear the recommendation set forth at our own juniper palaces, and be "remarkably good for mixing."

The Conde de Montemolin—(King of Spain, according to the Grace of the *Morning Post*)—is, like the rest of the royal family, determined upon marriage; and, says *L'Union Monarchique*, has fixed his eye upon our little Princess Mary, daughter of the Duke of Cambridge. And then, coolly adds *L'Union*, "the only obstacle is the difference of creeds: but it is said that this will be removed by the Princess *becoming a Catholic!*" Rather too great a sacrifice this, to demand of the young lady; we think that *L'Union* might have suggested that each party should make one step towards mutual accommodation.

Thus, instead of the Princess becoming wholly a Catholic, both herself and the Count should turn Puseyites. The Princess would only have to take a step in advance, and the Prince one step back, and this would bring both on the same line.

"THE LEAST SAID, THE SOONEST MENDED."

Our friend the Duc de Nemours has been giving a fancy ball, at which everybody had to appear as a *pierrot*. Jullien generally puts at the end of his masquerade bills, "No clowns admitted;" but at the bottom of the Duke's invitations the order was "None but *pierrots* admitted." The great fun of this character consists in not speaking a word—for the real Pierrot is a mute—so, probably, the Duc de Nemours selected the costume out of compliment to the numerous Deputies who attended his party, it being the character in which they would be the most protected from ridicule by not being allowed to speak. Our reporter informs us that Monsieur Thiers, as the silent friend, was never so eloquent before, and that Monsieur Guizot, as he never spoke the whole evening, was listened to for once, with the greatest veneration, without any one doubting his word.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, March 6, 1847.

LITERATURE.

MATILDA OF HUNGARY: *a Grand Opera, in Three Acts. By* ALFRED BUNN, Esq., *Author of* "Hollow Hearts," "Marble Halls," "Woman's Heart," "Other Lips," *&c., &c.*

"NOTHER and another" of the *libretti* of the Poet BUNN "still succeeds," each surpassing its predecessor in those points for which *notre cher gâteau* is eminent. *Matilda of Hungary*, his last—or rather we must, we fear, say his latest work—commences with a chorus of Bohemian girls—no relations, we believe, of the original old Bohemian girl who "dream't that she dwelt"—all requesting protection for their "Queen, in danger's darkest scene," the "darkest scene" being beautifully contrived by the lowering of the foot-lights. It appears that a revolution is going on behind the scenes, which is contrived in the usual manner by sundry murmurs of "follow, follow, follow," the striking of an occasional gong, and the shaking of sheet-iron. The revolutionists, in the most accommodating manner, "hold their noise" all of a sudden, when an innkeeper comes in to explain to the Bohemian girls, that one day, in a war with the Ottomans, KING LADISLAUS I. "got wedged in, and from that fatal moment has never been heard of." It seems his subjects lived in the hope that their sovereign had only been knocked into next week, and were always expecting to see him again; but as next week never comes, they were always doomed to disappointment.

It appears that a ballad has been written on the subject—for Bohemia as well as Chelsea has its BUNNS—and the peasantry ask the innkeeper to sing it, promising to join him in the chorus if he will give them some wine. He replies, "Willingly," which proves that the Bohemian landlords are very musically inclined, for they will go so far as to serve out wine gratuitously to a room-full of guests, on condition of their joining in the refrain of one of his vocal efforts.

The ballad is in the Poet's usual style, pledging him to nothing in particular; for when we have read the whole of it we cannot tax him with having asserted anything whatever. The innkeeper having got rid of his unprofitable customers, is visited by *George Podiebrad*—a corruption of the word *Point-de-brads*—a man without *brads*, or money. He is a poor man, with a good education picked up in a Moravian convent, of which his father was hall porter, and he gains a livelihood by his bow, so that without great care he is likely to overshoot the mark in his expenditure.

A beautiful conversation then ensues between the two friends, who tell each other what both are well acquainted with—for it is the charming simplicity of the dramatic character to indulge in superfluous gossip. *Podiebrad* at length bursts into a ballad of surpassing tenderness, the preliminary recitative of which reminds us of the Poet of MOSES, in his happiest moments. It begins—

"One day I wandered far away,
As deer is known to browse or stray."

How forcibly this brings back to us the celebrated lines in the last new poem of Costume Castle—

"How pleasant 'tis to wear a coat
In winter, buttoned to the throat."

The recitative is, however, nothing to the ballad which follows.

"It was a form so finely wrought,

(What was,—eh, BUNN?)

A look though pale so fair,

(Paleness and fairness are by no means incompatible, friend Poet.)

It seemed that lavish Nature brought
Her choicest treasures there."

(The idea of Nature acting as a sort of a Parcels' Delivery of her own treasures is superb and business-like.)

"To gaze upon her beauty's beam,
In hope its light to share,
Though less than fancy fain would dream,
Is more than it would dare.'"

We have been so inspired by the delicacy and freshness of this sentiment that we have been emboldened to offer a slight imitation of it. Its dreamy beauty is so vague and evanescent that we know of nothing to equal it but this:—

"Though one and one can make but two,
While there is one to share;
The joys that other days renew,
Are more than all would dare."

But let us turn from the lighter graces of poesy to the more sterling matter of political reflection with which this great work abounds. The *Queen of Bohemia* is persecuted by a minister, one *Magnus*, in a mask and ermine cuffs on his highlows, and everything ermine about him, to denote his desire to und-ermine the throne of his sovereign. His political observations are marked by the keenest sagacity: he observes, among other matters, that "the hand of a woman cannot govern Bohemia," and adds with much acuteness, that "it requires a firmer one to put down party spirit." He offers himself as a husband to the *Queen*, who is seen by *George Point-de-Brads*, and recognised as the identical "beauty's beam," "idol there it met," "light he hoped to share," &c., whom he rescued from the back of a frisking pony in the mountains of Moravia. *Magnus*, the minister, seeing in him a likeness to the king, requests *Point-de-Brads* to remain and personate the monarch, which the latter consents to do; observing, with much point and pathos, that "Destiny leads him on;" but surely Destiny never required of him to sing the ballad into which he bursts immediately afterwards. It is something after the following fashion:—

"Adieu, fair land! the hamlet, too,
Where out, in youth, I hung;
Commanding that extensive view
I loved when I was young.
If fate turns out the gas of life,
Or turns it on, to shine
'Mid other scenes, away from strife,
To beam again on thine.

"I leave the mountains; yes, I go
To seek another air;
The country lies extremely low,
'Tis not so healthy there.
Yet, dark or light, or blue or green,
Or bistre, or carmine—
You know exactly what I mean—
To beam again on thine."

It will be seen that the burden, the delicious

"beam again on thine,"

is the only part of this ballad upon which the Poet seems to set any value. Burden is everything in a sentimental song, and not even PICKFORD would wish a heavier burden than a modern *libretto* would supply to him.

This touching composition finishes the first scene, which, we think, is about as large a dose as we can, at one time, safely administer. We may perhaps proceed with "The Mixture, as before," in our next Number.

SCOTCH CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

TO BE FREELY PRESENTED to a Free Kirk Congregation in the Isle of Skye, the use of a free Church, situated in a remarkably fine, deep, dry, commodious gravel-pit, capable of holding two hundred persons. The proprietor of the pit, in his Christian tenderness towards the spiritual wants of his fellow-men, of his own will grants the above site for a place of worship; a place in no manner disfigured by the Popish mummeries that, to the shame of the age, have latterly been creeping in upon the land; but a Church of the true primitive beauty of the Churches of the early Fathers, inasmuch as it has the sky for a roof, the earth for seats, and all the winds of heaven for visitors.—Apply to the LORD MACDONALD, proprietor.

IN CANOBIE, DUMFRIESSHIRE, a remarkably fine piece of heath, commodiously situated on the south side of a hill, capable of containing a congregation of five hundred persons, on their legs and without umbrellas. The proprietor believing in the primitive meaning of the word "Church"—that it signifies not a building, but a congregation—does, in such sense, graciously permit the erection (that is, the congregation on their legs as aforesaid) of any number of Churches upon his Scotch estates; testifying thereby his gratitude to Providence that has endowed him with the same.—Apply to his Grace the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH. N.B. All letters prepaid.

MORE PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Portrait of PRINCE ALBERT, in his robes of Chancellor, for the Hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. Tenders, stating lowest terms, to be sent in to Buckingham Palace.

THE CLOCK EPIDEMIC.

THERE has been for some two or three years gradually but surely developing itself, a frightful epidemic among some of the public clocks in London. Whether it has extended to the watches we don't know; but it will be remembered, that at the time of the potato disease last year, it was darkly hinted that there was something very wrong about the turnips. The clock disease is, however, a fact which is only too palpable; and we are able to bring to mind several very bad clock cases.

The first that attracted any considerable notice, was that of St. Clement's, which, our readers will remember, was seized with paralysis in the hands, which lasted for a very considerable period. The next public clock that became very bad, was that at Hyde Park Corner, which, after having "a light in its laughing eye" very punctually, for a long period, was suddenly obscured, and exhibited all the incipient signs of total blindness.

We, however, always expect something wrong with these clocks that are up all night; and we are never surprised, therefore, when we find them going wrong; which must be the consequence of a clock's keeping irregular hours. The Hyde Park Corner *horloge* has had one or two opportunities of becoming respectable, but it has soon gone back again to its old and irregular pastime. We fear, moreover, that this unhappy dial has set a bad example to its neighbour at the Hyde Park turnpike, for the latter, once a well-conducted clock, has lately worn a most dissipated aspect. Its face has displayed a large crack over its Roman I., and the remains of a broken glass have a look that is far from respectable.

It is, however, with sincere regret that we have heard of the indisposition of the clerical clock of St. James's, Westminster. This unhappy Recorder—of time—for the parish alluded to, has lost the use of its tongue, for it has not been heard to utter a sound for a very long period. The poor thing counted eight very incoherently about a week ago, at a quarter to nine, but it has been completely dumb from that time to the present. It has not, we believe, lost the use of its hands, nor is there anything the matter internally with the clock, but it has become suddenly deprived of the power of repeating its customary warnings to the surrounding neighbourhood.

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT.

WE have received a version of the above document, freely rendered into English by a gentleman of the name of GYP, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

STERN fate hath clipped, with cruel shear,
In spite of all physick,
A worthy duke, a noble peer,
To virtue and to Cambridge dear,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)
He ruled us but for seven short year,
His death was all too quick;
We howl, and drop the briny tear
Upon his lamentable bier,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

About his venerated dust,
Our tear-drops tumble thick;
He was our champion kind and just,
In him was all our hope and trust,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)
But weep and blubber though we must,
For this of dukes the pick,
We must not cry until we bust—
Such conduct would inspire disgust,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

My GRANTA! wipe your weeping face,
And be philosophick;
Look round and see can we replace
In any way his poor dear Grace,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)
Who is the man to meet our case?
Who enters in the nick,
To take Northumbria's vacant mace?
There is a gent of royal race,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

There is a gent of royal breed,
There is a princely brick,
Who doth on every virtue feed,
As wise in thought as great in deed;
To him we'll fly, (says CRICK.)

O Prince! come succour at our need,
This body politic;
Heal up our wounds, which gape and bleed;
Prevent us running quite to seed,
(Cries REVEREND MR. CRICK.)

On thee our hopes and faith we pin;
Without thee, ruined slick;
To thee we kneel with humble shin;
Stand by us, guide us, hem us in,
Great Prince! (cries MR. CRICK.)
Thou bright exemplar of all Princes, here your shoes we lick;
Kings first endowed us with their tin,
Why mayn't we hope for kings agin?
(Says independent CRICK.)

Our tree is of an ancient root,
And straightway perpendicular to heaven its boughs will shoot,
If you but listen to our suit,
(Says REVEREND MR. CRICK.)
We grovel at your royal boot;
Ah! don't in anger kick,
Great Prince! the suppliants at your foot,
See how our lips cling fondly to't,
(Cries that true Briton, CRICK.)

From faction's sacrilegious claws
Keep Church and Bishopric;
Support our academic cause;
Uphold our rights; defend our laws,
(Ejaculated CRICK.)
The speech was done. He made a pause
For ALBERT and for VIC;
Three most vociferous huzzaws
Then broke from mighty WHEWELL's jaws,
Who, as a proof of his applause,
Straight to the buttery goes and draws
A pint of ale for CRICK.

CRICK Y^E^ PUBLICK ORATOR SPOWTS BEFORE Y^E^ PRINCE'S HIGHNESSE.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

IN Thursday's *Times* was advertised "A Child's Caul to be Sold. Price five guineas." We hear that it has since been purchased by SIR BENJAMIN HAWES, for self-preservation in his frequent journeys over Westminster Bridge.

DUMAS, MARQUIS DE POLTRONNERIE.

Poor Marquis! Poor Dumas! His ink-bottle being cracked by the wits of Paris—his pen cut to a *cure-dent* by the ridicule of his loving countrymen—he would now dip his sword in gore, and write himself up in blood. In the Chamber of Deputies, a little time ago, the Marquis de Malleville chatted about the steamer granted for the use of Dumas; and, how he ever compressed his dignity into one vessel—how it was he did not sail in two at one time, we cannot comprehend. Well, Dumas swallowed the words of De Malleville, but could not digest them. They still lay upon his mighty heart, like too much hard dumpling in the stomach of a child. However, he was too busy defending himself from the base attempts made upon him in a court of law—attempts to compel him, most ignominiously, to do work from which he was entirely exonerated, having beforehand received and spent the money—too busy was he defending his pocket, to think of his honour. Then, too, there was his new theatre; the dramatic art was to be regenerated under the Theatre de Montpensier, and it was not for Dumas to risk such glory by cutting himself short before the doors were opened. However, the theatre opened, and the new piece was prolonged from seven at night until three next morning. This is some three weeks ago; and at this moment there are many shops in Paris with the shutters still up; the owners of those shops having been part of the audience, and not yet recovered from their weary sleep. This, however, by the way.

M. Dumas finding himself, one morning, "free from all business"—he had, to be sure, to write twelve separate *feuilletons*, and his horses were "pawing the ground" for them to bear them to Paris—finding himself thus free, he writes to M. de Malleville the following letter:—

"Sir,—You insulted me the other day in the Chamber of Deputies. Free to-day from all business engagements, I send to you my friend, M. Viennet, Peer of France, President of the Society of Men of Letters, to learn the day, the place and the hour, when it may be convenient for us to cut one another's throats—(in his own graphic French, *ou il vous convient que nous nous couperons la gorge.*)

"Alexandre Dumas, Marquis de la Paillsterie."

However, M. de Malleville is, evidently, a man without the least touch of honourable condition; he would not be immortalised on the edge of Dumas's sabre.

"Eels might be proud to lose their coat,
If skinned by Molly Dumpling's hand."

And thus, we should have thought that any Frenchman would have felt himself honoured by being sent a messenger to the Shades by the author of *Monte Christo*. Not so; for here is M. de Malleville's unheroic reply:—

"Sir,—I thank you for having afforded me the opportunity of seeing the agreeable and excellent M. Viennet. As to the proposal which you are good enough to make to cut my throat, I am chagrined beyond measure at not being able to accept it. I have not the honour to be a *gentilhomme*.

"Marquis de Malleville."

Otherwise, what another twenty romances Dumas might have written in that human red ink, his victim's blood!

But we were not aware that the executioner of Paris was a Peer of France; though from a great deal of its literature, we of course concluded that he must be, *ex officio*, President of the Society of Men of Letters. And then again, we thought the poor man's name was Samson, not Viennet. Clearly, we have been all along in a mistake. Nay, it will not serve to tell us, that there is no error in the matter; and that Viennet, the second of Dumas in this affair, is really a Peer, and not a *bourreau*; for we are convinced that such a letter—such an invitation to cut throats, could not be borne by a gentleman—but must, according to the moral fitness of things—be delivered by the Prime Guillotinist himself.

Panic among the Maids.

Since the debate in which the condition of the soldier made so interesting an episode took place, there has been a general panic throughout the kitchens, nay the nurseries of the metropolis. Mr. Sidney Herbert (seconded now by F. x Maule) having resolved to educate, elevate, soften, and refine the tastes and habits of the common soldier, it is much feared by the humbler female domestics that they will cease to have that hold upon his affections which they now possess by means of their masters' mutton—his legs and shoulders—and their own wages, for beer and tobacco. It is despairingly predicted that in a little time even a foot private, turning up his nose at a housemaid, will not look lower than a governess.

FICKLE FEBRUARY.

Our barometer has been bobbing up and down in the most extraordinary manner during the month of February, for there has been a different temperature for morning, noon, and night; so that in suiting our costume to the season, which we always endeavour to accomplish, we have been obliged to have our winter, summer, and spring wardrobe all in wear within a few hours. In the morning, with our glass at freezing-point, we have sallied forth in our full suit of sables, skates in hand, for the Serpentine, to enjoy the healthful recreation of gliding over the ice in that spirit of philosophy which teaches us to skim the surface of everything; for it is only he who skims the surface of the milk that gets the cream. But by the time we have reached the scene of our intended pastime, the temperature has changed to that of summer; and as, like *Richard the Third*, we hate to be "out of fashion," considering that we entertain "a score or two of tailors," whose scores have now been running a long time, we hurry back to habit ourselves in appropriate costume. A winter's morning has been followed by a summer's afternoon, and the furs give place to the *gilet blanc*, and the other appendages of a dress proper to a milder season. But scarcely have we accomplished this arrangement of our toilet, than the fermentation, which is always indicative of nature getting ready her brewing utensils for a storm, sends us rapidly off to our lodgings for that cloak and umbrella which have braved for twenty years the hail-storm and the breeze. Thus in a few short hours are we compelled to adopt as many costumes as are worn by an actor who plays in three pieces every evening, and goes through the vicissitudes of fortune which none but the theatrical performer, who is ruined and enriched twice or three times within a night, can possibly experience.

THE PATENT MILE INDEX CAB.

Fare. "HALLO, DRIVER! HERE! I HAVE ONLY GONE FROM ST. PAUL'S TO FLEET STREET, AND THE DIAL POINTS TO THREE MILES!"
Driver. "CAN'T HELP IT, SIR. YOU MUST PAY ACCORDIN'."

THE MODERN WILLIAM TELL.

A Dramatic Scene.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

William Tell	MISTER PUNCH.
Sarnem	PROFESSOR WHEWELL.
Michael	BARON POLLOCK.
Verner (*a friend of Tell*)	LORD NELSON.

SCENE.—*Cambridge. Several under-graduates and a mob of University-men are discovered looking out with intense eagerness.*

Verner (NELSON). Stay, WILLIAM! Now
Observe the people.
[*The people are gathered up to one side, looking out with great anxiety.*
Tell (PUNCH). Ha! they please me now,
The humbugs!
Verner (NELSON). We shall see.
Tell (PUNCH). 'Tis SARNEM (WHEWELL.)
Verner (NELSON). What 's that he brings with him?
A pole! and on the top of it a hat,
That looks like ALBERT'S—I could pick it from
A hundred.
Tell (PUNCH). So could I. My stomach oft
Heaves at the sight of it. What comes he now
To do?

Enter SARNEM (WHEWELL), *with Proctor's bull-dogs, bearing the* ALBERT *hat on a pole, which he fixes into the ground.*

Sarnem (WHEWELL). Ye Snobs of Cambridge!
Behold the emblem of great ALBERT'S power
And dignity! This is the hat of ALBERT,
Your Governor; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, I show no grace,
But doom them to the weight of my displeasure,
To teach them better. 'Tis no less their gain
Than duty to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the Snobs, then, hither, one by one,
To bow to ALBERT'S hat.

Tell (PUNCH). Have I my hearing?
[*Members of the University pass from side to side, taking off their caps and bowing to the* ALBERT *hat as they pass.*
Or sight? They do it, VERNER (NELSON),
They do it! Look! Ne'er call me man again.
I'll herd with poor old Toby! * * * * *
Look! look! Have I the outline of that spooney
Who to the ALBERT hat doth bend his head?
Verner (NELSON). Away, before they mark us.
Tell (PUNCH). No, no! Since I 've tasted
I 'll e'en feed on.

Enter MICHAEL (POLLOCK) *through the crowd.*

Sarnem (WHEWELL). Bow, FRED.
Michael (POLLOCK). For what?
Sarnem (WHEWELL). Bow first, and question then.
Michael (POLLOCK). I 'll question now, and p'rhaps not bow at all.
Tell (PUNCH). A trump, a trump!
Sarnem (WHEWELL). 'Tis WHEWELL'S will that all
Bow to that hat.
Michael (POLLOCK). Were it his lady's cap
I'd curtsey to it.
Sarnem (WHEWELL). Do you mock us, friend?
Michael (POLLOCK). Not I. I'll bow to ALBERT, if you please;
But not his hat, nor hat of any he
In Christendom.
Tell (PUNCH). A trump! I say a trump!
Sarnem (WHEWELL.) FREDERICK, bow to ALBERT'S hat.
Michael (POLLOCK). No, not to ALBERT'S self.
Sarnem (WHEWELL). Seize him!
[*Tell* (PUNCH) *rushing forward, gives* SARNEM (WHEWELL) *a rap on the knuckles, who rushes off howling. Throws down the pole. Tramples on the* ALBERT *hat, and strikes an attitude.*

A Legal Qualification.

IT is a mistake to say that PRINCE ALBERT is not duly qualified to be a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. His late statement of the "gratification it gave him to accept" an honour which was not unanimously conferred upon him (and which upon that account he had before declined), proves that, since he has swallowed his statements, he has at all events "eaten his terms."

WILLIAM TELL AT CAMBRIDGE.

Sarnem (WHEWELL). Conduct the Snobs, then, hither, one by one,
To bow to ALBERT'S hat.

Tell (PUNCH). Have I my hearing?
[*Members of the University pass from side to side, and taking off their caps bow to the* ALBERT *hat as they pass.*

POLITICAL BAROMETERS.

THE list of visitors at the British Ambassador's at Paris seems to be the political barometer for the French journals. If M. GUIZOT has called, it is a sign of "Fine Weather;" if any of the other Ministers, it is simply "Fair;" if M. THIERS has called, and stopt to luncheon, there is an immediate announcement of "Change;" whilst if a concert is given, and none of the King's Cabinet workmen are present, then the atmosphere is "Very Stormy," and every one is told to be prepared for the blowing of great guns. By these signs do the weather-wise journalists of France study the political horizon, and tell their readers what there is in the wind. It would be strange if the London papers a list published of all the persons who called, in the course of the day, at the French Ambassador's, and prophesied immense things from their visits. The result would be in every way as absurd as the following:—

"A man with a paper cap called on Tuesday at the COMTE DE ST. AULAIRE'S, as early as nine o'clock. He left a small parcel, and stated he would call the following day for an answer. This parcel was opened, and was found to contain a box of wafers and sealing-wax. This suspicious circumstance leaves no doubt he is an emissary of the English Cabinet, who wishes to impress upon the French Ambassador the expediency of closing and sealing, with the greatest secrecy, the negotiation that is at present open between the Courts of St. James and the Tuileries."—*Times.*

"An influential wine-merchant in the City had no less than three audiences with the French Ambassador on Saturday last. We have been told, on the best authority—and we stake our reputation upon the fact—that it is the intention of the French Embassy at the next dinner-party to go deeply into the question of opening the ports."—*Morning Herald.*

"MR. PETER BORTHWICK dined at Ashburnham House yesterday. This is a sufficient contradiction to the democratic rumours that there is a rupture between the French and English Courts. The above fact will prove that the alliance was never, at any period, so strong."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"RAMO SAMEE was not invited to the *soirée* given, last night, by the COMTE DE ST. AULAIRE. This affront to the Porte is too glaring to be overlooked. The Turkish Ambassador, who had just been calling at Ashburnham House, ordered his carriage to turn back as soon as he was told of this circumstance, and insisted upon having his card returned to him. The funds have fallen at Stamboul."—*Daily News.*

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL attended the performances at the French Plays last Monday evening, when *Robert Macaire* was performed. The COMTE DE ST. AULAIRE, feeling this was an allusion to his royal master too gross to be passed over, instantly demanded his passport. LORD JOHN, however, has written an autograph letter to LOUIS-PHILIPPE, containing the most satisfactory apology for this apparent outrage, and the Comte has nobly consented to retain the appointment he has so long filled with such honour to himself and country."—*Morning Chronicle.*

How the *Débats*, *Presse*, *Siècle*, *National*, *Charivari*, and the other anglophobian journals, would laugh at our papers if they indulged in such ridiculous nonsense; and yet their comments upon English diplomacy are almost as absurd as the above. We wonder they do not establish a quarantine round the English Ambassador's, and examine anything and everybody on entering and leaving it. They would be able, by opening every basket and *portefeuille* that went into the hotel, to get to the bottom of many things of which they do not at present see more than the surface, and the plague which the English Embassy has lately been to MONSIEUR GUIZOT and his policy might cease, before either of them have fallen victims to it.

AN INDIGNANT OLD GENTLEMAN.

"To MR. PUNCH.

"SIR,—My name frequently appears in the newspapers. I am a true Briton, one who venerates our good old institutions, which the besom of sentimentalism is threatening to sweep away. I am one of those who would have fellows who deserve to be hanged, hanged. Now, Sir, I perceive by the papers that a lad of twelve was tried the other day at the Central Criminal Court for robbing his master of four pounds twelve shillings. His master, Sir; mark that. Imagine yourself that master. Now, Sir, what was the boy's punishment? Sir, he was liberated—actually let off—on a gentleman being bound for his good behaviour for a twelvemonth.

"The RECORDER said, that 'by thus dealing with the lad, he might become an honest member of society; by sending him to prison, he might become an expert thief.' Become an honest member of society by not being punished when found out! Monstrous! Become an expert thief by being sent to prison! Did not the wisdom of our ancestors devise prisons expressly to teach people not to be thieves? I am aware that there are some objections to sending children to gaols. Evil communications, I know, will not only corrupt good manners, but also make bad manners worse. But could nothing have been done to this lad to teach him not to steal another time? Could he not, Sir, have been whipped a little, or something of that sort? That, at least, would have been some satisfaction to the feelings of his wronged employer; as it would have been to those, if in his place, of

"FIAT JUSTITIA."

HINTS TO AMATEURS OF ART.

WE have perceived among the amateurs of art at the public Exhibitions, a growing practice of turning the back upon some of the best pictures. We believe this is done out of no disrespect to the painter, but for the purpose of discussing the merits of the painting with greater convenience. It has not, however, occurred to these connoisseurs, that their tergiversation, when it becomes continuous, has the effect of obscuring the work upon which the evolution alluded to is practised. We recommend that blank squares of canvas should be prepared for those who are in the habit of remaining long with their backs to the wall in one position.

A VACUUM IN WATER.

A GENTLEMAN of taste, who has dipt rather deeply into M. SOYER'S soups, says the Irish would certainly relish the soup all the more if there was a bit of an Irish Bull in it.

THE HALL-PORTER OF THE REFORM CLUB MAKETH A JOKE!—Why is M. SOYER like the summit of Mont Blanc? Because he has a culinary (*cool and airy*) situation.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I WONDER WHETHER THAT GURL HAS GOT ANY TIN—FOR I FEEL MOST OWDACIOUSLY INCLINED TO GO AND CUT THAT FELLOW OUT."

THE PRINCE CHANCELLOR.

IT is predicted in certain quarters, that PRINCE ALBERT will at last burst into scholastic bloom, making a very fine show at Cambridge—a little later, certainly, than the tulip season—some time about June. He has already given himself up, heart and soul, to the severer duties of his new dignity; having, within the past week, dismissed eight artists, to whom he was engaged to sit for eight separate Field-Marshals. He has also—(at least, such is the report)—written a farewell Ode to his dogs and fowling-pieces; and ordered a very considerable thinning of the game in all the preserves. The Prince further proposes to take lodgings at Cambridge; and to immediately enter the little princes as, certainly, undersizers. Having himself felt the benefits of a University education, he purposes to break through the royal ice of England, and bestow on his sons the like blessing.

Tremendous Leap.

AMONGST the various accomplishments of PRINCE ALBERT, it was not generally known he could jump particularly high; but the tremendous leap he has lately taken at Cambridge, in jumping over the heads of every one in England—even those who stood the highest—has convinced the most sceptical that there is no height in the world which His Royal Highness will not ultimately get over. The next leap of PRINCE ALBERT will be, it is said, to clear the Horse Guards; but it is not certain whether he will attempt this daring feat at present, as he wishes first to see which way the cat jumps.

AN EXTENSIVE SLIP.

AN extensive slip has occurred at SHAKSPEARE'S Cliff, which seems to be gradually breaking up its establishment, and leaving England in disgust. This may be in consequence of the little hold SHAKSPEARE has lately had upon his native country; and the Cliff, probably, is only crossing the Channel to seek a home in more congenial lands. Whither will it go to? Will it settle on the French coast, or sail direct for New York? It would be curious to find SHAKSPEARE'S Cliff at Calais, with a board stuck up, "Removed from over the way." We are confident that SHAKSPEARE himself would be thought all the more of, if he had a firm footing in France, and that his Drama and his Cliff would rise much higher in the public estimation when pieces of it could be taken from the French.

PARLIAMENTARY ACOUSTICS.

IT appears that the Houses of Parliament have been constructed with such a beautiful regard to the science of Acoustics that it will be necessary for the speakers to regulate their voices in conformity with the principles of harmony. Peers speaking from one side of the House will be compelled to speak in a different key from that adopted by the members on the side opposite, and it will require that the LORD CHANCELLOR should put forth the regular *ut de poitrine* when he is desirous of having his cry for "order" distinctly heard all over the building. The bench set apart for the Ministers is so situated that its occupants must always talk in four flats, and the opposition Peers must, from their position, begin with a B sharp when calling on any member of the Government. One advantage of the new system is, that politicians in Parliament will be able to make, without discord, those abrupt changes of note which have hitherto been so destructive to harmony.

It is hoped that eventually an entire debate may be set to music, and thrown into the form of an opera. The following specimen of a political duet between LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL will furnish some idea of the arrangement that might be entered into for the purpose of taking full advantage of the acoustic ingenuity of the architect. A duet between LORDS BROUGHAM and CAMPBELL would assuredly have all the interest of the celebrated *Suoni la tromba* in the hands—or rather in the mouths—of a stentorian bass and tremendous baritone.

Lord Campbell. I've to lay upon your Lordships' table
This small petition.
Lord Brougham. Then you are not able
To say a word: to speak you have no right;
You've spoken once.
Lord C. And you four times this night.

ENSEMBLE.

Lord B. (*aside*). I shall not ask the noble lord
If I 've the right to speak a word.
His lordship is the last of all
On whom for counsel I would call.
Lord C. (*aside*). 'Tis always thus, the noble lord
Can't bear that I should speak a word;
His lordship is the last of all
On whom for counsel I should call.
Lord Brougham. But to the Chancellor I will submit,
And you shall speak if he declares 'tis fit. [*The Lord Chancellor bows.*
Lord C. (*rallentando e molto adagio*). I thank your lordship; and I now will take
Occasion—
Lord B. Pray get on, for goodness' sake!
We care not what you take; but this we know,
In giving out your words you 're wondrous slow.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Lord C. Well really
I merely
Was going to begin.
Tis a hardship
His lardship
Must put a word in.
It would be idle to announce
That when I would address the House
BROUGHAM on me is sure to pounce
Like angry cat on trembling mouse.

Lord B. Well really,
You merely
Seem'd floundering about;
'Tis a hardship
His lardship
Won't bring his words out.
His lordship's bluster and his bounce
When he would fain address the House
Don't weigh with me that single ounce
Which perhaps he may possess of nous.

[*Exeunt at different sides repeating the allegro movement.*

LITERATURE AT A STAND.

"I say, Jim, vich do you give the prufferance? Eugene Shue or Halexander Dumas?"

Moustachios for the Million.

A popular *perruquier* at the East End of the Town has made arrangements for the supply, on an extensive and elaborate scale, of Moustachios for the Million. The great demand for these articles by the inmates of the Queen's Bench Prison, the swell mob, and other numerous classes of our fellow-creatures, has rendered it necessary that efforts should be made to throw into the market a cheap and effective moustachio at a moderate figure. We understand that by a new process a good dog's-hair article can be put in, with "glutinous wash" complete, for adhesion, at one-and-fourpence, while a tip of superior cat may be added for the extra twopence; and thus an appearance equal to that of any Lieutenant in the "Horse Guards blew" may be produced at a low price at the shortest notice. A suit of inferior rabbit's-hair, equivalent to a commission in a less distinguished cavalry regiment, may be had for a shilling. It is intended to open a Grand Imperial and Moustachio Mart at the end of the Quadrant, for the convenience of mercantile and other gentlemen desirous of an afternoon's stroll; and cigars, with a piece of tinfoil at the end—for the benefit of those who are willing but wholly unable to smoke—may also be procured by the day or hour.

Prince Albert for Lord Mayor.

We understand it is in contemplation to offer the Lord Mayoralty of London to Prince Albert on the next vacancy. Measures will be taken to secure him an Aldermanic gown, which he will no doubt grace as much as he has already done the gown of a Bencher, with which the Society of Lincoln's-Inn—charmed by his legal erudition—some time ago invested him. His Royal Highness is now in training—upon turtle—for the civic honours that are in store for him. He occasionally practises in the Royal Mews with the state carriage, in which he is drawn round and round the stable-yard, as a preliminary to the rides in the civic state-coach at some future period.

ELEVATION OF THE ARMY.

The Army is to be made very popular in England. To "pipeclay and turn-out" will—predicts Mr. Fox Maule—be considered an honourable profession by the great body of the people. The Army will not be a timely refuge from gaols—a hope "for the outcasts of society"—but will afford a high social position for the lucky holder. In the first place, the soldiers are to have libraries; they are to be taught, upon principle, the humanising tendency of ramming down ball-cartridge. They are to make war upon a much higher philosophy than has ever yet been attained—charging bayonets with a more elevated feeling, and burning and sacking a city with a refined gentleness hitherto all unknown in the ranks. This is delightful to consider. Mars will henceforth conduct his balls with an etiquette that distinguishes the balls of Werippert. We, however, have our doubts of the successful issue of the experiment. Though we certainly do not object to the trial; on the contrary, we advocate it. For in proportion as you make the man *think*, you lose the mere soldier. Teach him to look upon himself as a machine—and do teach him so, by all means—and he will begin to question the utility, the moral lawfulness of its application. When men are well used to thumb books, they will care less to handle muskets.

THE ADAM OF THE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

Mr. Brotherton has made a statement in the Commons that glorifies him better than a coronet. He has worked as a factory-boy; like *Uncle Toby's* negro girl, he has suffered persecution and learnt mercy. He, therefore, speaks manfully for the Ten Hours Bill, asking "Shall we lay it down that to eat, to drink, to work, and to die *only*, shall be the lot of a large portion of our fellow men?" And Sir James Graham "is compelled by truth" to answer, like the famous echo, in the affirmative. We beg to differ from Sir James; it is *not* the natural lot of man; when man was doomed to work, it was not to work unceasingly. Surely, there was to be some leisure for the fallen human creature? But Political Economy says, "No." The Adam of Political Economy is not of blood, and bones, and flesh; but an engine with iron for its frame, fire for its food, and steam for its breath—an Adam that shall work four-and-twenty hours of the day, if need be, for the glory of Old England, and to successfully "compete with the foreigner." And yet, with a waggish benevolence, they talk of sending this engine Adam over-hours to school, and have already opened parks for his ease and pleasant contemplation.

DISTRESSED FOREIGNERS.

We recommend to any charitable association the following cases of foreigners whose distress is extreme:—

1. His Majesty Louis Philippe, King of the French, who is in great distress about the Duchess of Montpensier's *apanage*.
2. The Spanish and Portuguese nations at large, which are sadly distressed for want of governments; and have not tasted tranquillity for years.
3. The Conde de Montemolin, who wants somebody to help him to a crown.
4. Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, sadly destitute of common humanity.
5. Brother Jonathan, embroiled with Mexico, and at a loss for means to carry on the war.

The Clerical Churn.

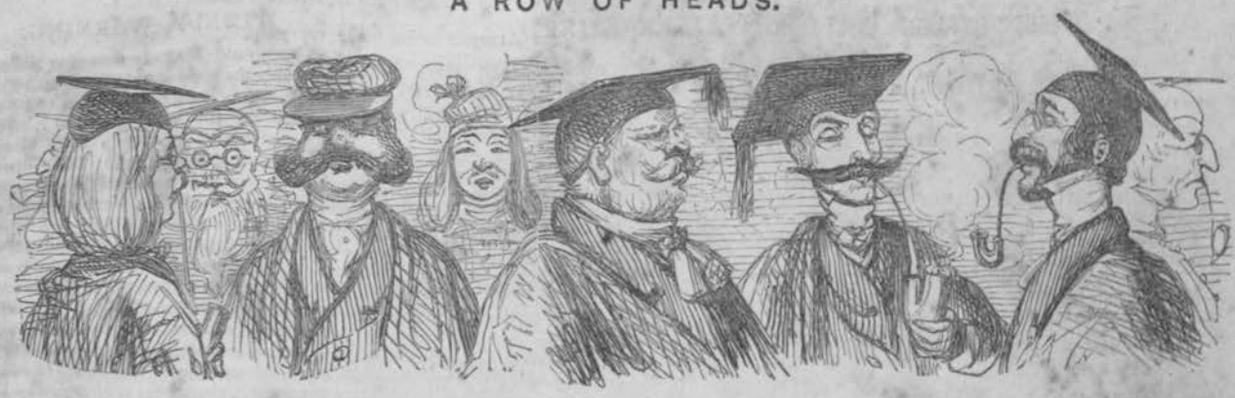
This is a new invention, just patented,—and said to be the great brain-work of Doctor Whewell. By the Clerical Churn, as recently tested, any amount may be made, and that too in any time, of Cambridge *butter*. All the lumps, when made, may be distinguished from the common sort, by the stamp they carry,—namely, that of a mitre. The article, as produced by the patent churn, will, it is expected, be in great request among gentlemen of the cloth, as they are unanimous in the opinion that bread can never be so palatable as when buttered with a mitre.

A WORD IN DISTINGUISHED EARS.

The Court and Aristocracy are anticipating a high treat from the warblings of the Swedish Nightingale. Can they not bestow a little of their patronage upon the British Bullfinch?

Irish Title.—M. Soyer has been nicknamed by the Irish, "The broth of a boy."

A ROW OF HEADS.



It is rumoured that one of the first effects of the royal Chancellorship will be a general Germanising of the costume and appearance of the members of the University. The moustache will become an academical appendage, and "the tip" will be the distinguishing mark of all the tutors. The Proctors, having already been pretty well bearded by the press, will require nothing additional.

REVOLUTION AT MUNICH.—BEAUTY'S BULL-DOG.

OUR Bavarian Correspondent has sent us the following account:—"LOLA MONTES, own sister we believe to the matador Montes, walks about Munich with a bull-dog. Both parties have of late created some disturbance; we mean both the dog and the dog's lady. LOLA'S dog having a slight altercation with the horses of a carman, the man remarked thereon. At the word, LOLA—not having, as we suppose, her dagger about her—attacked him with her umbrella. She then took refuge in a chemist's shop, and the mob assailed the house, calling upon the chemist to give up both the dog and the—the lady. The door was barred, and in a few minutes LOLA was seen with her faithful dog at the first-floor window; LOLA holding a quart-bottle in her hand, labelled 'poison,' and intimating that she would drink rather than surrender. The king, hearing of her danger, in his devotion to the arts ordered out the garrison, and with very little bloodshed the lady was rescued, returning to the palace, seated on a brass field-piece, the band playing 'We'll not go home till morning.'"

[*Further Particulars.*]

"*Eight o'clock.* The populace have taken heart, led on by the insulted carman. At this moment (for I write with everything passing under my eyes and coming into my ears) they demand the head of LOLA MONTES. This is stoutly refused by the king; but a flag of truce has issued from the gates, offering in place of her head the lady's dancing slippers. The faithful bull-dog has just been captured by a patriotic pork and sausage-man, and hurried off to his own shop. The animal will, no doubt, re-appear, like his mistress, in several pieces."

[*Latest Particulars.*]

"DONNA LOLA MONTES in the centre of a solid square of cavalry, has just been escorted to an unknown castle. The ministers have insisted upon the measure. It is, however, believed that the favourite carries with her the crown of Bavaria in a bonnet-box, with the whole of the treasury in her reticule."

[*Still Later Particulars.*]

"I regret to write that the King is alarmingly indisposed. There is some talk of issuing a writ *de lunatico*. All yesterday he insisted upon believing himself a Spanish fly, and did nothing but buzz. To-day, the humour is changed, and he has strongly declared that his head is turned to a pair of castanets; and he does nothing but dance to his own music.

"I open my letter to inform you, that a placard has just been issued, calling the whole populace to a solemn sausage supper this evening."

MYRMIDONS OF THE MINT.

THE authorities of the Mint, it appears, are in the habit of allowing the policemen employed by them a large remuneration in addition to their regular stipend. This, of course, operates as a premium on the apprehension of coiners. The Mint authorities remind us of certain farmers, who allow the village boys the sum of one farthing for the head of every sparrow that they produce; the sparrow thus having a price set upon its head as a depredator—a feathered rogue in grain. By this expedient many sparrows are destroyed, but also not a few linnets and yellow-hammers, whose innocent heads, by a little management, may be easily made to pass for passerine. The question is, whether, under a corresponding temptation, the metropolitan policemen may not sometimes play a similar trick? May not a few unoffending heads have occasionally been sacrificed to the Mint? If there is any such phrenological organ as Detectiveness, we fear that the Mint must render it a great deal too active.

Finality.

LORD JOHN tells us that the Reform Bill has arrived at a state of Finality. There are many other things which resemble Reform, and stand in as much need of it. There is the NELSON Column, which has arrived at a state of finality, for not a stone of it has been turned since we have thrown so many at it. There is the Income-Tax, the finality of which seems to be, thanks to Ireland, just as positive as that of the NELSON Column; for though it was to have been finished at the end of three years, we are afraid it will be left standing for future ages to point at as a monument that ought to have been finished and cleared away long ago. The only thing which does not seem to have reached a state of finality, is the National Debt. It seems, directly the Whigs come into power, as if there never would be an end to it.

NATURE AND ART

MAJOR BENIOWSKI, a *Pole*, who is celebrated for a new system of artificial memory, has been brought up on a charge of violent assault. We are afraid the Major's system of memory must be very artificial indeed, if it allows him so easily to forget himself.

HUMANITY OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

PARLIAMENT appears disposed to mitigate, in some measure, the punishment to which poverty is liable. Poor operatives, when the Factory Bill has passed, will only have eleven hours on the mill.

THE GENERAL FAST.—One blessing must, at least, come of this fast; namely, that if MESSRS. SPOONER and PLUMPTRE act up to their principles, they must—for one day at least—keep their mouths shut.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precincts of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

CURIOSITIES OF ETON LITERATURE.

ow and then there issues from Eton, and bursts upon the astonished world, a piece of English composition that would put BLAIR to the blush, and cause LINDLEY MURRAY to bury his head in the damp sheets of the last new edition of his valuable little treatise. The Head Master of Eton and the Provost have recently laid their heads together for the production of the following mysterious paragraph. What BUNN does for his mother-tongue in poetry, HODGSON and HAWTREY seem ambitious of accomplishing in prose; as the following grammarless gush, *apropos* of the abolition of Montem at Eton, will testify :—

"The Provost and Head-Master of Eton feel it incumbent on them to apprise Etonians, and those interested in the welfare of Eton, that the abolition of Montem has been erroneously represented to be still an open question. That custom was abolished in January last by the Provost of Eton, in entire concurrence with the Head-Master, when HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN had graciously left to their sole responsibility the decision of a question upon which they had fully made up their minds, after the strongest conviction that the evils attendant on Montem were irremediable, and much too serious to admit of a continuance of that custom.—F. HODGSON, Provost. C. HAWTREY, Master. The Lodge, Eton College, March 5, 1847."

Now, it has been hitherto our custom to offer a reward and a free pardon to any one who will discover the sense of a mysterious sentence, and bring it home to conviction; but here is a case in which it would be madness to ask for an impossibility, which we should do if we were seriously to advertise for the sense of this paragraph. It is a Poor Removal Act in miniature; an abortion, in which head and tail are equally deficient. It is not a mere instance of cart before the horse, but of no horse, no cart, and—in a word—no nothing.

After stating that "the abolition of Montem has been erroneously represented to be still an open question," the Head-Master and provost proceed to say that "that custom was abolished in January last." Now, it is as clear as the November fog, at noon-day, that "that custom" is the custom of "erroneously representing the abolition of Montem to be an open question." It is the last thing spoken of, and can be the only thing referred to as "that custom."

We are then informed that "HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN had graciously left to their sole responsibility the decision of a question upon which they had fully made up their minds after the strongest conviction." We see nothing particularly gracious in leaving a "sole responsibility" upon two unfortunates, who would gladly have shifted the said responsibility on to HER MAJESTY, who showed her sense, at all events, in getting rid of the burden. After all, the royal permission only extended to allowing them "the decision of a question upon which they had fully made up their minds," and which of course, therefore, they had decided already. It seems, also, that they had only "fully made up their minds after the strongest conviction;" so that conviction does not necessarily mean that their minds are made up; or, in other words, they may be convinced of a thing being right, and yet yield their minds to the opposite. This shows a spirit of compliance more accommodating than dignified.

We have compared the prose style of MESSRS. HODGSON and HAWTREY to the poetic manner of BUNN, and we think, by the following proof how easily one might be substituted for the other, the comparison will be justified :—

When those who Eton fondly love,
Shall look with other eyes,
And only say if they approve
The Montem which they prize;
When others falsely represent
The question open yet,
At such a time we always meant
The Montem's sun should set.

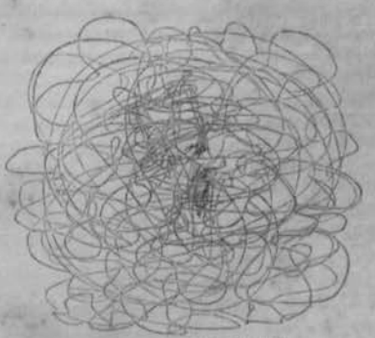
When her fair Majesty the QUEEN
Left it to us to say,
Whether the custom that we mean,
We still shall do away;
Though strong conviction crossed our mind,
The custom to regret;
To abolition now resigned,
The Montem's sun has set.

THE CONDE DE MONTEMOLIN.

HIS Morning-Postian Majesty, the CONDE DE MONTEMOLIN, paid a visit last week to Covent Garden Market, and invested two or three of the principal fruiterers with the Order of the Spanish Chestnut. His Morning-Postian Majesty and suite then proceeded to the Bedford Hotel, where basins of mock-turtle were served, and the royal stranger exhibited great curiosity to know what the mockery consisted of. In the evening, his Morning Postian Majesty proceeded to the Grecian Saloon, where he was pleased to exchange his refreshment ticket for a cigar; and having witnessed as much of the Opera as could be got through until his cheroot was smoked out, he retired.

TIMELY WARNING.

ONE would scarcely imagine this was probably the last year of the present Parliament—there is such apathy in the House. Where are the long speeches? Where are the printed evidences that members have been attending to their duties? Where are the motions that country members delight in putting to show their own importance? Where are the last dying struggles of the parliamentary nobodies to prove themselves somebodies? When members present themselves to their constituents for re-election, they will be severely questioned as to what they have done. Some patriotic greengrocer will be sure to exclaim, "We never saw your name in the debates; you never put a single question to the Premier; the town you represent has not even been coupled with a 'tremendous cheer,' or an 'ah!' or an ironical 'oh!' What railway bill have you procured for us? What town improvement are we indebted to you for?—why nothing! You have not got us as much as a corporation; or a little canal—not so much as half-a-dozen acres of docks; or a grant of any kind; or a commission, however small, to inquire into anything!" Depend upon it, every member will have to go through his electioneering catechism on the hustings, and he who cannot answer the above questions will be sent back to his private house, to waste his eloquence on the dessert table to half-a-dozen friends, instead of making a speech, giving away millions of money, which would be printed free of expense, and read the following morning by millions of readers. We warn the members who have to work up six sessions of indolence with one session of industry, to make haste. They must do something, or else they will assuredly not have the M.P. labelled to their name next Parliament. The debates lately have been cruelly dull. We hope some bashful SIBTHORPE—some Stoke-Pogian DEMOSTHENES—will yet come forward and make a fool of himself for the benefit of his country. Let him recollect, this is the last chance he will have.



PORTRAIT OF THE DEBATES.

Cherry-Trees and Homicide.

IN the debate for the abolition of the killing of offenders by the hangman, MR. BROTHERTON quoted the opinion of a judge, who, in 1814, on passing sentence on "the prisoner at the bar" for cutting down a cherry-tree, said that "he who would cut down a cherry-tree would kill a man." Verily, this judge must have had a very confused notion of what passes among men and among cherries as [*black hearts.*

SMITHFIELD MARTYRS.—SMITHFIELD "SALUBRITY."

UNDOUBTEDLY the Court of Common Council is blessed with long ears. Occasionally, they lop heavily down like the ears of a rabbit; and then they stand bolt-upright, sharpened, pointed, at the cries of distress, when uttered by golden tongues. And the Smithfield Martyrs have cried aloud to the Council; and the ears have risen to the call. Of Smithfield Martyrs, however, there are three kinds. And that the sensibility of the reader may not mistakenly fall upon the wrong lot, we proceed to define them.

There are, first, the Gridiron Martyrs of Smithfield—the respectable, but unfortunate people, who were burnt out of this bad world, as the surest mode of fitting them for a better. Well, they are to be pitied somewhat; but then it is a long time ago, and it is the happiness of human nature to endure, with considerable serenity, the miseries of others, especially when well got over by death.

Then there are the Smithfield Martyrs of present hospitals. The Martyrs knocked down, crushed, smashed, gored by the oxen on their way to market, bound thither upon butchers' business, and pricked thereto by the sticks of graziers. These Martyrs being—at least many of them—Martyrs of our day, our sensibilities are, or ought to be, quickened by contemporary suffering. Many of them have been killed, and are therefore put decently out of sight. Earth is apt to be an indulgent mother, and cover the greatest wrongs of her children. Many, too, bear about them honourable scars, inflicted in the street bull-fight: and many, until their dying day, limp in memory of the vested interests of the Smithfield brute. These are Martyrs for whom we may fulfil that duty to which grave-stones are so often apt to invite us—and "drop a tear."

And now come we to Smithfield Martyrs, class third; for whom as men, and particularly as Englishmen, we are bound to weep a very deluge; we mean the Martyrs of the Breeches Pocket, the Money-Martyrs, doomed, as they would declare, to drop their very best blood; which is, of course, their very best cash.

DEPUTY BEDFORD made a most agonizing speech to the Council, on behalf of Smithfield bullocks. It would have moved even ALDERMAN GIBBS, had that cash CATO been a listener. The Deputy presented a petition, signed by 2,000 of the graziers, butchers, salesmen, and *others* interested in Smithfield Market, against the attempt to remove it. And the petition was received with a welcome "*Hear! hear!*"—or rather, returning to the long ears of the Common Council, we should say, "*Haw! haw!*" But the reader may wish to know who, in addition to the graziers, butchers, and salesmen signing and crossing the petition, were the mysterious "*others.*" Why, gentle reader, they were the drovers' dogs; it must be allowed, considerably interested in the question that perilled the continuance of a pleasant excitement—that of chasing the sheep under the horses' bellies in the streets of London, to the loss of life and limb of London wayfarers. (We understand, by the way, that an exclusive meeting of the dogs, to get up a petition of their own, will next week take place in Houndsditch).

DEPUTY BEDFORD, whose face, like the shield of Ajax, must be covered with bull's hide, at least nine times thick, modestly, truthfully, continued:—

"He believed it to be the opinion of all who were acquainted with the subject, that Smithfield was the most eligible of all situations for a market, *from its central position*, and the vast variety of *its approaches* and SALUBRITY OF CLIMATE. (*Hear, hear.*)"

The softness of the climate has been known for centuries. It is a matter of history, that Smithfield was once a vineyard, and grew the finest Burgundy grapes. The vines, however, were somehow destroyed when—in the good old times—our good old ancestors lighted fires there. Nevertheless, the early lambs that are still produced at Smithfield—why did DEPUTY BEDFORD forget the interesting truth?—sufficiently attest the softness of the atmosphere. Indeed, in the most English days, when the rest of London is dark with fogs, you have only to drive to Smithfield, and—as though you had visited one of MR. BURFORD'S Panoramas in Leicester Square—you will at once enjoy an Italian sky. blue—darkly, beautifully *blew*. The mildness of the climate is made evident to the most careless observer; for even in December, men may be seen in Smithfield in their shirt sleeves; and children, the careless little *lazzaroni* of Duke Street and Cock Lane (two of the "vast variety" of the approaches), may be met with, shoeless and bare-headed, playing and crawling upon their knees, even like their happy brethren of Portici. It is not generally known to a superficial generation—too apt to leave digging for serious truths to follow fun and *bons-mots*' butterflies—and, by the way, it sometimes lies upon the conscience of *Punch* that he has, all undesignedly, put the self-conceit of wit into most respectable dulness, as though every man, woman, and child thought it a great social duty to think everything a great joke, which it certainly is not—it is not, however, we say, to all men that Long Lane and Cow Cross, two more of the variety of approaches, are considered the city Montpelier and Madeira. Lodgings in these balmy localities would carry an enormous price, did men not run only after the gallimaufry of life, but think solemnly of the solemn truths of existence. Such is the climate of Smithfield, that—we know it for a fact, albeit the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall extort no further intelligence from us; and this—copper be praised!—must cost him three-pence—such is the Smithfield climate, that tobacco, innocently bought for real Havannah, is grown not far from Islington, and manufactured into fine, rich, brown cigars in Hosier Lane.

Now, does it not speak many volumes for the modest self-restraint of DEPUTY BEDFORD, that, knowing these facts—for we would not take the responsibility of doubting his acquaintance with every one of them—that he should not have given them utterance? For surely he *might*, when he spoke of the "salubrity" of Smithfield. However, perhaps he only nurses them, to come out at a fitting season with the agglomerated truth as a smasher.

DEPUTY BEDFORD rather touchingly alluded to the project of moving the market; saying, almost pathetically, that—

"It was quite unnecessary for him to attempt *to add to the feeling* which the citizens of London entertained of so liberal and disinterested an interference with a place of business, in which 7,000,000*l.* changed hands annually. (*Hear, hear.*)"

The most superficial spectator must have seen how every Common Council waistcoat moved and undulated—the heart beneath suddenly beating thick—at the £7,000,000!

"A thousand hearts are throbbing in my breast!"

cries *Richard*, at Bosworth: now there were 7,000,000 in the capacious bosom of every Common-Councilman, with every heart just one pound weight.

And with good reason; remove the market, and you of course annihilate the whole £7,000,000, as the money could not change hands elsewhere; whilst, as it is, every man who receives any part of the £7,000,000, immediately lays it out in the shop of a citizen, and does not carry it away with him. Therefore, drive bullocks through crowded London—let passengers bleed in the streets, that butchers and graziers may bleed from their pockets in the gin-shops of Smithfield and Long Lane.

Of course the arguments advanced by DEPUTY BEDFORD will fall with merciless weight upon Her Majesty's Ministers, at this time preparing a sanatory measure for the metropolis and the great towns of England. DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH, MR. TOYNBEE, LORD ASHLEY, and other persons meddling with the vested rights—that is, the vested muck—of society, have lifted up their venal voices against private slaughter-houses in the thickest parts of London; places that are, as a matter of course, the luxuriant offshoots of salubrious Smithfield. DOCTOR SMITH speaks of the effluvia—the mortal effluvia—arising from the garbage and filth of butchery, and doing the work of death in the lungs of the surrounding population.

This is, however, either design or pure ignorance on the part of the Doctor. Before maturing the measure, Ministers will, of course, examine DEPUTY BEDFORD, who, with his customary emphasis, will prove that as Smithfield, the great cattle market, is "salubrious" to the City—so must the beasts removed therefrom bear with them to every London lane and back-street the like health-giving sweetness: in the same way that for those who cannot visit the healthful spring itself, the benevolent chemist imparts the water in stone bottles.

We shall never again meet a citizen—Alderman or Common Councilman—with a red and purple face, that we shall not, from the ruddiness, set him down as a native of Smithfield. How men, in this hastily-judging world, are wronged! We are now assured of it: again and again what has been set down to the effect of turtle, port, and Burgundy, has been no other than Smithfield salubrity in great excess.

SPORTING AT CANNES.

We find, from the papers, that Mr. John Temple Leader has been following up the pleasures of the chase at Cannes, in the absence of his learned friend, Lord Brougham. By the bye, his lordship declares that he never hunted a boar in all his life; and indeed we believe him, for there would have been something suicidal—making a small allowance in the way of spelling—for his persecution of that unpleasant animal. Our advices from Cannes give us a very curious picture of the sports of the field, as indulged in by the nominal M. P. for Westminster. An artist who draws his pictures from the life, or rather, draws all the life from his pictures, has sent us a very graphic sketch of the pastimes now proceeding at Cannes, as far, at least, as it is possible to see them from such a distance.

According to the comparison we have been able to make between the original and the copy, we think them alike; as near, at least, as circumstances could have permitted. These circumstances, being some hundreds of miles off, may account for some trifling discrepancy between the thing intended to be delineated and the picture.

THE TENOR OF THE CURSE.

The celebrated Fraschini, the *Tenore della maledizione*, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. His imprecation in *Lucia di Lammermoor* certainly justified all that we had heard said of it. We fully expected that our blood would run cold, and we went prepared with a thermometer, which, upon application to our pulse, indicated, during the tremendous *maledizione*, thirty-five of Fahrenheit. The audience would have kept Fraschini cursing all night, had it not been unreasonable to demand more than a pair of maledictions in one evening. Fortunately, our veins resumed their wonted fluency at the *Fra Poco*, which warmed us up after our recent chill; or we might have found our circulation completely stopped, and that, we need scarcely say, would have been the death of us. We looked in vain for the singing from the eyes, with which a contemporary had given us to understand Fraschini would favour us. He certainly acted with his eyes, and lashed himself up into enthusiasm, while the audience applauded "like winking." Fraschini has one of those voices, *di petto*, which are great pets with us; instead of that *voce di testa* which is in some cases detestable. Though we have made some cursory remarks on his curse, we do not mean to say that malediction only is his forte, for he can also take his place as a *tenore di tenerezza* among the very first of that quality.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S PETITION.

Kind gentlefolks, Members of Parliament, please ye,
I'm a poor agricultural labouring man;
I am sure I 'm uncommonly sorry to tease ye,
But I hope you 'll do something for me if you can.
Eight millions and more to the Irish you 've granted;
Very well, I have nothing to say against that:
I am told, and believe, that the money was wanted,
From starvation to save poor unfortunate Pat.

But you, who conduct the affairs of the nation,
So considerate to Paddy in want and distress,
Can't you help me a little in my situation?
I don't think I deserve your benevolence less.
I work well for my living at least—what 's my payment?
Recollect that a wife and young children have I—
Seven shillings a week. Will it buy food and raiment?
If it will, will it leave us a mite to lay by?

You tell me, unless I can save from my wages
A provision enough to maintain me when old,
That the workhouse the only resource of my age is;
How to save I should like very much to be told.
You say that the workhouse, by statesmen discerning,
To punish improvident people was meant;
If you 'll show how a man with the pittance I 'm earning
Can be provident, gentlemen, I 'll be content.
Of my labour I 'm told that dependent the pay is
On the law, as 'tis called, of supply and demand;
If that pay is too little, then all I can say is,
There is something amiss in the law of the land.

If you cannot insure us, by wise legislation,
For an honest day's labour an honest day's hire,
Don't you think now to render us fair compensation,
That both reason and justice your honours require?
Put the means in our pow'r, and we 'll readily hoard them,
To provide for our age, as you say we should do,
If your law of supply and demand won't afford them,
We 've a right to expect the provision from you.

We do all that we possibly can for a living;
There are some, I believe, I can mention that don't;
Unto those that will work sure there 's reason for giving,
If there 's any for giving to people that won't.
To the truly deserving of succour extend it;
And if able to scrape up a few millions more,
On a sort of asylums suppose that you spend it—
For your old agricultural destitute poor.

FOREIGN TONGUES.

The *Post* correspondent states that not a word of Portuguese is spoken at the Queen's Palace at Lisbon. The same thing is reported of Buckingham Palace, where, it is said, if a person puts a question in English, he is asked in German or French what he means; but we should like to know who believes the absurdity. The same story is told against Louis-Philippe, for it was suggested to him a few months back, when the *Entente Cordiale* was a little more cordial than it is at present, to put up a sign over the Tuileries, and call it "The British Hotel." And yet we know very well that His Majesty's attachment to the English extended no further than a sincere desire "to take them in." After all, subjects care very little what languages their sovereigns speak as long as they can depend upon their words.

A Wonder—A Popular Tax!

A Gentleman, who signs himself "One of the Husbands of England," has sent in a proposal to Lord John Russell for raising a new tax, which would have the novelty of being a great relief to the suffering community, besides checking a growing evil. It is to apply the Patent Mile Index to the tongues of women, and charge them so much a mile. He calculates the loan of £8,000,000 would be paid off in less than six months. We can see but one objection—and that is, the enormous noise there will be, in consequence of the endless disputes of the fare.

NOTHING WHEN YOU 'RE USED TO IT.

Guizot and Normanby have made it up. When it is recollected they only quarrelled about a lie, we think no one who understands the least about diplomacy can blame them for not allowing such a trifle as that to stand between them.

OLYMPIC RIOTS.

THERE has been a great row on Mount Olympus. MERCURY, who is *Punch's* guinea-a-liner, has forwarded the report; but with the sin of prolixity common to the tribe. We have therefore cut MERCURY down to the following paragraph:—

The new planet discovered by M. LEVERRIER has, it seems, been christened NEPTUNE. The news no sooner reached Olympus, than a row commenced. BACCHUS wanted to know why the planet was not called after him? He thought it very hard that he, who had lighted so many men's noses, should be forgotten by the vinous illuminati. JUPITER said he thought *he* might have had the planet: he knew he had one already, but what of that? When trumpery kings of earth sported he could hardly tell how many stars, he thought that he should have at least two. VULCAN, who swore dreadfully, said he had a great mind to supply no more material to men for railways, when they left him without a planet to put his head in. And when MARS reminded him that his wife VENUS had a very beautiful planet, MULCIBER looked savage, as though he could, an' he would, say a great deal, but wouldn't.

When the express sunbeam left Olympus with the above, the commotion was not settled; many of the gods swearing, for all the world, like actors, that they would positively not appear again, unless each and all of them came out as *the* Star.

Old NEPTUNE is, we understand, very much conceited with the honour paid him; and was seen on Monday last, at Herne-Bay, swaggering along the beach, pelting nursery-maids with pearls, and presenting little sucklings with corals.

PRINCE ALBERT AT HOME.

FEW will doubt that His Royal Highness PRINCE ALBERT is the only legitimate successor to the late CHARLES MATTHEWS, who was distinguished for his wonderful impersonation of a variety of different characters. It is expected that the Prince will shortly be able to give an "At home," comprising a series of sketches from the *répertoire* of his favourite impersonations. It is expected that his new addition to his old stock of parts—namely, that of Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—will afford the most ample food for merriment. His well-known sketch of a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn is a very delicious piece of acting, and his Field-Marshal, though bordering on caricature, is a rich piece of extravagance. The perfect manner in which he "makes up" for all the different parts, however opposite they may be, is truly astonishing. An entertainment interspersed with songs might be prepared for His Royal Highness, who could no doubt do full justice to it, as he does full justice to everything. We should have no objection to prepare an Olio interspersed with songs, something after the following fashion:—

LARGO AL FACTOTUM, (AS IT MIGHT BE SUNG).

WHAT a factotum I am becoming now!
La la la la, la la la la!
All my employments really there 's no summing now!
La la la la, &c.
Oh, what a time of it! Isn't it glorious
Popular Prince such as I am to be?
Bravo, Prince Albert! oh, Bravo, Bravissimo!
Generalissimo soon they 'll make me.
La la la la, &c.

Ready, all hours, at the call of the nation,
From botheration ne'er am I free;
I am a Prince that 's in full occupation,
As I 'm certain you all will agree.
La la la la, &c.

PRINCE ALBERT "AT HOME."

WHEN HE WILL SUSTAIN NO END OF DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

Field-Marshal am I, Merchant-Tailor, and Hatter,
The army I've fitted quite to a T;
Cambridge—of course 'twas from no wish to flatter—
Makes me her Chancellor—not a small matter.
La la la la, &c.

Oh, what a time of it! Isn't it glorious
Popular Prince such as I am to be?
Bravo, Prince Albert! Oh, Bravo, Bravissimo!
Generalissimo soon they'll make me.
All are imploring me, not to say boring me,
Bishops and rectors—railway projectors—
Begging and praying I would be laying
Stones for foundations of churches and stations.
"Prince Albert! Prince Albert! Prince Albert! Prince Albert!
Prince Albert! Prince Albert! Prince Albert! Prince Albert!
Prince Albert! Prince Albert!"

Dear me, what a bother with one and another!
One at a time, good folks, let it be.
"Prince Albert!" I'm here. "Prince Albert!" I'm there.
Prince Albert there, Prince Albert here,
Prince Albert, Prince Albert, everywhere,
Prince Albert high, Prince Albert low,
Prince Albert low, Prince Albert low.
Round about, out and in, quicker than *Harlequin*,
Never was known a factotum like me.
Bravo, Prince Albert! Oh, Bravo, Bravissimo!
Soon will they make thee a generalissimo!
Fortune will ne'er look coldly on thee,
Such a factotum did man ever see?

THE "KINDNESS" OF BIGOTRY: WITH A FABLE.

In the debate on the refusal of sites for Scotch Churches, Sir Robert Inglis—with his usual liberality—contended that there was no need of Free Kirks; why could not the people go to the Established Church? There was room enough.

Sir Robert is allowed to be, on all hands, a most humane, most excellent person: and he has only to rise in Parliament, and to utter some preposterous piece of moral and religious bigotry, to be immediately complimented upon the abounding loving-kindness of his disposition. How is this? Is he one of those proverbially noisy animals, whose bow-wow is worse than their bite? How is it, that folks will not take him at his word? He drops gall, and the House declares there's no bitterness whatever in the Honourable Baronet; on the contrary, he is like a bee-hive, when all the bees are from home, there's not a single sting within him, and he is full of honey. Now "rhubarb's rhubarb," call it what you will. A gentleness of outside is not the least to be respected. We would rather feel the prickles of a hedgehog than the bite of a beaver. But this exceeding mildness of bigotry reminds us of a fable.

Once upon a time, on the kitchen dresser of a certain bishop (a bishop of the good old times, and a very mild advocate of pitched shirts and faggots) there lay two Thames flounders; they were larger then than now, for, of course, as the world gets wickeder and wickeder, flounders get smaller and smaller—especially in the Thames. Well, the cook comes to the flounders as they lay with their tails curled like Beauty's lip before him. "By my fackins!" says the cook, "I have not enow of oil to fry ye both; so I must even cook one of you with nasty fat. Now," continued the cook, ruminating, "which of ye shall I fry with the fat, and which with the oil?" Whereupon the bigger flounder, frisking its tail, said, "Marry, Master Cook, since it is even so, and as thou sayest I must to the fire at last, why what doth it matter whether I am fried with the coarsest fat or with the mildest oil?"

Moral (for Parliament).—The "kindest" of bigots insist upon frying; but then they are so kind, so smooth, so gentle, they fry only with oil.

A Female Library.

A bibliomaniac died on the 3rd ult., at Padua, who had collected 32,000 volumes, all written by female authors. We have seen the catalogue, and are able to give our readers the following details:—

Woman's Mission	12,090 vols.
What is the True Position of Woman?	1,780 ,,
The Rights of Woman	10,273 ,,
The Wrongs of Man	3,645 ,,
Woman the Regenerator	1,733 ,,
The Female Mind	1,063 ,,

The above seem to be the principal subjects upon which the female authors have exhausted their voluminous eloquence. Singular to say, the collection is rather weak in fashionable novels. We need not tell our readers that the works of Mrs. Gore, for instance, are not included in a library which consists only of 32,000 volumes.

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS AND MAY-DAY.

A very interesting meeting of individuals who were brought up as chimney-sweepers, was held yesterday at the Shovel and Brush, Seven Dials, to take into consideration necessary measures for the protection of what one of the speakers emphatically called "the wested rights of the Sweep's May-day." The individuals had been educated for chimneys, but were now humble tradesmen.

Mr. William Bunkham—dealer in hearthstones—was called to the stool, and addressed the meeting. He said things was come to a pretty pass, when the May-day sweep was to ide his ed as if ashamed of the visdom of is hancestors. He didn't know what they'd make o' May-day next; he 'sposed they wouldn't let the awthorns bloom nor the birds vistle; for to prevent the English sweep—the lord and the lady o' May—havin their constitootional dance was a blow at the rites of the subject. (*Cheers.*) He vos not a sweep then, but the time vos ven he vos von, and—(here Mr. Bunkham drew his cuff across his eyes)—he could never forget it. (*Cheers.*) He spoke for sweeps present and sweeps futur, and said, if they vanted to dance, they must boldly stand up for it. They were grudged the apence that they forced the people to give 'em as their rights; but he told the government that they *would* have 'em. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Bumblepuppy did not believe that the Queen was agin the chimbley-sweepers dance o' May-day. He read the noospapers, 'specially the pictur ones; and if he was wrong, he should like to be put right, for he warn't above learning; and he remembered a pictur where Queen Elizabeth with Henry the Eighth, who arterwards cut off her ed—(*Great cheering.*)—when both on 'em went on May-day, drest as my lord and my lady, and danced at the top of Shooter's Ill. If he, (Mr. Bumblepuppy) was known at all, he was known as a man who always thought woman as much the softer sex, and treated her as sich. Well, then, he begged to perpose a petition to the Queen, for the continiation of wested rights of the Chimbley-Sweepers' dance on the fust of May. (*Cheering.*)

Mr. Threeouts, pot-boy, seconded the motion. He was the reader of the *Dispatch*, and rayther know'd how the cat jumped. Then, if the Queen thought to dare—(*Cries of "Order," "Chair!"*) Whereupon the Chairman mildly interfered; Mr. Threeouts bowed, and with a sarcastic smile, full of treason as the thirty-six volumes of State Trials, said—they know'd what he meant. Well, he would say this—that Jack-in-the-Green was the brightest wreath on the brow of majesty—if he must say Majesty. They had been tvitted—yes, tvitted—because with a ladle they axed, while they danced for money. (*Hear.*) He should like to know whether the Chancellor-of-the-Checkers every session of Parliament—if it could be called a Parliament in which the people had no voice—didn't ax for money too. (*Loud cheering.*) Only there was jest this difference: the one that axed for money was the Ladle of the People—and the other the Spoon o' the Government! (*Vociferous cheering.*) Because the little Princes and Princesses didn't know what it was to dance only once a year—was that any reason they shouldn't dance at all? (*Hear.*) Wasn't a May-day sweep a man—he meant, a boy? (*Loud applause.*) He would repeat it; Jack-in-the-Green was the brightest leaf in the Queen's chaplain; pluck that leaf away, and he for one—he was quite serious; never more so—he for one could not, answer for what might foller.

The motion was then agreed to; and the petition subsequently drawn out. It now lies on the table of the Shovel and Brush for signatures.

The Montem Poor-Box.

Among other arguments in favour of the abolition of Eton Montem, it has been urged that the little subscription collected, on the occasion, for the "Captain," can be of no consequence to a young gentleman of his station in society. We must protest against this statement. Eton, by its statutes—which, of course, have never been violated,—is an institution appointed for educating "poor and indigent scholars," by whom, of course, the smallest contributions will always be thankfully received.

"A KING AND NO KING."

The poor King of Spain is crying out already for a divorce. It is a pity that the Comte de Paris is not a little older, for Louis-Philippe might favour the King's Divorce, and then marry the Queen of Spain to the future King of France. Those Pyrenees must be sadly in the way of France!

GLUT OF ETHIOPIANS.

We have been recently much astonished and bewildered at the enormous glut of Ethiopians, whose black faces are everywhere as plentiful as blackberries. Our imports from Ethiopia are indeed becoming perfectly overwhelming; and as we have nothing to exchange with that country, we are afraid that the drain of bullion may be, in some degree, increased through the sums that may be going out in payment for the numerous parties of serenaders who are continually being sent over to this country.

There are no less than four-and-twenty sons of Ethiopia at this present moment requesting Old Dan Tucker to get out of the way, and lamenting the fate of Lucy Neal, every night, in London, to say nothing of the numerous parties of the children of the sun, or sons of their fathers, who are perambulating the provinces, in the shape of Ethiopian Serenaders. We should be glad if Mr. Hume would move for a return of all the Ethiopians at present in this country, whether Lantum, Ohio, or otherwise; as, in the present paucity of provisions, every unnecessary addition to the population is a serious evil.

So universal is the taste for these dingy melodists becoming, that we should not be surprised to find the stars of the Italian Opera reduced to the necessity of competing with the present attraction by adopting the peculiarities of Ethiopian Serenaders; Lablache on the bones, and Mario on the banjo, would be an irresistible novelty. At all events it would be worth while to try the experiment of a revival of *Otello*, in which the Moor, assisted by his Lieutenant and his Ancient, might introduce "Buffalo Gals, come out to night," with the usual accompaniment furnished by the Ethiopians.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL FOR WESTMINSTER.

We perceive that the Wandering Minstrel has become a candidate for the representation of the City of Westminster in Parliament. It is a pity that poor old Billy Waters is no longer alive to stand—on his wooden leg—as Mr. Cochrane's colleague. Billy Waters was, at all events, associated by local ties with Westminster, for all the little boys in the place used to take the glorious privilege of pelting him. He thus had the freedom of the city very often presented to him in a snowball or cabbage leaf. Mr. Cochrane cannot boast of even this amount of intimacy between himself and the electors, for his public life has been passed in the provinces. If Beulah Spa were to be allowed to send a member to Parliament, we know of no man so worthy as the Wandering Minstrel, of the suffrages of that romantic tea-garden. We have no doubt that if he were sent into the House of Commons, he would propose the emancipation of the Gipsies, and recommend the appointment of a committee to inquire into the propriety of having a British resident at the Swiss Cottage, to encourage emigration to Norwood. The electors of Westminster do not, however, require, as their representative, a gentleman who can touch a few notes on the guitar. They want rather an able supporter of the popular cause, who, in matters of practical improvement, can play first fiddle.

DELICIOUS.

A young Irelander was saying that M. Soyer's soup was the greatest luxury he had had for years. Upon being universally laughed at for this declaration, he exclaimed, "It's true, nevertheless; for I can assure you it's so delicious, that the more I take of it the more it brings the water into my mouth."

EXPLOSION OF THE GUN-COTTON.

How quickly the gun-cotton has gone out! People were so full of it at one time, and now it is completely exploded. The life of the gun-cotton was a very short one; it died a disappointed creature. It gave great expectations at first, from the modest manner in which it went to work, cutting through the strongest obstacles in a quiet undermining manner, and making no noise whatever about what it did. It professed to do away with war, by making the destruction of the human species so easy that a baby might be a Field-Marshal. The time was looked forward to when the standing army would be obliged to break up its cannons and make railways of them, and when there would be but one sword left in the world—the sword of justice. The gun-cotton has retired without fulfilling any of these brilliant promises. It is supposed the ether has put it out, for it is very true, that since the ether has been in persons' mouths, we have not had the gun-cotton so much in our ears.

THE SPANISH DANCE.

This dance lately has been a great deal in favour. The Duc de Montpensier was the first to introduce it. He executed the step in a fine bold style, changing partners with the husband of Isabella, giving his hand to the Infanta, then executing a double shuffle, doing the *chaîne anglaise*, and going back again to the position he first occupied in France, only taking his partner with him. This Spanish dance was very popular in Paris; much more so than the one lately attempted by Lola Montes at Munich. She has been enlivening the dance with a number of new capers with the King, but the populace don't admire the step much. It is expected the next movement will be a general *gallop* towards the frontier, where the Spanish *danseuse* will be left to dance a *pas seul* by herself. There has been a tremendous rise in the price of Bavarian beer, and the rising is quoted as another instance of the unpopularity of the Spanish dancer. There may be a few grains of truth in this, as we all know that beer is dependent upon the state of the hops.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. — Messrs. Widdicomb and John Cooper.

FIGHTS TO COME OFF.

LORD BROUGHAM is ready to meet EARL DEVON, or LORD LONDONDERRY, or any lord in the House, to have two or three rounds with them, on any subject on any night, for any sum. LORD BROUGHAM begs to tell LORD CAMPBELL, that he is not afraid to come up to the scratch at any time his lordship is in sufficient training to have a spar with him.

LORD BROUGHAM defies LORD LONDONDERRY or any of the Irish Landlords to a good, fair, stand-up fight on their own grounds. He only asks for fair play, and as for favour, he wants none, and will give none.

LORD BROUGHAM challenges all England, Ireland, and Scotland to spar with him. His lordship is not particular as to weight, size, or condition, or age, and he does not mind what are the odds. His lordship's money is lodged at BELLAMY'S.

LORD BROUGHAM challenges the whole world upon the same terms.

POLICE BAL MASQUÉ.

AMONG the *Réunions* of the season that is just commencing, none will create greater interest in certain circles—and squares—than an intended *Bal Masqué* on a grand scale, which is about to be given by the Police, for the purpose of accustoming themselves to those disguises which they are now authorised to wear on numerous occasions. The ball will be sanctioned by the Commissioners, as it is very desirable that the deceptions the Police are permitted to practise should be complete, and they can only obtain an easy bearing in their masquerade dresses by having occasional opportunities of wearing them. We have heard that among some of the most piquant and original costumes will be found those of a coiner, used for the purpose of facilitating Mint prosecutions; and an entire smasher's suit, as worn by a policeman, when encouraging the passing of bad money with a view to the collection of evidence.

How to get rid of a Troublesome Lodger.

Lodging-House Keeper. I 'm very sorry, sir; but I must request you, sir, to move as soon as you possibly can.

First-Floor Lodger. Excuse me, MR. SMITH, but I shall certainly not think of removing a day earlier than I think proper. You know we agreed that either party was to give a month's notice.

Lodging-House Keeper. I am aware of that, sir; but the architect of the parish has been going over the house, and he says it is not safe to live in it. He says, if it is not pulled down immediately, he will not answer for the consequences. The foundation has gone, and the dry rot has—

First-Floor Lodger. There, that's enough, send for a cab, and I'll leave directly.

IRISH LAW.—Every poor landlord has a right to keep a pack of hounds to run through his property.

LORD PALMERSTON'S CONSOLATIONS OF PHILOSOPHY.

AT the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, last September, LORD PALMERSTON addressed one of the after-dinner conclaves on the wonders of nature as revealed by modern science, and expressed his conviction, that the contemplation of the vastness of the universe was admirably calculated, by its proving our absolute insignificance, to render us indifferent to sublunary woes.

It is understood that his lordship's endeavours to reduce his theory to practice, have met with the most marked success; that his instructions to the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY to come to an accord with M. GUIZOT were the consequence of his passing a night in the contemplation of Saturn's ring; and that his subsequent verification of the accuracy of MR. ADAMS's calculations of the distance of the new planet Neptune from the sun, have rendered him utterly indifferent to the mortification of the MONTPENSIER marriage.

Science has not made LORD PALMERSTON indifferent to the happiness of his fellow-creatures. If our informant does not mislead us, he has suggested an application to LORD ROSSE to place his telescope at the disposal of government, in order that the starving Irish may be enabled, by the visual assurance that nebulæ are astral agglomerations, to sustain, with perfect equanimity, the loss of the potato; and has addressed to MR. LABOUCHERE an official minute of his lordship's firm conviction, that the general employment of night telescopes in the fever hospitals will be effectual as the vapour of ether in preventing bodily anguish.

THE CARNIVAL OF LONDON.

GREAT preparations are being made for this Protestant Carnival, that will commence two days before the fast of the 24th; the Irish Landlord Lent.

It is expected that the ring in Hyde Park will be very gay, the dresses and masks of the most various and fanciful description. Many of the Irish landlords will appear in characters taken from the *Beggar's Opera*.

The MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY as *Cato*, and LORD BROUGHAM as *Clown*, will engage with enormous sugar-plums.

MR. ROEBUCK will pelt the Irish landlords with eggs, filled, as usual, with the strongest rose-water.

We have seen the mask and dress prepared for MR. H. GRATTAN. He will represent to the life the nondescript thing set forth by CUMBERLAND—namely, *A Talking Potato*.

That the Fast may be kept with all proper rigidity, the dining-hour throughout the fashionable world will, on Monday and Tuesday, commence at four instead of nine: and on Tuesday, in particular, dishes will continue to be brought in until the clock strikes midnight, in order that the succeeding four-and-twenty hours may be passed with proper abstinence.

EXPLANATION OF ÆSOP'S FABLES FOR DULL STUDENTS.

I.—*The Fox who lost his Tail in the Gin.*

THE FOX stood seized of an estate in trap, and by a device duly executed he left his hairs a remainder in tail.

II.—*The Fox and Crow.*

In this case the Crow was evidently seized of a piece of cheese, with contingent remainder to the Fox, in case she opened her mouth, which, on her doing so, instantly descended to the Fox, who became seized of it.

Cambridgiana.

WHEN the deputation from Trinity College which waited upon PRINCE ALBERT had announced his election, he begged to inquire whether, as he objected to the College cap, he might be allowed to wear his own hat? To this the deputation replied, that the question must be referred to the *Caput*.

The Prince also informed them, that as he was in the habit of dining with HER MAJESTY, he should feel more at home in having his commons at Queen's. It was therefore decreed, that he should be admitted as a Hat Fellow Commoner at Queen's.

A RIVAL TO THE MONTEM.

IN consequence of the feeling that has been expressed by some of the aristocracy and other parties of high position, in favour of the continuance of the Eton Montem, for the purpose of collecting "salt," it is, we believe, in contemplation to establish a practise among the police to collect a fund for the Inspector, under the name of "pepper." The members of the force will, it is understood, perambulate the principal thoroughfares once a year, and, truncheon in hand, will make demands on the pockets of the passengers.

HINT TO THE PROPRIETORS OF TEA GARDENS.

THE TERRIFIC DESCENT OF IL DIAVOLO BROUGHAM IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

DOINGS AT GRAVESEND.

[*From our own Correspondent.*]

MR. PUNCH,

As I am aware that, in the balmy summer months, you frequently visit this fresh-water retreat to catch the stray saline breezes from the Great Nore, I feel much more than satisfied to know that you will be delighted at the flourishing prospect of a town in which Pleasure dances with Commerce.

We are all alive; and it is in consequence of the extraordinary impetus given to business of every kind. Allow me to jot down a few of our doings.

All the butchers have purchased more than treble their week's stock, and oxen and sheep—to say nothing of droves of pigs on their unconscious way to the porkman's—fill every street. Children are screaming, and women threatening to faint.

All the poulterers have geese, ducks, fowls, with festoons of pigeons, hung from garret to shop-windows.

Shrimps are on the rise, and, it is expected, will be eighteenpence a pint by the end of the week.

At every tavern and inn, brewers' men are delivering barrels of beer and GUINNESS's stout.

Even in this weather ginger beer is going up.

Papers for the hire of extra maids and waiters are seen in the window of every eating-house and cookshop.

The tea-people are making a great stir, and, the number of cows being limited, the drain upon the pumps is incessant.

The bakers are working double time; ditto pastrycooks. It is predicted that penny buns will be threepence.

I have watched all these doings with considerable anxiety, and have just met the oldest inhabitant, of whom I inquired the cause. "Why, sir," said that respectable individual, "the people of Gravesend are not to be caught napping again. For you remember, on the last two solemn occasions of royal funerals—when London was so full of woe that it overflowed into the country to enjoy itself—Gravesend was picked to the bone of its last mutton chop by the multitude; eaten to its last crumb. Therefore, sir, as a like incursion of Londoners may be expected here on Wednesday next, we are only making necessary preparations for—*the General Fast.*"

PRESSNITZ WITH THE CHILL OFF.—M. SOYER's soups have been called "the warm water cure."

HEMLOCK ON ASSES.

IT appears from a paragraph now making the tour of the press, that

"In 1561, the asses in Tuscany ate such a quantity of hemlock that they fell down and remained insensible for such a length of time, that their owners, imagining they were dead, *skinned them* for the sake of their hides; but they were horrified and grieved at beholding their asses recover in a short time, and stand up, quite denuded of their skins."

Sweet may be the uses of hemlock. For instance, it is said that next year the income-tax (and all for Ireland) is not only to be renewed but to be increased. We would therefore advise the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to employ M. SOYER to make JOHN BULL some palatable hemlock soup, that he may be humanely skinned whilst insensible. Whether BULL, like the asses, shall "recover in a short time" after the flaying, we may not say; as, however, he will soon have nothing to lose but his skin, this new hemlock discovery is fortunate for any Chancellor, Whig or Tory.

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR ROBERT INGLIS.

"HONNURD SIR,

"i see by the papers as you Woted tother night agin MR. EWART's moshun for Abolishin the punishment of deth, which I hereby beg to Return yer my umbil and Arty Thanks for the same. Since they 've done Away with Angin for forgery and sitch, i 've been amost Ruin'd, bein no Longer Abel to support myself by my Perfeshun, witch as dedooced me to Doo all sorts of hodd jobs for a livelywood. As 'tis, i Do now and then arn a extry ginny, witch them mockish Centymentalists, messers. EWART and coe., ood deprive me Hof. I'm werry much oblig'd to you, Sir, for standin my Frend, and purtectin my Wested Intrests agin that Lot. i 'm told, too, that you 're for upholdin the penal laws agin the Cathlics, witch i onnur yer for it—them was rare times wen they used to ang the papistes; send 'em agin says I, witch I blieve is yer honnur's sentiments as well as mine. Here 's yer honnur's elth, then, in a pott of Evvy, and Purteckshun for the Britiish Angman. My Servis to yer honnur. i remane,

"Your honnur's Most Obeedgent,

"JACK KETCH."

VOLUMINOUS WRITERS.

SOME of the writers of the present day seem to think that the heights of Parnassus are to be ascended by using their works as scaling ladders. They evidently imagine that an author has not the smallest chance of reaching Posterity unless he stands on a hundred volumes.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1847.

LOVE SONGS BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

THE DOMESTIC LOVE SONG.

ARTICLES of furniture are deservedly favourite subjects with domestic poets; witness those celebrated verses, "My uncle's old hat," "My grandmother's muff," "My ancestor's coal-scuttle," &c., by MISS BUNION and other poetesses, which have taken such a strong hold on the affections of the public. Our stout friend evidently knew the value of furniture when he composed the following lyric. It is crammed full of goods, like a broker's shop, and has a touching and domestic pathos, which contrasts agreeably with the May Fair swagger of the poem we printed a fortnight since.

The circumstances of the poem are these:—The Contributor, then lodging in Bidborough Street, Burton Crescent, had received a present of shrimps from a kind friend at Gravesend, and asked his landlady, MRS. RUNT, and her daughter to breakfast, when the young lady not only sate in the "cane-bottomed chair," but broke it. The little affair of the chair happened many years ago, and our friend has long quitted MRS. RUNT'S apartments: he says it was despair in love that tore him thence, for he entertained a violent passion for MISS R., as usual; but her excellent mother persists that it was irregularity of rent-payments which caused the *serious* difference with her lodger.

Nor could a young man in impoverished circumstances, as the C. then was, expect much better treatment at the hands of MISS R. That young lady was virtuously attached to the first-floor, LIEUTENANT BONG of the Bombay Artillery, whom she married, and, as MRS. CAPTAIN BONG, is the happy mother of a very large family.

As for her spirit revisiting the Contributor's arm-chair, that is all bosh. People don't sit on it, but for the reason of breakage above stated; and poems of later dates, "To IANTHE;" "To ZULEIKA;" "To AURELIA," &c., show that the rogue was not more inconsolable about other disappointments than about this one. Of course he makes the most of his feelings; every poet does; a true poet howls if he is pricked with a pin, as much as an ordinary man who got three dozen:—that is the beauty of poetic sensibility.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all cracked,)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn:
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There 's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that 's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when FANNY sate there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sate there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint FANNY, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company 's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My FANNY I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

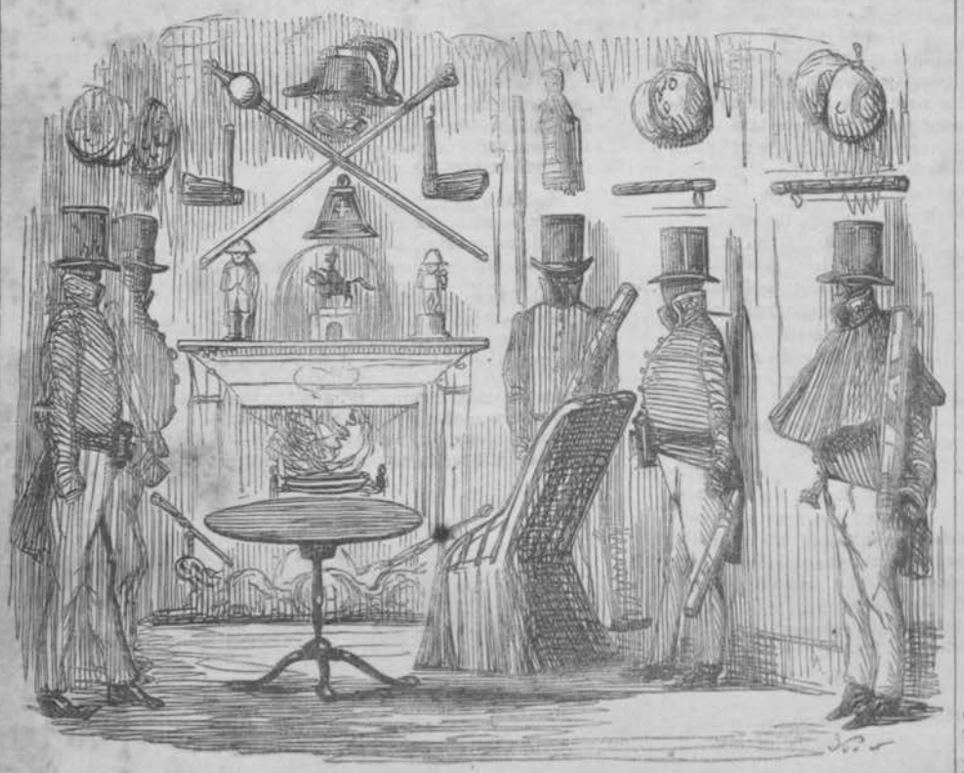
PHYSIC FOR IRELAND.

THE case of Ireland reminds us of one which frequently occurs in medical practice. A patient is labouring under a state of constitution which can only be remedied by perseverance with some unpalatable remedy—say, a very bitter pill. The sufferer does not like the treatment necessary for him; accordingly he resorts to vegetable medicines—elixirs of life—and runs the whole round of the specifics of advertising quacks.

At last, an attack of illness, threatening instant dissolution, throws him on his bed. A regular practitioner is then sent for, and prescribes the physic that should have been administered in the first instance, shaking his head, observing that he should have been applied to before, and hoping that his assistance may not have been sought too late. Thus has LORD JOHN RUSSELL, at the eleventh hour, been called in by the friends of Ireland, and with these misgivings he prescribes the Poor-Law Pill.

THE MIDDLE-AGE MANIA.

THE system of decoration is, just now, all of the character of the Middle Age, and our rooms are crowded with Elizabethan ornaments. We may reasonably expect, therefore, that the next age will adopt for its adornments the style which is prevalent at the present period. What the armed knight of our ancestors is to us, the policeman in uniform will be to our posterity. Already the watchman of olden times is almost eligible to the honours of statueship, and the stage-coachman of our boyish days will soon be entitled, on the score of antiquity, to take his place among our effigies.



A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.—A ROOM IN THE STYLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We can fancy the effect of a room a hundred years hence, decorated with figures clothed in the fantastic garb of the present century. Of course it is only antiquity that gives value to many of those objects which figure in the catalogues of the present period, and are clutched up as bits of *vertu* by the connoisseurs of our own era. In the course of a century the cape of a policeman will have acquired to the dignity of the cuirass of the past, and the official highlow of the present day will have obtained, from the ripeness of age, the same curious interest that now belongs to the steel clogs or sabatynes of our ancestors. We can imagine what a catalogue might be made by the EDMUND ROBINS of the twentieth century, who might be intrusted with the sale of some collection of curiosities.

LOT 1.—A Staff, supposed to have belonged to the Beadle of Burlington. The brass nob is rendered doubly interesting by an indenture which has been traced immediately up to the skull of a boy of the period.

LOT 2—Is a Staff of peculiar construction, supposed to have been used by the celebrated Solitary of the Exeter Change Arcade. This staff has a legend attached to it, of peculiar interest. It is said that the staff was so long the only companion of its master, that he at length became incapable of enjoying any other society. There is an affecting anecdote also related in connection with the staff, which, it is said, was ultimately seized as an heir-loom of an ancient family, which broke the heart of the beadle.

LOT 3.—The Truncheon carried by MR. COMMISSIONER MAYNE, when in attendance at the opening of Parliament. This valuable relic is supposed to have dispersed four hundred mobs by the mode in which its celebrated owner stretched it forth in moments of tumult.

LOT 4.—A Policeman's Cape; supposed to have been worn in four hundred different kitchens during the celebrated crusade against the larders, by which the middle of the nineteenth century was distinguished.

Such will probably be a few of the lots in the catalogue, destined to comprise the numerous objects that will become interesting by the course of time, which alone appears to give value to the most worthless articles.

The Wandering Statue.

THE Monster House at Albert Gate is to be fitted up for the reception of the Monster Statue at Hyde Park Corner, until a site has been found for it on the surface of the globe. This seems to be an admirable arrangement; and if the house had been built expressly for the Statue, the accommodation could not have been better. The Horse will occupy the ground, first, and second floors, whilst the Duke will have the entire use of the upper part of the house. Another great advantage connected with this arrangement is, that the Statue will be completely concealed from public view.

Songs of the Statues.

THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

UPON my pillar, lo! I stand,
A public exhibition;
Thus honour'd by my native land,
I hold a high position.
A grateful country thus requites
Its heroes and its sages,
Hoisting them on conspicuous sites,
The gazing-stocks of ages.

But people ask, who see me here,
Rais'd to a height so glorious,
In what respect was my career
So very meritorious?
By what achievements did I win
Renown and estimation?
How came I to be posted in
This lofty situation?

Well—to the Army they will find
That I paid some attention:
I can't exactly call to mind
What else I did worth mention.
I wish I could believe I stood,
In History's faithful volume,
Together with the great and good,
As high as on my Column.

I fear, most famous for my debts
Posterity will find me,
Which I, with very few assets,
Unsettled left behind me.
What anybody owed to me
I should be posed in showing;
More easy far to show 'twould be
From me how much was owing.

EXPIRING ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.

WE read in the *Morning Post* a few days ago a most affecting paragraph under the touching title of "Expiring Acts of Parliament." We had prepared a gush of tears—we always keep an onion ready—to mourn over the deplorable condition of these expiring Acts, for we expected to find half the statute-book *in extremis*, and on the eve of tumbling into the tomb of all the waste paper, which after failing to turn the scale of public opinion, is condemned to turn the scale in the butter-shops. Upon looking at the mournful list, with a full determination to bury our animosity, even towards the most objectionable of expiring Acts, in the grave that was yawning beneath it, we found that the very first on the list of moribund measures was one that is not to expire until the National Debt is extinguished. Disgusted at being checked in our sentimental mood by this remoteness of any probability of having a defunct Act of Parliament to mourn over, we actually put away our white pocket-handkerchief, and feeling that we should have no occasion for tears, we positively—ROASTED OUR ONION—aye, and ate it too, without remorse, for our supper.

Our good friend of the *Morning Post* ought not to trifle in this manner with some of the finest feelings—mark we have two sorts, namely, a set of the finest for grand occasions, and some of the coarser for daily use—of our nature. To lead off a list of Expiring Acts with one that is to live till the National Debt is paid off—an immortality, at the least—is a delusion, a snare, and a mockery.

LORD BROUGHAM AND THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.

His Lordship has discovered an awful and alarming flaw in the existing law regarding marriage; for though it is wisely and expressly provided by the canons that a man may not marry his grandmother, there is no security against a man's marrying his great-grandmother, if his connubial wishes should take that very antique direction. Lord Brougham purposes to step in, and at once, by a new enactment, render this sort of marriage impossible. We long for the day upon which Lord Brougham will ask leave to bring in his bill, for the debates on its several stages will give a liveliness to the hitherto exceedingly dull proceedings in Parliament. We are always happy to assist the legislative labours of a man like Lord Brougham, and we therefore have much pleasure in presenting for his approval the draft of a measure for securing the boon which his senatorial heart is bent upon. We trust he will do us the justice to place our proposed bill before the excellent Society for the Amendment of the Law, at the very earliest opportunity.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas it is expedient that a check should be placed on intermarriage between great-grandsons and their great-grandmothers, and to extend to the aforesaid great-grandmothers and great-grandsons the law which is now in force with reference to grandsons and grandmothers only:

And Whereas it is desirable to bring great-grandmothers under the restraining clauses of a certain Act, passed in a previous reign, and to give great-grandsons the benefit of that wholesome section of the said Act, which prevents a grandson from leading his grandmother to the hymeneal altar:

Be it therefore Enacted, by and with the consent of Her Majesty and the Houses of Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled, that a marriage between a great-grandson and a great-grandmother shall be *ipso facto* void; and that there shall be a penalty of £ on any clergyman who shall knowingly attempt to solemnise a farce of such broad absurdity.

The above Act may be extended by some penal clauses, inflicting penalties for incipient flirtations between great-grandsons and great-grandmothers, which might terminate in the evil that the law is intended to provide against.

We trust that this outline will satisfy the scrupulous mind of Lord Brougham.

ECONOMICAL GROG.

ON THE PLAN OF MONSIEUR SOYER'S ECONOMICAL SOUPS.

Take a pint of boiling water, and put into it a thin slice of lemon. Add to this a few grains of nutmeg, and three lumps of white sugar. Pour out into wine-glasses, stir up with silver spoon, and drink warm. The cost is as follows:—

Water	6*d.*
Firing	
Three lumps of sugar	
Nutmeg	
Slice of lemon	
	1½

The above quantity will suffice for at least a dozen people. The flavour is something quite novel, and, besides having the recommendation of excessive cheapness, is found to be very refreshing, and, providing it is taken in moderation, exceedingly healthy. It is just the thing to take before singing a convivial song, or after proposing a friend's health. A person may take six tumblers of it with the greatest comfort, without feeling any of those boisterous effects or nervous headaches the following morning, which result from drinking grog made of gin, whisky, rum, or brandy. It is strongly recommended for the use of families.

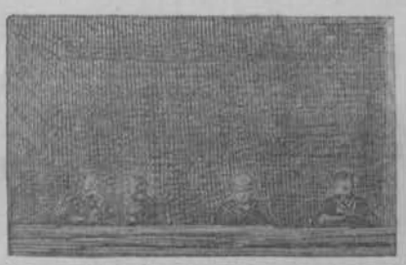
SMITHFIELD AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

We are surprised that a particular class of individuals, whose "vested interests" will be peculiarly injured in the event of Smithfield market being done away with, have not come forward to protest against its abolition. We allude to the students at the neighbouring Hospital of St. Bartholomew, who pay a considerable—not to say exorbitant—sum for the permission to attend the surgical practice there; and especially to the dressers, who give fees still larger for the privilege of assisting in the treatment of accidents. The suppression of a fruitful source of "interesting cases" will prove most injurious to these young men, by depriving them of countless valuable opportunities of bone-setting and bandaging, for which they have laid out little fortunes. Let their Governors—paternal as well as Hospital—look to this. All we can say is, that if Smithfield Market is removed, the Bartholomew surgeons must, in fairness, make a great reduction in their terms. There must be a tremendous fall in Hospital Practice, and an alarming sacrifice in Dresserships.

THE GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Notwithstanding that it is the place appointed for the congregation of so many of the lights of the age, the darkness of the House of Commons is becoming a grievance that it is exceedingly difficult to tolerate. The Reporters' Gallery is now utterly obscure; in consequence, probably, of the ascending vapour from the speeches of the various members, who certainly have the knack of being able to mystify even the very clearest atmosphere. There is no doubt that, in legislation, it is decidedly necessary to feel your way, but it is as well to be able to see your way also.

The unhappy Reporters, who are not allowed the benefit of candles to make their darkness somewhat visible, are compelled to take notes by the merest guess-work, and to eliminate from the chaos of scrawls and scratches the debates which deck the next day's newspapers. The darkness of the spot has, in fact, arrived at such a pitch of pitchiness, that it is only by the sound of the voice that they can avoid those collisions which might be fraught with considerable danger; for though many of them are tolerably hard-headed, they are scarcely capable of sustaining such shocks as a meeting—skull to skull—might expose them to.



Some of the members who sit under the gallery are in the same dilemma with reference to the darkness, and even the economical Mr. Joseph Hume, whose soul is in the save all, has been known to ask for a rushlight—or even to plunge into a dip—to enable him to read some important document.

We really think that the Reporters should be allowed the privilege of the Cornish miners, and be permitted to walk into the dark gallery assigned to them with lights fastened on to their heads, for the purpose of illuminating the gloom in which their business is transacted.

A JEW PIG-DEALER.

In Shaftesbury Market, the other week, one Marcus Lewis, a Jew, sold four pigs; whereat the local papers wonder. Wherefore? Marcus broke no law. The pork passed not through his stomach, only through his hands. Besides, when a white Yankee sells a black man—why not a white Jew, it may be, a black pig? In one case the merchant trades upon what his religion tells him he ought to love; in the other, the Jew turns the market penny on what he is told to hate.

THE RISING GENERATION.

Intellectual Juvenile. "AW—WITH REGARD TO THAT PART OF THE—AW—AW—AWGUMENT, I THINK—AW—THAT WOMAN IS DECIDEDLY—AW—AN INFERIAW—AW—ANIMAL."

CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCE.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THE excitement occasioned by the recent election has been gradually subsiding since my last letter. The Albertites are in fine feather, and it is rumoured that DR. WHEWELL would not hesitate to accept the most eligible of the new bishoprics, with the reversion of Canterbury; and, I must add, that such an appointment, and the reverend Professor's consequent removal from Cambridge, will give the most lively satisfaction to all parties.

"I have been confidentially informed by a person high in authority, that at a meeting of the Heads of Houses, held last week at the Vice-Chancellor's, it was determined to offer the office of High Steward of the University to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, upon the first vacancy. His Royal Highness's youth, innocence, known taste (particularly in lollypops), his intimate acquaintance with the literature of his age (H. R. H. has already commenced words of two syllables), all mark him out as the person most fitted to be elected to such a high office.

"It is whispered in well-informed circles, that PRINCE ALBERT, who is at present only a Field-Marshal, would feel highly complimented if put in nomination for the office of University Marshal; and the authorities seem disposed to act upon this suggestion. All that I have had conversation with, agree that the Senior Proctorship will be tendered to the Prince; and a dignity so strictly corresponding to that of 'præfectus morum' in the Roman emperors, cannot but be acceptable to H. R. H. Should H. R. H. be graciously pleased to accept the office (and there seems to exist no doubt at present that such will be his determination) several of the Heads have already signified their desire to act as H. R. H.'s bull-dogs, or jackalls, as they will then be called. I have observed that the Heads have not shaved their upper lips for the last week, preparatory to the Installation, when moustachios are required. This gives to their faces rather a dirty appearance; and report says, that their hands have not come out altogether clean from the recent proceedings." "GYP."

WONDERFUL, IF TRUE!

AN Irish provincial paper, the *Downpatrick Recorder*, states the astounding fact, that, by means of the inhalation of ether, PROFESSOR SEWELL had "effected the amputation of the limb of a *deceased* sheep, with perfect success, and *without any apparent pain.*"

Passages in the Life of the "Author of Dr. Hookwell."

BY way of a testimonial in favour of Eton Montem a funny kind of letter has been written to the *Morning Post* by the "Author of DR. HOOKWELL." We extract from the epistle of this high literary character the subjoined interesting pieces of autobiography:—

"I myself, as an Eton boy, have taken part in three successive Montems, and never was I aware of any disorders occurring—certainly not moral ones—beyond some boyish freaks displayed in cutting down cabbages, &c., in BOTHAM'S and CECIL'S gardens at Salt Hill, a natural consequence of being for the first time girded with the sword."

So that the natural consequence of being for the first time girded with the sword is to cut off heads—though but heads of cabbage and broccoli. Surely, the Captain of Eton Montem should have been allowed to exchange into the Guards.

But observe now what a loyal heart beats beneath the waistcoat of the "Author of DR. HOOKWELL":—

"Never can I forget the pride and delight with which I marched round the quadrangle at Eton three times, each time passing close by the person of GEORGE IV. and the benevolent classical countenance of CANNING smiling on the happy pageantry. O that Etonians in the present day may enjoy the same delight in passing before the presence of QUEEN VICTORIA and Her Majesty's illustrious Consort, PRINCE ALBERT!"

There must indeed be "a divinity that doth hedge a king," even although such a king as GEORGE IV., to render an approximation to the royal person so delightful as it was to the "Author of DR. HOOKWELL." It is common to hear people whose sentiments, if not their positions, are those of flunkies, boast of having *once* nearly touched a monarch. But our author—and mark how he dwells on the circumstance—enjoyed this pleasure no less than three several times in succession. A certain beatific sphere, it is said, surrounds beings of a superior order; and according to the experience of the "Author of DR. HOOKWELL," sovereigns are encircled by a similar effluence. In an exclamation very like the conclusion of a sermon, he wishes that the happiness which thus fell to his lot may be shared by others. Let him make his benevolent mind easy: whether Eton Montem is abolished or not, Etonians, and indeed everybody else, will realise this blessing still. Science has rendered it tolerably certain, that space is pervaded by an undulating medium, to which any movement once imparted is propagated infinitely in all directions. Whenever, therefore, HER MAJESTY or PRINCE ALBERT speaks, even in a whisper, the loyal breast may indulge itself in the assurance, that wherever it is, it receives some impulse which originated from royalty. What a happy reflection must this be for good subjects who present the Prince with a snuff-box—if his Royal Highness takes snuff! Let them only consider what must happen to them in the event of a princely sneeze.

Theatrical Bearing.

JOHN COOPER, Esq., of the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Surrey, and City of London, gives lessons in Dignified Deportment and Manly Carriage to those young noblemen and gentlemen who are ambitious of a handsome figure at the next Eton Montem or *Bal Masqué*. J. C. has a varied assortment of walks on hand, from a noble Greek to a daring *Jack Sheppard*, whilst his independent *insouciant*, devil-may-care, *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, it is universally agreed, is not to be approached.—The carrying of a Spanish Cloak or a Banner, or a Rapier, or the proper cock of a Hat, or the priming of a Gun, taught in all their bearings, according to the best established Theatrical Rules, in six lessons.—The real British Sailor instructed in half-an-hour, and the Hornpipe learnt in two steps. Lords, under 12, half-price.—No Clown or Pantaloon need apply.

PORTRAIT OF A NOBLE LORD IN ORDER.

"ORDER! WHO CALLS ME TO ORDER? POOH! POOH! FIDDLEDEDEE! I NEVER WAS IN BETTER ORDER IN MY LIFE. NOBLE LORDS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE TALKING ABOUT."

"A MASTER I HAD, &c."

SCENE.—LORD G. BENTINCK *seated at table, preparing for dinner.* DISRAELI *standing hat in hand.*

Lord G. (*loq*). WELL, BEN, have you examined carefully all the Reports to Parliament for the last fifty years on the Distresses of Ireland?

Disraeli. Yes, my Lo-ord!

Lord G. Have you calculated how much the £16,000,000 will be per head for each man, woman, and child in Ireland, that *can* work—*but won't*—on the Railways, if "we *can get it?*"

Disraeli. Yes, my Lo-ord!

Lord G. Have you *calculated the odds* as to the *probability of its repayment*, and when?

Disraeli. Yes, my Lo-ord!

Lord G. Have you gone through the Debates for the last twenty years, and ascertained how often PEEL spoke on the subject of the Distress of Ireland, and how often he didn't?

Disraeli. Yes, my Lo-ord!

Lord G. And what he said and what he didn't?

Disraeli. Yes, my Lo-ord!

Lord G. Have you made up my book for the Derby?

Disraeli (*in astonishment*). My Lo-o-o-ord!

Lord G. Oh no! I was thinking of something else. Have you made out my speech for the House?

Disraeli (*with glee*). Yes, *my* Lo-ord!

Lord G. Well, then, you may tell JOHN to have the cab at the door in a couple of hours, and then you may go home and get your dinner.

Disraeli (*retiring sheepishly*). Yes, my Lo-ord!

BUYING AND SELLING.

(*Being the Journal of* ALDERMAN CALLIPASH, *during a week's Irish experience.*)

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—MY attention having been called to an assertion by SIR H. BARRON, that "a cry has been raised against the Irish landlords by the moneyed men of the City of London, in order to depreciate Irish estates in the market, and then buy them at reduced values," I am induced to address you on this very painful subject.

Sir, I am a "moneyed man." I have bought an Irish estate, whether at a lower price than its real value, you will judge by the subjoined journal of what I do not hesitate to call the most *agonising* month of my existence, though I have gone through all corporate offices (except that of *Lord Mayor*) and have had disputes with the *Common Council*.

When I purchased this estate a month ago (980 acres at an average of £20 per acre,) I was a hale portly man of 17 stone, with the usual outward characteristics of my age (52), position (Alderman of the City of London), and calling (drysalter). I now weigh 13 stone! I am pale, nervous, and emaciated. Why I am thus changed, the subjoined will inform you. Hoping that my melancholy tale may deter others in my position,

I remain, Sir,
Your constant reader,
JOHN CALLIPASH.

JOURNAL.

Jan. 2nd. Concluded purchase of Balleyragget estate, county of Tipperary.

10*th*. Arrived at Ballyragget. Inquired for the "Demesne house." Found much difficulty in making myself understood.

11*th*. Have at last got a clue.

12*th*. I have seen the House, there is no roof, and the park is unreclaimed bog; but I am assured by the gauger, whom I met looking for a still in my front parlour, that the snipe-shooting is excellent. The kitchen is the only room inhabitable; and I cannot say that the bailiff exhibited that willingness to make room for my luggage which I have a right to expect.

13*th*. Slept in the kitchen. On waking in the morning, found a threatening notice on the door, signed "CAPTAIN STARLIGHT" and wishing to know if I'd brought my coffin with me?—I am not to be intimidated.

14*th*. Assembled tenants, and informed them that I had bought the estate with the arrears. They are to bring their accounts to-morrow.

15*th*. I find no rent has been paid for the last five years, but the greatest willingness is expressed to pay with regularity any rent I like to "set." The people are most civil and very amusing. They are much misrepresented. They brought presents of fowls, &c., and wished "long life to my honour," with great fervour.

16*th*. My Scotch bailiff arrived with his models and apparatus.

17*th*. My bailiff has given me warning. He has received twenty-four threatening notices, and his implements have been burnt. There is an incendiary somewhere.

18*th*. Lectured tenants, and found an admirable feeling among them. I wish I could get something to eat besides the dried meats, &c., which I brought with me. I don't shoot, and there seems to be little except wild game.

19*th*. Set destitute peasants to work in house and park, at task-work.

20*th*. Tenants have struck work, and wish to be paid by the day. Tried to explain to them the laws of capital and wages. Found the attempt hopeless.

21*st*. Rector called to remonstrate with me for subscribing to chapel.

22*nd*. Parish priest called to remonstrate with me for inviting rector to dinner.

23*rd*. Received letter from rector, denouncing me as a latitudinarian and a Jesuit. I wrote answer to say I was attached to our glorious Constitution in Church and State.

24*th*. Received letter from parish priest, denouncing me as an Orangeman and a persecutor. Wrote answer to say that all I wished was greatest happiness of greatest number.

25*th*. I can't go out without finding a threatening notice on the hall-door, and have had my shutters lined with sheet-iron. I don't get any sleep at nights, and I am losing my appetite. As I can't get anything to eat, to signify, this is, perhaps, a merciful dispensation.

26*th*. The O'DOWD called with an invitation to dinner, and a request for my vote and interest for his cousin, a repeal candidate for the county. Refused both.

27*th*. Received a challenge from the O'DOWD. What am I to do?

28*th*. Have made an apology to the O'DOWD, and must dine with him to-morrow.

29*th*. I have just reached home, after suffering much from whisky-punch, which I was forced to drink. I can't stand it.

30*th*. Advertised the Ballyragget estates at a sacrifice, "the owner going abroad."

Feb. 2nd. Got away in disguise. Passed several ill-looking men behind the stone walls, armed with fire-arms, evidently lying in wait for me. What have I done?

6*th*. Embraced Mrs. C. in my villa at Hoxton. Mrs. C. in hysterics. I grateful, but much shattered in mind and body. DR. BLEACH thinks I shall get over it; I hope I may.

P.S. Sir, if you know a customer, Ballyragget is to be disposed of very cheap indeed. Respectfully yours,

J. C.

The Fast Day.

WE have been given to understand that among the consequences of the Fast day, was the acceleration of the maturity of Bills of Exchange, which were to a certain extent made fast in their progress by becoming payable one day earlier than otherwise. We have heard of persons and things being knocked into next week, but it is only bills and promissory notes that are liable to be knocked into yesterday.

THE NEW BAVARIAN MINISTRY.

THE events that have recently happened in Bavaria, through the instrumentality of the Spanish dancer, LOLA MONTES, are certainly full of dramatic interest. The revolution effected by a member of the coregraphic art, is something quite new in our modern annals; and the idea of a *danseuse* being instrumental to the overthrow of the Jesuits, has suggested to several members of the *corps de ballet* in France and England to send in tenders to the various Cabinets of Europe for effecting any great political changes that may be required.

The influence of Terpsichore has already been felt on the government of more than one European nation; and FANNY ELLSLER'S interview with the Pope, soon after his elevation to the papal chair, may probably have had a considerable share in bringing about the reforms which have so astonished the world, as proceeding from a quarter hitherto considered to be most bigoted and inflexible. The part recently acted by LOLA MONTES might well serve as the foundation of a grand political ballet, (of which we furnish a brief outline), to be called

LE ROI ET LA DANSEUSE. .

The KING OF BAVARIA, worn out with the cares of government, and worried to death by his jesuitical ministry, sends for the fair LOLA, who has just arrived, to make her appearance at the Imperial Theatre of Bavaria. At first he is indifferent to her *pas* and *poses*; but she soon attracts his notice by pointing her toe with tremendous expression towards some disaffected members of the ministry. The King's attention becomes arrested, and he would fain ask for an explanation, when the graceful LOLA goes off into a boundless group of endless *entrechats*. The sovereign seems puzzled, and is about to pursue the delightful creature, for the purpose of putting further questions to her, when she gaily gallops off and disappears among the mass, into which the royal pursuer refuses to follow his lovely fugitive.

In the next tableau the King is represented torn by conflicting passions and thinking of LOLA. Five of his Ministers come in and dance a *pas de cinq*, which goes by the name of the *Pas des Jésuites*. The King seems distracted at the labyrinth into which he is drawn by the intricate movements of this complicated *pas;* but he continually turns round, as if looking for the lovely LOLA. The BISHOP OF AUGSBURGH then presents himself with a downcast look, and two beautiful fountains suddenly start from his eyes, which continue to run incessantly.

The King is about to yield on seeing the distress of the good Prelate, when the fascinating LOLA comes bounding in, and pointing to the streaming eyes of the Bishop, indicates by her gestures that he is a pump of the utmost duplicity. The King still seems dejected, when LOLA, by dancing the *Cachuca*, gradually restores him to gaiety, when he joins her in a *Polka*, to the dismay of all his courtiers. Upon this, the Ministers commence a grand *pas de résignation*, when the King fearing he shall be left alone, appeals earnestly to LOLA. She immediately summons some of her own companions, who undertake to fill the vacant places, and dance the *Pas de Cabinet*, though with some trifling awkwardness. She introduces, one by one, the three principal figures, each of whom performs some "variations" of his own; and the Minister of Education executes the College Hornpipe, to show his sympathy with the University. The Minister of Finance then makes an advance, and points to a Bank, which he strikes, and a golden stream issues from its side, with which he offers liquidation to any extent, while he intimates by his action that the golden stream acting on anything produces a state of liquidation or solvency. The Minister of the Interior is the next that appears, and he takes an attitude of firmness, which LOLA points out as a proof of his value to the King of Bavaria. After a variety of ins and outs, the fair LOLA induces the King to allow the formation of a *Ministre Dansante*; and a picture is formed, of which the captivating MONTES forms the centre, supported by the KING OF BAVARIA, who hangs tenderly over her, upon which pleasing picture

The Curtain falls.

THE NEW MINISTER OF FINANCE.

THE NEW MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

THE PARCEL POST.

WHAT means that hum of voices?
What means that angry crowd?
Why are those people quarrelling?
Why are they talking loud?
They 're clamouring for the parcels
They recently have lost,
Through foolishly confiding them
Unto the Parcel Post.

Behold the poor Inspector,
Left lonely in his shame,
To give three thousand parcels back,
And answer every claim;
With bother render'd desperate,
He seeks the great LORD MAYOR,
And throws before the civic throne
The parcels in his care.

"My Lord, what shall I do with them?"
"Deliver them, of course,"
Replies his Lordship; but 'tis vain,—
There is no cart, no horse.
Thus the Inspector calmly spoke:—
"My Lord, if through the streets
I send one of our vehicles,
Some creditor it meets;

"Who clutches by the bridle
The steed with gallant neigh,
And, for a debt, the equipage
Is quickly walked away.
A single batch of parcels
I do not dare send out,
For creditors are dodging them
All London round about.

"And e'en our very servants,
For their arrears of pay,
Will from the parcels help themselves:
They do it every day."
His Lordship much regretted it,
But wisely shook his head;
Advice was quite impossible:
There 's nothing to be said.

The poor Inspector then withdrew,
Expressing loud his fears
The whole establishment would soon
Be pull'd about his ears.

MORAL.

Before you start a Company,
'Tis better to take care
You 've got sufficient capital
A loss at first to bear.

And as to speculation,
'Tis better let alone,
When all the cash you 've got to lose
Is none of it your own.
And you Inspectors, guide yourselves
By this most sound reflection:—
Don't be Inspectors of concerns
That will not bear inspection.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

RECENTLY, JUDY and myself have experienced much anxiety on account of our youngest boy, ALBERT ERNEST, the Prince's god-son, who has lately completed his studies with some distinction at Eton. He was sent up for cricket 77 times; he also carried off the third single-stick prize, and was diving medallist at the time he left, all which may be seen recorded to our great pride in last year's Eton Almanack.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK TRENCH is a worthy man. I have had the good fortune to endear myself to him by the active part which my paper has taken in the Great Horse Cause, now before the Court of Public Opinion; and at this dull time of year we dine together, almost daily, at the Carlton. I took occasion to consult him, a few days since, as to what course I should adopt with regard to my unlucky boy.

I spoke to him with entire frankness. I told him that ALBERT ERNEST was good-tempered, well-grown, and very high-bred in his manners, but vain, idle, illiterate, and devoid of all useful knowledge to an incredible degree, considering the no-expense which had been spared on his education; for before he went to Eton he was prepared for a couple of years at the REV. DR. COTTON'S "Academia de' Nobili," at Kemptown, where a French man cook is kept, and where all the pupils except himself and young DIBS, the banker, were noblemen's sons.

SIR FREDERICK mused for a short time.

"Your boy can't go into the navy," said he, "he is too old for that," Besides, it is necessary for a lad to know a little before he is made a middy, and a good deal before he is passed for a lieutenant. No banker or merchant would have anything to say to him if he is idle and inexpert at accounts; even at our public offices, now-a-days, they give the preference to candidates who can speak and write a foreign language or two. How tall is he?" I told him in a desponding tone —"Six feet!"

The excellent man exclaimed briskly, "Cheer up, my dear friend. From all you have told me concerning your son, it is clear that he is eminently qualified for our cavalry. Write instantly to PRINCE ALBERT; I have often heard him speak of you with regard and affection. He will, I am sure, be glad of the opportunity of serving his favourite god-child."

I reminded SIR FREDERICK that ALBERT ERNEST is decidedly not clever; and that where there were so many candidates for so few vacancies, some preference must of course be shown to the most promising and best educated youths.

"None, whatever, my dear fellow," said he. "The Commander-in-Chief is strictly impartial on that score. You civilians are incapable of understanding our views at the Horse-Guards. Lieutenant-Colonels commanding regiments, dislike lads who have had what is called a military education, it only makes them priggish and conceited; we prefer young men from Eton and Oxford, who know nothing. We have then no trouble in unteaching them. This may astonish you; but I think that when you reflect on Waterloo and Jellalabad, and Aliwal and Sobraon, you will admit that the system works well. I entered the army myself, a mere child, eighty-four years ago; I knew nothing, and was asked no questions at the time, have never opened a book or answered a question since, and I am at this moment what you see me, a Major-General; and I flatter myself, not an undistinguished one. All you have to do, is to get your son's name down on the Commander-in-Chief's list; lodge the money for his commission, and subsequent steps, make him a liberal allowance, pay his debts from time to time, and if he only attends tolerably to his drill, he will rise in his profession as rapidly and surely as if he had written CÆSAR'S Commentaries."

I need scarcely say that I eagerly adopted the gallant officer's suggestion, found PRINCE ALBERT all kindness, and the Duke, as SIR F., had assured me, all impartiality, and am expecting daily to see my boy's name in the *Gazette*. I consider the information the worthy baronet gave me, so curious and so interesting to every father of a family whose sons are not, mentally, all a parent could wish, that I have thought it my duty to lay it before the public.

ARTILLERY MESS AT WOOLWICH.

MORE VESTED RIGHTS.

The Humble Petition of LEWIS NATHAN *against the Abolition of the Eton Montem.*

SHEWETH,

THAT the Eton Montem is one of the most imposing spectacles exhibited out of a theatre.

THAT it gives universal delight to those who perform in it, and is a scource of great gratification to the fond mothers who take a natural pride in seeing their sons in the beautiful clothes they wear on that ennobling occasion.

THAT those beautiful clothes are supplied by your Petitioner, who has a constant supply of Greeks, Ojibbewhys, and Charles the Seconds always on hand, and keeps a good collection of Brigands, in the hope of letting them out on the day of the Eton Montem.

THAT the Eton Montem, for that reason, is a matter of great emolument to your Petitioner, who always looks forward with a degree of certainty to that great solemnity, together with the masquerades, to enable him to pay his rent.

THAT the young noblemen who exhibit on that solemnity are his best customers, and never think of asking the price of a Napoleon, or a Robespierre, or a Jack Sheppard, as it is their respected fathers who are expected to pay for the hire of those noble characters.

THAT if the Eton Montem be abolished, your Petitioner will be deprived of the greater part of his income, and that all the above splendid dresses will be thrown upon your Petitioner's hands; for as there is nothing like the Eton Montem in the world, there will be no other use or chance of display for them.

THAT, furthermore, the Eton Montem is one of the oldest institutions of England, and must necessarily teach our young noblemen how to carry themselves in after-life when they are appointed our ambassadors, and senators, and field-marshals, and all those handsome appointments which none but young noblemen are qualified to fill.

It is therefore most earnestly prayed that the Eton Montem will not be swept from the face of England, but will long be left to adorn it as one of its grandest institutions; or, in the event of its being rudely abolished, that such ample compensation will be made to your Petitioner as shall indemnify him from loss, due respect being paid to the vested right your Petitioner and his descendants have in the time-honoured and most respectable custom.

And your Petitioner will ever pray, &c.

PROTECTION FOR BRITISH QUACKERY.

THE threatened abolition of inter-mural interments by Government has caused, we understand, the greatest excitement amongst the undertakers, and others interested in their maintenance. In particular it has occasioned the most extreme agitation on the part of that numerous and respectable body, the proprietors of patent medicines, who view the proposed measure with the deepest alarm, as obviously calculated to inflict the gravest injury on their vested interests in churchyards. How just are their apprehensions will at once be perceived by those who consider that our most crowded burial-grounds are chiefly situated in poor neighbourhoods, the populations of which are the great consumers of patent medicines. But this is not all. The poor people not only consume the patent medicines but the patent medicines consume the poor people; so that they assist the self-supplying action of the churchyard. Inter-mural burial grounds may thus be considered as constantly increasing estates to the nostrum vendors.

It is intended, as we are informed, by this estimable class of men, to call a meeting of their fraternity for the purpose of petitioning Parliament against any alteration in the present system of interments. The ostensible grounds of opposition to the measure will be the loss of revenue which will be incurred by the Government from the diminished consumption of patent medicines; but of course the above objections to it will be duly mentioned at the meeting.

The chair, at this assembly, will be taken by the greatest quack of the day, and the spirit, at least, of the defunct Hygeist will be present. The doors will be carefully closed against the public; but our artist has imagined the scene which he will be excluded from, and has by that means enabled us to give an accurate view of it.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

A CURIOUS case under the Paving Act seems likely to arise in reference to this Statue, and the opinion of MR. BRIEFLESS has been taken in order that the parties may act upon the very best legal advice that is anywhere attainable. The Learned Gentleman being exceedingly anxious to give his very best attention to this case, had previously primed himself with a good draft of PETERSDORF, after which he took a tolerably large slice of SELWYN, and he concluded by washing down the whole with a quart of SHOWER'S Reports. Having strengthened himself for his task by this tremendous feast of legal lore, our Learned Friend took off his coat and waistcoat, for the purpose of having a good stand-up tussel with the difficulties that were likely to present themselves.

His opinion was required, Whether the Government or the Sub-Committee of the Statue would be liable, under the Paving Act, for obstructing the thoroughfare, supposing the Statue to be taken down from the Arch and left for any one to tumble over at Hyde Park Corner. Mr. BRIEFLESS has written the following lucid and learned

OPINION.

"I am inclined to believe that this Statue does not fall within the statute, for though the latter is exceedingly comprehensive, it is not one of those statutes at large, through which it has been remarked that a coach and six horses might be driven. There is an old case in the books, which seems to say something pertinent to the present question, but the pertinency is so merely apparent, that I do not think it worth while to refer any further to that case, which I have thus hinted at. I am of opinion that if the Statue is found to be an obstruction, any policeman may order it to move on; and if this order is not attended to, it will become the duty of the policeman on duty to remove the Statue on his own responsibility.

If he neglects to keep his beat perfectly clear, then he will become liable to an action for his inaction, according to the well-known rule in PUFFENDORF. I have had some doubt whether the horse itself could be taken damage feasant, but I am inclined to believe otherwise. A horse is not a beast *ferœ naturæ*, though the horse in question is a beast *ferreæ naturæ*, but here the spelling makes all the difference. I do not know whether the DUKE OF WELLINGTON can be held responsible for the acts of his representative, but I am strongly of opinion that the *qui facit per alium facit per se* will not hold good in this instance."

(Signed) J. BRIEFLESS.

MISCHIEVOUS TO THE LAST.

WESTMINSTER Bridge has just sunk a barge in the most malicious manner. We are surprised and hurt at finding a poor old creature just on the brink of the grave, with its death-doom hanging over it, rendering itself, to the very last, destructive of the property of others. It appears that this pugnacious old pile struck a poor, decrepid, and defenceless barge with one of its piers, and the imbecile craft had scarcely recovered the shock when it received another terrific crack on its larboard ribs from another malicious pier of the old Bridge at Westminster. The unhappy barge went down immediately, but fortunately no one suffered by the calamity, for the crazy creature was deserted by all friends at the moment the first shock was perceptible. Such a dig in the ribs has not been witnessed for some time as that which the poor barge was made to endure from the violence of the hit made by the Bridge in the merest wantonness.

It is true that the Bridge put on one of its arch looks, as much as to say, "Now, stupid, where are you shoving to?" but there seems to us no excuse for such a shameful act of cruelty as the hurrying into a muddy grave a barge which was capable of doing no harm to any one.

EXTRAORDINARY MODESTY.

THE amiable Master of Trinity has been lately heard to say, "Let *Who-will* be next Bishop, *I* shall be satisfied."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington; both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1847.

CAPSICUM HOUSE.

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

PROSPECTUS.—(*Private and Confidential.*)

MISS BIANCA GRIFFIN *—having quitted her former residence for her present most extensive establishment—deems the occasion peculiarly auspicious for the further development of what she ventures to call the GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM of Education for Young Ladies.

Were it necessary, MISS GRIFFIN would not, for a moment, hesitate to specify the number of years that has elapsed since she was first struck by the conviction that the education of females began and ended in an entirely erroneous principle. When MISS GRIFFIN looks—as she continually does—round about the world, she feels that Woman, to be thought more of, should think more of herself. For what, it may be demanded, what do we not owe to her? Without her, where—it may confidently be asked—where would be your army? Where your navy? Where the wooden walls—if MISS G. is not wrong in the expression—built around our sea-girt isle? Man boasts of his triumphs by flood and field; but how rarely does Man remember who it was that first taught him to run alone!

But the Emancipation of the Female Mind is at hand. It cannot be doubted that, in an age that has given us the Electric Telegraph and the Benevolent Oblivion of Ether, it cannot—MISS G. fearlessly observes—be doubted that the Female Mind will burst from the thraldom that has too long dwarfed it to the dimensions of her Master. The GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM is the great discovery that will effect this moral revolution; elevating Woman to a pinnacle that even the most hopeful scarcely dare to raise their eyes to.

To effect this, Woman must assert her natural position, and become the MASTER OF MAN! The Tenderness of the Dove must—(the GRIFFINIAN SYSTEM might add *shall*)—be united to the Wisdom of the Serpent. Education is the great lever that will lift Woman into her proper place. But then it must be the Education, not of the Mind, but the Feelings.

Man—(this Prospectus is written for the eye of the "lady of the house" alone)—Man being a selfish animal, must be subdued by the means of his very selfishness. Like a trout—so to speak—he must be tickled, to be taken. Now MISS GRIFFIN has, with inexpressible pain, observed, that the modern accomplishments (as they are audaciously denominated) of females are by no means calculated to hold Man in that proper subjection for which he was undoubtedly created. Why, it may be asked, was Woman made less physically strong than Man? Simply, that she might be morally more powerful! Man is weaker than the whale; yet Man, by his superior wisdom, harpoons the fish (and supplies the stay-makers). Thus, from the very weakness of Woman may we expect the greater strength. *The weapons to subdue Man are not to be found in the library, but in the kitchen!!* The weakest part of the crocodile is his stomach. Man is a crocodile!

MISS GRIFFIN does not desire to depreciate the elements of Modern Education; nevertheless, she has her little mission to fulfil in this world; her mission, as her niece of six years old is wont to observe when she gives milk to the kitten—to fulfil, and will not shrink from the peril involved in it. MISS G. then declares—and not without emotion—that she knows not in the wide world a more pathetic object than a Young Lady returning home from what is called a Finishing Establishment. Poor thing! What does she really know to arm her for the Rough Battle of Existence?

She becomes a wife, we will say; and, the ring upon her finger, one by one she moults all her accomplishments. She might as well never have been finished. We will first take Music. She has learned to play MR. THALBERG, MR. HERZ, and MR. LISZT. She knows all their Variations, which are nothing more or less than Fire-works on the Piano. She knows Music Time wonderfully; but does she know Kitchen Time? Can she tell—the weight given—how long it will take to boil a Leg of Mutton? MISS G. is afraid not.

And the Finished Young Lady knows the Use of the Globes. She will put her little finger upon Arabia Petræa at a minute's notice; and, in fact, go round the world quite as well as CAPTAIN COOK. But though she can turn the globe, can she put her hand to an apple-dumpling? MISS G. trembles to give an answer.

And the Finished Young Lady can paint a peacock on velvet, she has so light a touch. But can she tell the age of a simple fowl at the poulterer's (to say nothing of ducks and geese)? MISS G. cannot venture a reply.

MISS GRIFFIN might proceed in the enumeration of what are called Accomplishments. She will pause—pause and ask, of what use are the qualities (if they may be so called) already specified, to the Young Woman in the Proper Direction of a Husband? It is more than serious to think—no use whatever. Music, Painting, and Geography may be looked upon as the extras of life which married men care nothing about. Now breakfasts, dinners, and suppers are things of daily interest. *She, who directs the husband's appetite, guides the husband.*

Man, as a lover—hideous hypocrite!—professes to admire the theory of knowledge in all its matters of filagree. As a husband he demands the sternness of practice. He, who with his affianced will talk of mounting to the stars, when married will expect his wife to descend to the affairs of the kitchen. Man is a monster; *but* we must make the best of him. It is our mission.

Theory and Practice! MISS GRIFFIN will here venture an Illustration. She will take the ingredients of plum-pudding—*if* she may be permitted. The Finished Young Lady, looking at the currants, and raisins, and candied lemon-peel, and brandy, and flour, and bread, and all the harmonizing beauties of plum-pudding, will discourse upon them. She knows their national and social history. She will tell you that currants come from Greece, which also gave birth to PERICLES! That raisins are from Valentia; and straightway she will talk of Spain: of lemons, and then she will speak the lines of CHARLES LAMB, beginning:

"Oh, know you the land where the lemon and myrtle?"—

Of brandy, and that will take her to France—and—and all that: but there she stops: she cannot *make* the plum-pudding. She is too finished for that. Now, the pupils of MISS GRIFFIN superinduce upon the theory of knowledge—for MISS G. will venture to use the expression—the practice of the Boiler: *her* Pupils can *make* the Pudding!

In a word, MISS GRIFFIN professes really to finish Young Ladies for Dinner-making Wives. MISS GRIFFIN feels that she was born with a call—a mission, namely, to humble Man to the dust; and with this purpose, she has removed to her present extensive Establishment, that thereat her principles may be the more fully developed.

As it is, MISS GRIFFIN cannot refuse to herself the gratification of reflecting that at least two hundred of her pupils—married, and with families—are carrying out those principles at two hundred firesides. She might—but she will not—make many references. She may, however, be permitted to say, that, by a curious coincidence, three of her pupils have all married the sons of bishops. MISS G. has also been peculiarly fortunate in those Young Ladies who, bent upon the benign purpose of marriage, have left her Establishment for India.

MISS GRIFFIN feels that one sheet of paper cannot half contain all that she has to say upon the momentous subject of female education. She must therefore endeavour to content herself with observing, that her System, in a peculiar manner, embraces the Useful with the Elegant. At Capsicum House, Young Ladies are taught all the Varieties of Cooking, Pickling, Preserving, Carving; in fact, in every sense, are made—when married—Young Men's Best Companions (and more than that).

Lectures are every week delivered at Capsicum House, for the furtherance of these paramount objects.

Terms, £150 a year. Every Young Lady is

* In a former number *Punch*, it may be remembered, published an account of his visit to MISS G.'s most original Establishment for the Finishing of Young Ladies.

expected to bring her own carving knife and fork, a satin-wood rolling pin, and a dozen silver skewers.

[As Miss Griffin has, in the handsomest manner, invited *Punch* to visit the school, and "judge for himself," we shall accept the invitation, and from week to week report progress. We believe, with Miss G., that a great era is opening for the female mind.]

THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "Ah, it 's all very well! Love may do for boys and gals; but we, as men of the world, know ow ollow it is."

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

Punch's Prize Novelists—so called because a Twenty Thousand Guinea Prize is to be awarded to the successful candidate—will embrace works by some of the most celebrated authors this country boasts of.

Their tales will appear in succession, and pretty continuously, in the pages of this Miscellany.

The publication will probably occupy about five-and-thirty years, or more or less, according to the reception with which the novels meet from our enlightened patrons—the generous British people.

All novels cannot be given entire, as a century would scarcely suffice, so numerous are our authors, so prolific and so eager has been the rush with stories, when our (confidential) announcement was sent into the literary world. But fair specimens of the authors' talents will be laid before the public, illustrated in our usual style of gorgeous splendour.

The first prize will be 20,000 guineas, viz., a lottery ticket to that amount, entitling the holder to the above sum or a palace at Vienna. The second prize will be the volume of *Punch* for the current half-year. The third a subscription to the British and Foreign Institute, &c., &c.

With a pride and gratification we cannot conceal, we at once introduce the public to George de Barnwell, by Sir E. L. B. L. B B. L L. B B B. L L L., Bart.

We are not at liberty to reveal the gifted author's name, but the admirers of his works will no doubt recognize, in the splendid length of the words, the frequent employment of the Beautiful and the Ideal, the brilliant display of capitals, the profuse and profound classical learning, and, above all, in the announcement that this is to be the last of his works—one who has delighted us for many years.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.

In the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is Eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile; his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark, dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the dædal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, Reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young! He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die, too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worships pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Ilissus, or crown the emerald islets of the amethyst Ægean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice. Other blood is shed at thy altars, Remorseless One, and the Poet-Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While Love hath no end, Can the Bard ever cease singing? In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that the Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice as well as the Monarch. The People To-Day is King, and we chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that arms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist? the colours of his palette, the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale—not of Kings—but of Men—not of Thrones, but of Love, and Grief, and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the strings.

E. L. B. L. B B. L L. B B B. L L L.

NOONDAY IN CHEPE.

'Twas noonday in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River City!—its banks well nigh overflowing with the myriad-waved Stream of Man! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts; the gilded equipage of the Millionary; the humbler, but yet larger, vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might, for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat; the mercenary caroche, with its private freight; the brisk curricle of the letter-carrier, robed in royal scarlet; these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's broidered hammer-cloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods of ribald satire. The pavid matron within the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled; the angry Dives hastening to his offices (to add another thousand to his heap), thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of objurgation which his very Menials could not equal; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked on, melancholy and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The ware-rooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser: the glittering panes, behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver, induced rustics to pause: although only noon, the savory odours of the Cook Shops tempted the ever hungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the fragrant potage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis!* I am an Alderman when I think of thee! Well: it was noon in Chepe.*

But were all battling for gain there? Among the many brilliant shops whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a negro with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and the West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon pyramid of swarthy sugar marked "only 6½*d.*"—That catty box, on which was the epigraph Strong Family Congo only 3*s.* 9*d.*, was from the country of Confutze—That heap of dark produce bore the legend "TRY OUR REAL NUT"—'Twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose

milk has refreshed the traveller and perplexed the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sate one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. O Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! O fresh and roseate dawn of life; when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sate the Boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe; he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe; he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures, he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter; but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the Boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

"Ahem! Sir! I say, young man!" the customer exclaimed.

"*Ton d'apameibomenos prosephe*," read on the Student, his voice choked with emotion. "What language!" he said; "How rich, how noble, how sonorous! *prosephe podas—*"

The customer burst out into a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round, and, blushing, for the first time remarked her. "A pretty Grocer's boy you are," she cried, "with your applepiebomenos and your French and lingo. Am I to be kep waiting for hever?"

"Pardon, fair Maiden," said he, with high-bred courtesy; "'Twas not French I read, 'twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?" and to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shop Boy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

"I might have prigged this box of figs," the damsel said, good-naturedly, "and you'd never have turned round."

"They came from the country of Hacron," the boy said. "Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Ægean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they're fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would ye mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do: but sell as low as any other house."

"You're precious young to have all these good things," the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. "If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long."

"Time was," answered the lad, and not long since I thought so, too, "I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now in sooth I am aweary of them."

"I think you gentlemen are always so," the coquette said.

"Nay, say not so, fair stranger!" the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. "Figs pall; but O! the Beautiful never does! Figs rot; but O! the Truthful is eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness hath Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?"

"I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust," the girl said, with a faltering voice; "but O, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Syren! what was the witchery of thine own! He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and, with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes, she left him. She passed slowly through the portal, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And GEORGE DE BARNWELL was alone.

THE COOK'S ORACLE.

"DEER MISTER PUNCH, *York Street, St. James's Square.*

"Mi old frend the Clock died yesterday mornin, at a few minites befor 4 o'clock; she was observed on the fast-day to be in a grate deal of pane; the sexton hadministered a few drops of oil, but it was all of no use. I should not be so hurt about her, for she got me into a grate many scrapes, only the old saying is, when the old un's gone, there never cums a better. I shall wear a bit of black ribbon in my cap, and a bit of crape round my left arm. Hopeing to see you pay some mark of respect,

"I am, deer Sir, yours in sorrow,

"*Friday Morning.* "MARY WHITE."

"*Four o'clock.*

"P.S. I have been dreadfully alarmed at hearing the clock strike again, after 36 hours' silence. I suppose they have been performing some hopperation, and that she has been under the influence of ether, and has only just come to. "M. W."

PERSONS OF SLOW APPREHENSION.

IN consequence of the many recent robberies that have been committed in the neighbourhood of Manchester (the perpetrators remaining undiscovered), the police force have called a meeting amongst themselves for the purpose of petitioning Parliament to make a law that will render the apprehension of burglars at once sure and easy.

After many suggestions for the accomplishment of their object, the following proposition was made by X 40, and carried without a dissenting voice:—

"That every burglar, when he goes to rob a house, shall be compelled to leave his real name and address on the premises, also the exact time when the robbery was committed, by what means he effected an entrance, what imp'ements he used, with every particular necessary to render his apprehension easy, and his conviction sure; the neglect of which to be visited by extra punishment, if ever he is taken."

JUST PUBLISHED, a condensed Abridgment of the Statutes at Large. 63 volumes, price only £33.

"This admirable work *ought to lie upon the table of every one* in the kingdom, from the peer to the peasant."—*Evening Paper.*

Ostler. "PLEASE TO TAKE 'IM GENTLY OVER THE WOOD-PAVEMENT, SIR; FOR HE 'S WERRY FRESH THIS MORNIN'."

THE PROVINCIAL BISHOP.

OUR friend the *Musical World* is in a state of weekly excitement about the progress of *La* BISHOP—as he artistically calls her—in the provinces. We are told that such was the enthusiasm on her last appearance in Edinburgh, that the audience began pulling out their pencils and writing on slips of paper, which were sent round to the stage door, requesting the performance of various *morceaux* in addition to those in the programme. Why the *dilettanti* preferred writing instead of speaking out, and calling for what they wanted, our musical friend has not informed us; but LA BISHOP, in the most obliging manner, consented not only to sing the *morceaux* requested, but to sing them every one in character. When the *rondo finale* from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was requested, by a slip sent round from the slips, LA BISHOP came forward in a few minutes, dressed in the costume of *Adina*, and the tenor aided her amiability by appearing with her dressed as *Nemorino*, though he had not a note of music to deliver. Such amiability was never heard of before, either in or out of any theatre in Europe. It is strange that with all the enormous attraction of LA BISHOP everywhere out of London, the manager of Drury Lane should have been so self-denying as to exclaim, *Nolo Episcopari*, "I will have no more BISHOP!"

ETHIOPIAN FASHIONS.

THE Ethiopian mania has had a wonderful effect upon the blacking market, and WARREN'S jet has gone up half a sixteenth in the market; while DAY left off in the afternoon several shades better than it had been in the morning. There is every reason to expect, that, in the course of the ensuing season, we shall have "a grand Ethiopian *ballet*," in which TAGLIONI will appear as *Lucy Neal*, while the renowned VENAFRA, the O. SMITH of the Opera, will be called upon to "get out of the way," as the representative of "*Old Dan Tucker*."

We have on previous occasions called attention to the Ethiopian mania, but have not yet succeeded in checking it. Ethiopians are to be found in every quarter of the town and every corner of the kingdom; for a pennyworth of bones and a banjo, a ha'porth of soot, and an ounce of suet, will set up a party of four, without further outlay.

Some of these Ethiopians, after surreptitiously holding themselves out as blacks, and colouring their fingers and their faces, cannot be expected to come out with clean hands, though when they practise the imposition of calling themselves the Original Ethiopians, they are little better, notwithstanding all their manual nigritude, than light-fingered gentry. It must be admitted that the public has not dealt out its patronage with a niggard hand to these niggered melodists. We shall not be surprised if the rage for Ethiopian blackness extends to the occupants of the boxes as well as to the performers on the stage, and we shall expect to see Ethiopian head-dresses, and Ethiopian masks for the upper part of the face, becoming popular as the

COSTUME DU SOIR.

He haw! He haw!

COLONEL SIBTHORPE tells us that it takes three years to make a good dragoon. We wonder how many it takes to make a good member of Parliament; but we forget that the perfection of the latter depends not so much upon the number of years as the length of them.

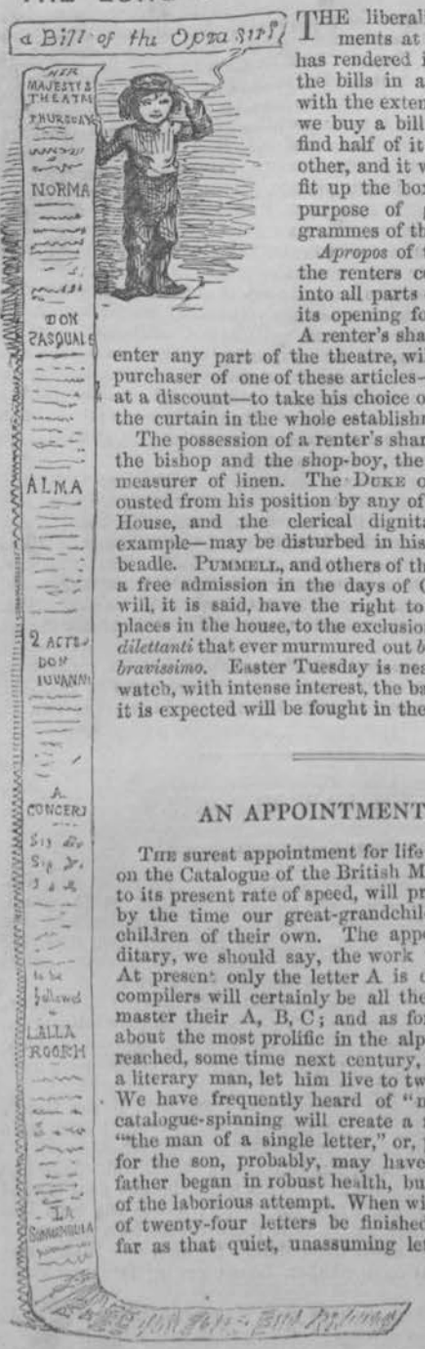
THE ABSENT ONE.

IF it be true that absence makes you all the fonder of a person, how desperately in love the electors of Westminster must be with MR. LEADER.

L——s-P——E. Em——r of R——a.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

THE LONG THURSDAYS AT THE OPERA.



THE liberality of the entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre has rendered it necessary to elongate the bills in a manner corresponding with the extent of the attractions. If we buy a bill in one street, we shall find half of it round the corner of the other, and it will soon be necessary to fit up the boxes with rollers, for the purpose of giving panoramic programmes of the performances.

Apropos of the Opera, we hear that the renters contemplate an incursion into all parts of Covent Garden, upon its opening for Italian performances. A renter's share, conferring a right to enter any part of the theatre, will, it is said, enable the purchaser of one of these articles—until lately so fearfully at a discount—to take his choice of any vacant seat before the curtain in the whole establishment.

The possession of a renter's share will place upon a level the bishop and the shop-boy, the wearer of lawn and the measurer of linen. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON may be ousted from his position by any of the heroes of Waterloo-House, and the clerical dignitary—the prebend, for example—may be disturbed in his stall by his own parish beadle. PUMMELL, and others of the *virtuosi*, who purchased a free admission in the days of Covent Garden's decline, will, it is said, have the right to occupy one of the best places in the house, to the exclusion of the most aristocratic *dilettanti* that ever murmured out *bravee*, or simpered a faint *bravissimo*. Easter Tuesday is near at hand, and we shall watch, with intense interest, the battle of the renters, which it is expected will be fought in the corridors.

AN APPOINTMENT FOR LIFE.

THE surest appointment for life is to get an engagement on the Catalogue of the British Museum, which, according to its present rate of speed, will probably reach completion by the time our great-grandchildren have great-grandchildren of their own. The appointments must be hereditary, we should say, the work proceeds so very slowly. At present only the letter A is completed. The present compilers will certainly be all their lives endeavouring to master their A, B, C; and as for the letter P, which is about the most prolific in the alphabet, it will, when it is reached, some time next century, absorb the entire life of a literary man, let him live to twice the age of old PARR. We have frequently heard of "men of letters," but this catalogue-spinning will create a new class of *littérateurs*, "the man of a single letter," or, perhaps, "half a letter," for the son, probably, may have to complete what the father began in robust health, but perished in the middle of the laborious attempt. When will this very slow delivery of twenty-four letters be finished? Will it ever get as far as that quiet, unassuming letter X,? We are quite frightened to ask. We advise the Trustees of the British Museum to instal Mr. ROWLAND HILL immediately at the head of the Library, or else the letters of the catalogue will never be delivered to future generations before the following periods :—

A, B, C, D, finished in time for the 20th century.
D to K, " " 22nd "
And Z, " not before the Payment of the National Debt.

When the last letter has been given out, the SIR HENRY ELLIS of that unknown period, may with justice exclaim to the zealous student, who is contemplating the pyramid upon pyramid of books which will form the catalogue, "*Mon enfant, quarante siècles te regardent du haut de ces Livres!*"—and the student will be struck dumb at the stupendous labour of his forefathers, and will look up to that catalogue as the Sphinx of his times.

MEAGRE DIET.

IT is declared that SOYER must have prepared the new Prussian Diet, for it is so like his soup—there 's nothing in it.

THE SIN OF STEALING SEVEN TURNIPS.

COULD not some society be established for the encouragement of thought and reflection among country magistrates? To send a man to gaol is a serious thing; but, apparently, their rural worships think little of it. The daily papers inform us, that, at Exeter, last week, one JOHN SHUTE was convicted of having stolen seven turnips, the property of WILLIAM ABRAHAM KEATS, his master. Whereupon,

"MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS said, it was a sad thing to see a man, like the prisoner, standing at the bar for stealing a few turnips; he had already been in prison for nearly a month, and the sentence of the Court was that he should be imprisoned two days.

"MR. WHYTE, who conducted the case for the prosecution, said that a man had been set to watch the turnips, in consequence of former depredations, and the prisoner was caught in the fact.

"MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS said the man had been subject to all the contamination of a gaol for stealing three or four turnips. He had only 9*s.* a week."

We are sorry when any men, meritorious of contempt and execration, are defrauded of their rightful due, since their loss is also the loss of society. We regret, therefore, that our contemporaries did not publish the names of the magistrates who committed this poor man to prison for stealing a few turnips. Stealing do we say? Was it so? This poor fellow "had only 9*s.* a week." His income, perhaps, was little more than that of the members of a certain society, who, passing through a corn-field, and being hungry—as men with nine shillings a week sometimes are—plucked the ears of corn and did eat. Was that stealing? This did they, moreover, on the Sabbath-day. There was one among them who, had their act been flagitious, would, we presume, have reproved it, yet did He not so. This occurrence took place a long way off, and a good while ago; it happened in Judea, in the early part of the first Christian century. Had it taken place in Devonshire in the year 1847, it might have given occasion for the comments of MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS.

THE GREATEST AGITATOR IN THE WORLD.

THE German papers inform us, that before the letters-patent of the KING OF PRUSSIA respecting the estates were published in Berlin, they were sent at full length to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA and the PRINCE METTERNICH. It would be a great saving, we think, to have electric telegraphs connecting the government offices of Vienna, St. Petersburgh, and Berlin. By these means of rapid communication, FREDERICK might ask the advice of METTERNICH and the permission of NICHOLAS before he entered upon any new law, and messengers, carriers, despatches, protests and protocols, and such slow things, be all dispensed with. The links which have long connected those three courts would be literally strengthened, and one half of Europe would be laid under their secret influence. We wonder LOUIS-PHILIPPE, in his desire to remove the distance between France and England, has not proposed long ago, as the best means of making both ends meet, to establish an electric telegraph between Neuilly and Osborne House. By these means he might correspond with VICTORIA, sending her a line every day, and with a clever set of instruments, and by working the oracle well, might eventually have the whole of England under his thumb. Who knows?—the crafty ULYSSES may have in his hand some day the strings which pull all the thrones of Europe (he has already got Russia by a golden link, and Spain by a family tie), and ultimately he may drive four-and-twenty kings as easily as VAN AMBURGH drives the same number of horses? It is quite awful to think that the little finger of such a man might agitate the entire globe.

The Blessing of Ether.

A BLADDER of Ether, oh! fill, fill for me!
Let those who prefer it feel pain;
But I 'll have out my tooth, though a molar it be,
And it never shall plague me again.
The dentist his forceps displays to my eye,
I feel no emotions distressing;
Inhaling my Ether, the wrench I defy—
Oh! ether indeed is a blessing!

"FAST BIND, FAST FIND."

THE Fast was kept at the Mansion House in the most rigid manner. The fare did not differ from that of any other day.

THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

While every other branch of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition is being enriched by "magnificent additions," it is a startling fact that the Chamber of Horrors has remained *in statu quo* for a considerable period. It is true, we have not lately had any Fieschis, with their infernal machines, or Hares and Burkes with their cold-blooded atrocities, to furnish subjects for this department of the interesting collection of Madame Tussaud; we think, however, the enterprising and ingenious proprietor might meet with a new set of horrors in the present day, quite fit to take their place beside the darker horrors of an earlier period.

There are other tortures besides those of which her chamber furnishes so many wondrous specimens. Where, for instance, could a finer subject be found for a Chamber of Horrors than the illustrious *Punch* in the excruciating agony of endeavouring to elucidate a joke just received from a Scotch humourist? Those only who know what it is to endure the infliction of a bit of alleged fun, reeking hot from Auld Reekie, may form some conception of the tortures endured by *Punch* in opening a letter, and finding it to contain a Caledonian witticism. Surely this would afford a powerful subject for a "magnificent addition" to Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. The miseries of official life are also wonderfully suggestive of figures for the same portion of the Baker Street Wax-work. What a picture of highly wrought wretchedness could be produced by a figure of a Government clerk, when, having read through the newspaper, he finds his day's "occupation gone," and delivering himself up to the torments of *ennui*, he becomes a prey to horrors of the most desolating description! How magnificent would be the effect of one harrowing blank delineated faithfully in the features of the melancholy object, who might be supposed to sigh in vain for one official note to write, one official envelope to open! If this is not a subject for the Chamber of Horrors, where shall we look for matter worthy of filling that gloomy apartment?

But to go higher in the scale of official existence, we may find in the career of the Premier himself sufficient subject for the Chamber we have been alluding to. Fancy the agony of poor Lord John Russell at the moment of being persecuted by a deputation, asking him for the hundred-and-ninetieth time the perplexing question, What is to be done with Ireland? We are sure that the active Madame T. will take our hint, and supply the omissions in her Chamber of Horrors as speedily as possible.

A SITE AT LAST.

At length the Wellington Statue will be placed on a site that must satisfy the grumblers. In the very handsomest manner, a piece of ground has been allotted to it in their own property, by the proprietors of the Thames Tunnel.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS POST.

We are informed by our contemporary, the *Morning Post*, that "some people will go tinkering everybody's kettle," and that one of such people is Mr. Fox Maule. The kettle which, according to the *Post*, Mr. Maule has gone tinkering, is the British Army, for changing the system of enlistment wherein, he has introduced a bill into Parliament. By this measure it is proposed to limit the period of enlistment, in the case of the cavalry to twelve, in that of the infantry to ten years; at the expiration of which terms, the soldier shall have the option of re-enlisting for similar periods. This proposal is described by the *Morning Post* as an "outrageously absurd scheme"—its outrageous absurdity, in our contemporary's opinion, consisting, we presume, in the supposition, that, after ten or twelve years' experience of a soldier's life, a man could possibly wish to remain in the army.

Does the *Morning Post*, then, mean to say that the British soldier's is such a miserable existence that no one voluntarily would consent to lead it? Is not the soldier well paid, well lodged, well cared for? Is not the life which he hazards for his country rendered as comfortable as possible while it lasts? Can the description of it given by the recruiting serjeant—under the sanction of officers and gentlemen—be a statement of the thing which is not? Then, what absurdity is there so very outrageous in the idea that the enjoyment of this delightful life might probably tempt men to continue in it?

If the soldier—to our national infamy—is a hopeless drudge, a mechanic slave, ill-treated, ill-requited, the measure of Mr. Fox Maule certainly would in itself be impolitic enough. In that case it would be better to do away with the enlistment system altogether, and sentence criminals to the army instead of to the hulks. But suppose—of course only for the sake of argument—that such were the disgraceful fact, Mr. Maule's bill might easily be rendered quite feasible. This might be readily done by the simple expedient of making re-enlistment worth the soldier's while.

In the meanwhile, let the *Morning Post* consider that the measure is approved of by the Duke of Wellington, and condemned by Colonel Sibthorp. If it were really so very absurd, would not the fact be *rather* the reverse?

PUNCH'S LAW REPORTS.

Re the Statue.—*Ex parte* Punch.

This is another legal point arising out of the position of the Wellington Statue. The question arose on an application made by Mr. Briefless to Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce, praying His Honour to grant an injunction to restrain the Beadle of Piccadilly from removing the horse to the pound, which had been threatened to be done, unless the Statue should be taken out of the Beadle's jurisdiction.

His Honour could not see how he was to entertain the application. The Statue stood in this position:—The horse was in possession of the arch as a tenant at will, not in tail, though the tail had not been cut off; but still the Duke, being on the horse, and remaining after his term, was legally in as the remainder-man.

Mr. Briefless hoped His Honour would see that if the Beadle made himself the casual ejector, and ejected the Statue at once as a trespasser *ab initio*, another *locus standi* must be found for it.

His Honour.—"Why, really, Mr. Briefless, the difficulty is to find a *locus standi* for the Statue at all. You are quite right in your law, as you always are—that the tail is not yet cut off; but it has been laid down, as you are of course aware, that there cannot be a use upon a use. Now, here we have abuse upon abuse; for both the Statue and the arch, one of which is on the other, have come in for their share of this commodity."

Mr. Briefless.—"Then perhaps your Honour would advise us to go at once to the Court of Arches?"

His Honour.—"Exactly so, and in the meantime let the Statue stand over for further directions."

A Caution to Tradesmen.

We cannot caution our readers too much against the number of false Counts that are at present circulating about town. The places where they are mostly passed are the Quadrant, Regent Street, and Leicester Square. They are recognised directly by a very brassy look, and a yellowish, dingy appearance, with the features very much sunk, and they are very much cut and worn about the edges. It is evident on the face of them that they are false. We warn all shopkeepers against having anything to do with these Counts, for there is no silver in them, much less gold, though they frequently have a Mosaic appearance. The place where they are mostly fabricated is Paris, but a great number of English make are imported from Boulogne.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FAILURES.

One of the advantages or disadvantages, as the case may be, of many photographic portraits, is, that they fade away by degrees, and thus keep pace with those fleeting impressions or feelings under which it is sometimes usual for one to ask another for his or her miniature. It may be a strong recommendation of cheap photography, that its pictures will last as long as the ordinary run of small affections, and, indeed, a superior specimen of the art may be warranted to retain its outline throughout a flirtation of an entire month's durability. We had our own portrait taken by the cheap process a short time ago, when we received the following copy of the state of the portrait through a period of an entire fortnight.

The three specimens shown above represent our portrait when recently done; the same after it had been in existence a week, and the same after the expiration of an entire fortnight. The following pathetic ballad was appended to the specimens which we have given above:—

Behold thy portrait!—day by day,
I've seen its features die;
First the moustachios go away,
Then off the whiskers fly.

That nose I loved to gaze upon,
That bold and manly brow,
Are vanish'd, fled, completely gone—
Alas! where are they now?

Thy hair, which once was black and bright,
Much worse than grey has grown;
Indeed, I scarce can say 'tis white,
For 't has completely flown.

Those speaking eyes, which made me trust
In all you used to vow,
Are like two little specks of dust—
Alas! where are they now?

But, ah!—thy portrait of thy love,
Is but a type, no doubt,
And serves its fickleness to prove,
For soon 'tis all wiped out.

Thy hair, thy whiskers, and thine eyes,
Moustachios, manly brow,
Have vanished as affection flies—
Alas!—where is it now?

FAIR IN THE THAMES TUNNEL.

We are every now and then hearing of a fair having been held in the Thames Tunnel; we confess we do not understand how such a festivity can be achieved in a place resembling a continuous succession of coal-cellars. We should as soon think of giving a *fête champêtre* in our own dust-hole, or a *matinée musicale* in our largest water-butt. How is it possible that Richardson could invite the public to walk up, or Wombwell exclaim "Alive! alive!" in reference to his elderly animals, with any chance of producing a good effect, when the whole scene is in utter darkness, and one can scarcely grope about without the fear of knocking one's head with violence against the ceiling? A Fair in the Thames Tunnel seems to us as good an illustration of a "pig in a poke" as we ever met with in the course of our porcine experience. We perceive that the Wizard of the North was in attendance. The presence of the "Wizard of the Wave" would have been far more appropriate. All fair and above board is well enough, but a fair under ground is an anomaly of the most grievous character.

THE HEIGHT OF HUMBUG.

At the Inauguration of Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the Reverend Dr. Philpott passed a powerful panegyric on the Duke of Northumberland, for his "lively sympathy" with literary pursuits, his "princely virtues," and courteous manner to all who approached him. Now we should like to know very much what those "virtues" are, to which the distinguishing epithet of "princely" is considered appropriate. By the way, the Duke of Northumberland, being only a Duke, was somewhat of a trespasser in trenching on that ground of virtue which princes alone are supposed to occupy. What right had a Duke to the possession of "princely" virtues? We were not aware, however, until Dr. Philpott told us, that the virtues have their aristocracy. We recommend the publication of a sort of moral peerage, by which the princely may be distinguished from the ducal, the ducal from the merely baronial, and the baronial from those virtues of a low and plebeian character.

We always thought that *virtus sola* was a *nobilitas* in itself; but it appears that we have been cruelly misinformed by the pedagogues who led out our young ideas upon their first shooting excursion through the rich preserves of classical literature. We do not wonder that a man of such "princely virtues" as the Duke of Northumberland, one whose rank in the peerage of morality was higher even than his position in the pages of Burke,—we are not surprised, we say, that such a man should have been "deeply regretted by all the members of the University." But now comes the illustration of the height of humbug, which forms the title of our article. After expressing the anguish which Cambridge has endured at the loss of the Duke with the virtues of a prince, Dr. Philpott added—

"Your Royal Highness's acceptance of our Chancellorship has raised us from the grief which the loss of that excellent nobleman occasioned."

Directly the Prince became Chancellor, the tears of the University were dried up in the sunshine; or, rather, His Royal Highness has become a sort of mop to absorb the moisture from the face of Cambridge. After losing a Chancellor with the title of Duke and the virtues of a Prince: nothing under a real, not merely a virtual Prince, could console the afflicted University. Dr. Philpott hopes that the Institutions which His Royal Highness has honoured with his connexion may be found "not unworthy" of his care. We hope not, indeed!—It would be a sad thing if one of the two greatest Universities in the greatest country in the world, should turn out, after all, unworthy of the association of a Prince of the house of Coburg.

Nothing in England has been thought too good for the members of this happy family; but, really, it is rather too humiliating when we begin to express our doubts whether we can find anything, among the most venerable of our institutions, good enough to place at the feet of a Prince of Saxe-Gotha.

TARS AND TEETOTALLERS.

To Mr. Punch.

"Your Honour,

"Would you be kind as to let me make a few observations of rayther a fillosophical charickter? Overhaulen the *Times* newspaper 'tother day, I pitched upon a parrygraff, sayin as how that the bark *Stirling*, 357 tons, Capt. May, had just arrived at Plymouth in a leaky state, with a complement of 17 hands, 8 out of the lot upon the sick list with the scurvy. This here *Stirling*, it seems, is a temperance craft, and is the second wessel of that there persuasion that has put into Plymouth with the scurvy aboard this year. Now, your Honour, I've nothin to say agin temperance, which I take to be the drinkin of spirituous lickers in moderation. But what I do say is, that it won't answer to knock a sailor off his grog. 'Tis my notion that everything in this here world has got some use or another. The use of grog I take to be to keep up what the doctors calls the cerkelation, and stimilate the narvous system. Now sailors that has to stand cold and wet, go aloft, and keep watch in all weathers, requires their cerkelation to be kept up and their narvus system stimilated, and therefore they wants their grog; if I'm asked how often, I should say reg'lar, as often as they can get it. By this rule your Honour will see that I looks upon grog as a medicine, in which pint I agrees with the teetotallers, for even they allows it to be taken medicinally. But then *I argyfy that 'tis a kind of physic that a sailor is always in want of, more or less. He should take it for prewention, which is better than cure; and the melancholy condition of the bark Stirling, shows the consequences of neglecting this wise precaution. Let the case of the Stirling* be a warning to seafaring men, if they wishes to preserve their precious constitutions, to persewere in the use of the waluable remedy, grog, strongly recommended by the faculty, and Your Honour's humble Servant,

"Thomas Tack."

THE GENIUS OF BAVARIA.

A COLOSSAL statue is about to be erected at Munich, of the Genius of Bavaria. We have not yet heard what is to be the design of this interesting work of art, but we think the sketch we subjoin will furnish an admirable idea to the intended sculptor. "LOLA and Liberty" is now the cry throughout Bavaria, and despotism is being danced down beneath the feet of MONTES. The King, drawn into the *pas de fascination*, is following in the footsteps of his favourite *ballerina*, whose statue deserves to be inaugurated as the Genius of Bavaria.

APPROACHING ELECTION.

MR. COCHRANE, the real Wandering Minstrel, will shortly give a grand entertainment to the electors of Westminster. Admission gratis. The performances will consist of two parts.

PART THE FIRST.

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming"— "For many roving years."	"Why did I love?"— "The Light Guitar."
"I remember, I remember"— "The Minstrel Boy."	A Grand Catch from the *Beggars' Opera*.

PART THE SECOND.

"Bid me discourse"— "Here's a bumper to thee."	"Ye gentlemen of England"— "Who'll buy my pretty ballads." (*In character.*)
"O do not blame him"— "His voice was ever true."	"Do but pledge me"— "I'll sing thee the songs I love."
"O did you ne'er hear of" &c.— "The Pilgrim of Love."	

The whole to conclude with a Grand Scena from the *Wanderer*, and recollections of a *Musical Scamper through England*.

A SWEEPING COMMENDATION.

A REAL admirer for "the Statue" has been found at last. The intelligent Hindoo who sweeps the crossing by the arch says, "He really like de Statty, 'case him berry 'high cast(e).'"

"COMING THE SPANISH."

THE EARL OF CLARENDON has let out the secret of the Spanish Bonds. He said in the House of Lords that the dividends were never met, owing to the number of revolutions in Spain, which prevented the payment. We can understand now the object of so many revolutions in that revolutionary country. Rarely does a year pass without there being at least four. It is evident that, as soon as dividend-day draws nigh, the Minister of the Finances takes a peep into the Exchequer, and, upon finding that there is only sufficient money to pay the troops, CHRISTINA, himself and the ministers, he submits to his colleagues the expediency of getting up a revolution immediately to upset the government. Accordingly, orders to that effect are sent off to the Basque provinces, a few guns are fired, a tremendous conspiracy is detected, a quantity of spurious papers are seized, one or two poor devils—Carlists probably—are arrested, and a most flaming account appears, with all the horrors, in the ministerial papers. These manœuvres of course have their effect. The funds fall; a four-and-twenty hours' panic is produced; and notice is sent off to London that it is impossible to pay the dividends of the Spanish Bonds, on account of the awful revolution which has unexpectedly broken out, and not left a single real in the treasury. We can imagine these events are now so regular that they are calculated beforehand, like the eclipses, and that the Spanish pocket-books contain notices like the following:—

April 1st.—Spanish Bonds payable. A Quarterly Revolution becomes due.
June 21st.—Dividend due on Spanish Bonds. Holiday at all the Government offices, in consequence of an "attempt to overthrow the throne at Madrid."
September 29th.—Grand Revolution begins. Bank closed. Usual notices to be served on the Spanish Bond-holders, that there is no dividend.
December 21st.—Spanish Bonds due. New Revolution rises 5h. 3m., sets 4h. 2m. Exchequer plundered. Failure of the Bank. Dividends on Spanish Bonds end. Jubilee at the Palace.

And thus regularly four times a year does CHRISTINA and her proud ministers "come the Spanish" over us. It must be so agreeable to settle a bill with a revolution—so easy to discharge £70,000,000 with a few guns! We wonder Greece, Philadelphia, Mexico, Holland, the Thames Tunnel, and everything and everybody owing money to the English government, do not get up revolutions. They might be announced a week in advance in the newspapers, and, if got up liberally, would certainly draw. We make a present of the idea to the spirited proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. A revolution in the Thames Tunnel, continued for three days, would, we are positive, be an immense hit.

MONSIEUR SHAKSPEARE.

HER MAJESTY, says the *Observateur Français*, "arrived in town at six o'clock, and at eight o'clock was in her box at the French plays." This extraordinary interest for the French Drama might be turned to very good account. If our managers would only perform SHAKSPEARE in French, there might be a chance of the national drama being patronised by royalty. Why does not MR. PHELPS get up "*Le Marchand de Venise*" with vaudeville songs? or "*Les Deux Messieurs de Vérone*" with dances? or "*La Douzième Nuit, ou ce que vous voulez*," in ten acts and thirty *tableaux*? Any of our dramatists, who are so well skilled, from constant practice, in the French language, could translate them; or, if that was all, MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE DUMAS would not mind improving "*le vieux Billy*" for a royal audience. The experiment is worth trying, if it be only for the novelty of seeing "By Desire," with the royal arms, on an English play-bill.

TO BE LET OR SOLD, for building or rubbish, that tremendous Plot called the NEUTRAL GROUND, on which all Irishmen were to meet with the view of improving the prospects of their country. This ground is well suited for premises, but they must be on a sounder foundation than those upon which it was argued that the landlords would not oppose any beneficial measure for the real interest of Ireland. The ground in question is admirably suited for a Poor-House, if arrangements could be made with the different parties. For further particulars, apply to any Irish member, who will be happy to show the grounds upon which the proposed meetings were abandoned.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1847.

TO THE NATION.

In many accounts the readers of *Punch*—I mean the nation at large—must have felt gratified at the promptitude with which the Commander-in-Chief has complied with H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S application on behalf of a deserving public servant.

My boy, ALBERT ERNEST *Punch*, Gent., was gazetted on Friday last to a cornetcy, by purchase, in the 122nd Hussars, the Bishop of Osnaburgh's Own, vice SOMERSET SNOBBY, who retires.

The regiment is at present in Ireland, its head-quarters being at Kilmichalog, County Kerry.

I have made all the inquiries in my power respecting the character of LIEUT. COLONEL LORD SWISHTAIL, the Commanding Officer of the 122nd, to whose paternal care *Judy* and I are about to confide our darling child, and it is most gratifying to our feelings to learn that he stands remarkably high at the Horse Guards.

I recollect him at school, twenty-five years ago, when he was the HON. JOHN TOWZLE: he was then merely notorious for being the greatest bully and the most hopeless dunce in his class; but as he has since passed with much credit through the mysterious alembic of military life, and as F. M. the DUKE OF WELLINGTON informed the civil authorities of the ancient town of Ballybunnion, in a terse note—when they complained of LORD SWISHTAIL for what they presumed to call his egregious stupidity and brutality during the late food riots—"that LIEUT.-COL. LORD SWISHTAIL was one of the most valuable Hussar officers in HER MAJESTY'S service, and that the Commander-in-Chief considered the judgment of civilians on military matters as utterly worthless," it would be unreasonable in me to doubt a fact so credibly attested.

I therefore give our rulers great credit for making a first-rate leader of horse out of such very indifferent materials as big JACK TOWZLE used to be composed of when he was in the habit of compelling me, by dint of severe pummelling, to do his exercises for him, and regard ALBERT ERNEST as truly fortunate in commencing his career under so renowned a man.

SIR FREDERICK TRENCH assures me that he is considered to handle troops magnificently in the field. The interior economy of his regiment he leaves almost entirely to his adjutant, LIEUTENANT NOSEBAG, an obsolete Peninsular veteran, who keeps it in capital order.

I understand that soon after LORD SWISHTAIL entered the army, being quartered in Galway, he accepted the hospitality of the O'TOOLE of BALLYTOOLE, whose sister he ultimately married, in a rather mysterious manner, after a remarkably brief courtship, even for Connemara. They are not happy in their union; she is much older than he is, and declares, with some justice, that he is in the habit of being much more affectionate to other people's wives than to her. It is also reported that she has been driven to drink by his unkindness.

Probably in consequence of his own experience, LORD SWISHTAIL, with due anxiety for the happiness of his officers and men, discourages matrimony in his regiment; and is therefore not very solicitous about the comforts of the ladies who reside in barracks, or the respectability of those who frequent them. Indeed, from what I have been able to learn, I fear that his Lordship considers it soldatesque to be rather immoral. He has not yet seen any active service, but as he is a good figure, has long black moustachios, swaggers about daily on a great capering horse, is very rich, and has powerful interest at the Horse Guards, everybody concurs in declaring that he is a very dashing officer—a man to whom Ministers would look in the event of a war.

* * * * * * * * *

As I was writing the above, I was interrupted by that foolish boy of mine, who has brought home to his mother a picture of WIDDICOMBE, when he was a youth, and first presided in ASTLEY'S ring, before GEORGE THE THIRD and QUEEN CHARLOTTE. ALBERT ERNEST has been persuaded by MR. ACKERMANN that it represents the uniform of his regiment, and purchased it for ten-and-sixpence.

The chief duties of our light cavalry are performed in Ireland and in India, and I ask my readers whether it is likely that F. M. the Commander-in-Chief would send young men in red stockinet tights, arabesqued before and behind with gold, and yellow hessian boots, to coerce the starving peasantry of Kerry; or whether a close-fitting suit of cloth, trimmed with fur, and a bear's-skin muff for a hat, open at the top, with a crimson jelly-bag exuding therefrom, is a costume likely to enhance the comfort of an officer under the broiling sun and heavy dews of a tropical climate? No, no; ALBERT ERNEST has been imposed upon—nobody but WIDDICOMBE could wear such a Tom-fool's dress.

THE JEWISH CHAMPION.

MR. DISRAELI has written no less than three novels to further the great cause of Jewish ascendancy, and to prove that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought in Holywell Street. The clever *littérateur* anticipates a golden age, should his views be carried out, but he forgets that it is, after all, only an age of Mosaic gold that he is contending for. After reading his last work of *Tancred*, we took quite a fresh view of all the itinerant sons of Israel whom we met in the streets of the Great Metropolis. "Look at that old clothes-man," said we to ourselves; "who would think that the unmixed blood of Caucasus runs through the veins of that individual who has just offered us nine-pence for our penultimate hat, and is refusing to give us ten-pence for our preter-plu-perfect, or rather more than finished and done for, high-lows?"

It is evident that MR. DISRAELI has determined in his own mind, that until there is a Mosaic Parliament, sitting in Rag Fair, the object of his great mission will be unaccomplished. We shall begin to suspect that MR. DISRAELI is the poet of MOSES AND SON'S Establishment, and that "Costume Castle" is to be the foundation-stone of a new Jerusalem, removed from over the way, that is to say, from the other side of the world, for the convenience of business. The Jews are sharp fellows no doubt, and many of them are very amiable, excellent people; but we wish MR. DISRAELI would reform the errors of his favourite race, before he calls upon us to succumb entirely to its influence. How is it that Jew-manufactured-clothes always tumble to pieces and wear out in no time? that pencils purchased of the Jews are ninety-nine parts stick to one part lead? that oranges bought of the Jews are eleven bad to one good? that Mosaic jewellery is an imposition altogether? and that if you give an old coat to a Jew for a canary, the bird is sure to have the pip, the hooping cough, or the mumps? How is it that a Jew attorney is the worst of his class? and a Jew's-harp a wretched take-in—a miserable lyre? Why is it that they are always the sons of Israel who call for your broken china to mend, and never bring it back again? or sell you sets of jugs which you find upon using them are full of cracks on which your attention has not at the first glance been—though the jugs have—rivetted? When MR. DISRAELI will clear up these few little matters, outstanding, by no means on the credit side, in our account with the Jews, we may begin to join him in his demand for Mosaic Institutions, to replace those we at present live under.

DINING BY DEPUTY.

WE learn from the local papers, that one day last week, "the Mayor of Liverpool gave a dinner to the high sheriff, the grand jury, and the *élite* of the Bar, on behalf of the Bar." This is certainly a new application of the legal doctrine on the subject of principal and agent. "*Qui facit per alium facit per se*," is certainly a maxim of the common law; but as has been well argued by that distinguished junior, MR. BRIEFLESS—"Semble, this doth not apply to dinners, which, as they include vegetables, certainly savour of the realty, and ought, therefore, to have a real savour, which it is confidently submitted said dinner had not." How would the Corporation of Liverpool like the same plan to be carried out in their own case, and to be feasted by proxy?

If the Mayor is too great a man to ask the Bar *en masse*, or can't afford to dine them all, silk gowns and stuff alike—MR. BRIEFLESS, as well as MR. LEADER—we would recommend him in future not to disguise the humiliating fact under this Barmecide mockery of feeding the unhappy juniors in the persons of their prosperous and learned representatives, the Queen's Counsel and Serjeants.

TURKISH REVOLUTION.

THE Turkish ambassador—like a gentleman as he is, and in defiance of the wicked customs of his own country—travels with only one wife! The PRINCESS CALLIMAKI, the Turk's lady, with her unveiled face stared upon by thousands of giaours, was absolutely presented at the QUEEN'S drawing-room! What will be said to this, when known in the harems of Constantinople? "My dear," FATIMA will exclaim to GULNARE, "she was always a bold thing—nevertheless, I *am* surprised." And GULNARE, with a melancholy turn for humour, will perhaps observe—"Strange and various is the fate of woman! In London she is *beau*-led—in Constantinople she is *bow*-strung."

MUSICAL CRITICISMS.

POSITIVELY we have a very sincere admiration for the learned musical criticisms of our contemporaries, which are evidently written by men who understand their business; and our only regret is, that we cannot come up to them in that scientific acquaintance which they display with the subject of their notices. There is, however, no knowing what we can do till we try, as we were once reminded by a sage of our acquaintance, who, being asked if he could play on the violin, modestly replied, that "he did not know, for he had never attempted it." In the same humble spirit, we confess that we do not know, until we positively make the attempt, whether we can compete with those learned and elaborate criticisms on music with which the best conducted of our daily and weekly contemporaries now favour us. We will, however, plunge boldly into the effort, and though we will not go at once at such very high game as the Philharmonic, we will take for our theme one of those street concerts at which we are very frequent visitants. Here goes!

We attended, on Monday evening last, one of those cheering *réunions* in Coventry Street, which owe their existence to the energy of the celebrated *virtuoso* BLOWAWAY, whose fame on the trombone is quite metropolitan. These meetings may be considered as now firmly established; and there is an indescribable charm about them, for they combine the graces of a *fête champêtre* with the most delicious banquet of harmony. The executants stand in a line, the audience forming a sort of social circle round them, so that there is none of the stiffness complained of in those great musical meetings at the Hanover Square, and other rooms hitherto confined to concert purposes.

The programme of Monday was not merely promising, but it was positively luscious. It offered a rich treat to the scholar and the mere *dilettante*, for this has been the happy medium always hit by BLOWAWAY.

The first piece was a Polka in A, B, C, from the Hop 82 of JULLIEN. Every note of this was deliciously rendered by the executants. Every *virtuoso* knows what an ophycleide is in the mouth of BROWN, and on this occasion it was more remarkable than ever for breadth and largeness. TUNKS on the triangle exhibited all the wonderful scholarship with which he invariably touches that tender instrument. We rather trembled for him in the magnificent *scherzo*, but he came out gloriously, and his fellow executants winked their approbation, in the true spirit of artists who are beyond all professional jealousy.

BLOWAWAY's trombone passages were almost appalling from their intensity. He threw out his instrument to its fullest extent in the stupendous *largo*, until we fancied we were in the presence of some mighty magician who was overwhelming us with some potent spell, which it was almost impossible to stand against. RUMBLE was a little uncertain on the drum, as if he were nervous at the outset in attacking such a work as JULLIEN's Hop 82; but he soon warmed up, and made the parchment tell gloriously in the *stretta*, though his drumstick became a little flat towards the end, from excess of energy. TWEEDLE took the *piccolo* in the absence of BOPHAM, whose neatness was much wanted in the gush of learning which opens the ninth bar, and continues till near the end of the *morceau*, when a perfect shower of semiquavers prepare us for the grand effect of six consecutive *appogiature*, terminating in two triplets, ten *arpeggios*, and a bar of minims. Those only who know what TWEEDLE can do with the wood, when seconded by BLOWAWAY on the brass, will be able to form a conception of this wondrous passage in the mouths of two such executants. The *virtuosi* were enraptured, when———

Here we regret to say our criticism is brought to a close by the abrupt termination of the concert. A sudden movement in A, of the police, conducted by SERGEANT STRAPPER, with his *bâton* in hand as *chef d'attaque*, dispersed the executants at once, to the great disappointment of the *dilettanti*, who were reluctantly compelled to separate.

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

WE are informed by a person, whose word we have no reason to doubt, that six-pennyworth of hot-cross buns were actually taken into the Mansion House on Good Friday.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.—VOL. II.

BY SIR E. L. B. L. BB. LL. BBB. LLL., BART.

WE have selected the following episodical chapter in preference to any relating to the mere story of GEORGE BARNWELL, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of Vol. ii.) the tale is briefly thus :—

That rogue of a MILLWOOD has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar, or some nutmeg, or some figs, half-a-dozen times in the week.

She and GEORGE DE BARNWELL have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon GEORGE. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, &c., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact like DEVEREUX, or P. CLIFFORD, or E. ARAM, Esquires.

Inspired by MILLWOOD & LOVE, GEORGE robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between QUEEN ANN and GEORGE II.—dines with CURLL at St. John's gate, pinks COLONEL CHARTERIS in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the CHEVALIER ST. GEORGE, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheapside.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and the Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble BARNWELLS came. GEORGE's cousin ANNABEL is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance; and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the "Last of the Barons," or in "Eugene Aram," or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and the Beautiful, are united.

CHAP. XXIV.

BUTTON'S IN PALL MALL.

Those who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Omphalos of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dullness, are called Clubs no doubt; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way; those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch*, by way of wit; the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lackered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter? The Brougham from which thou descendest at the portal of the Carlton or the Travellers', is like everybody else's; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's; thy hat was made on the very block on which LORD ADDLEPATE's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure; you fancy yourselves men of fashion; you fancy yourselves men of taste; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you; it is there you get your jokes, and your thoughts, and your facts and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards. Stupid slaves of the Press, on that ground which you at present occupy, there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion, some five-and-twenty lustres ago.

We are at BUTTON's—the well-known sign of the Turk's Head. The crowd of periwigged heads at the windows—the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners),—the throng of embroidered beaux entering or departing, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvillio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of

London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping chocolate at one of the tables in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-grey is reading the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue and a shovel hat and cassock is talking freely with a gentleman, whose star and riband, as well as the unmistakeable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaims him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy, and scrofulous; the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at TIMOTHY, the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin, (then newly invented,) at the desire of some of the revellers within.

"I would, SAM, said the wild youth to his companion, "that I had some of my Mother MACCLESFIELD's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux."

"To vaunt a knowledge of the stoical philosophy," said the youth addressed as SAM, "might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance: and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, DICK, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire to-day would little benefit us to-morrow. Poor and hungry, as we are, are we less happy, DICK, than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?"

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the Parthenon Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring cook's shop. Their names were SAMUEL JOHNSON and RICHARD SAVAGE.

Meanwhile the conversation at BUTTON's was fast and brilliant. "By WOOD's thirteens, and the divvle go wid 'em," cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, "is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, SIR RICHARD, when you ought to be in seebles?"

"Who's dead, DEAN?" said the nobleman, the dean's companion.

"Faix, mee LARD BOLINGBROKE, as sure as mee name's JONATHAN SWIFT—and I'm not so sure of that neither, for who knows his father's name?—there's been a mighty cruel murther committed entirely. A child of DICK STEELE's has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it's JOE ADDISON yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, JOE, ye thief of the world."

"I?" said the amazed and RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON; "I kill DICK's child! I was God-father to the last."

"And promised a cup and never sent it," DICK ejaculated. JOSEPH looked grave.

"The child I mean is SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, KNIGHT AND BARONET. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at Church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are wild; and LINTOT says not a third of the copies of the *Spectator* are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman." And the DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's pulled out the *Spectator* newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding SIR ROGER's death. "I bought it but now in "Wellington-street," he said; "the news-boys were howling all down the Strand."

"What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful," said a gentleman leaning against the same fire-place with the deformed cavalier in iron-grey, and addressing that individual, who was in fact MR. ALEXANDER POPE, "what a marvellous gift is this, and royal privilege of Art! To make the Ideal more credible than the Actual: to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation: to invest with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance,—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright; and I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from HOMER's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of BELINDAS lovely locks, (MR. POPE blushed and bowed, highly delighted)—"these, I say, sir, are the privileges of the Poet—the Poietes—the Maker—he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life as ORPHEUS feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Naught, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! JEMMY, another flask of Nantz."

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and with a graceful salute to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

"Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats JOE ADDISON, himself, in drinking, and pious JOE is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms," DICK STEELE said good-naturedly.

"His paper in the *Spectator* beats thy best, DICK, thou sluggard," the RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. ADDISON exclaimed. He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit."

"The rascal foiled me at capping verses," DEAN SWIFT said; "and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!"

"He has suggested an emendation in my 'Homer,' which proves him a delicate scholar," MR. POPE exclaimed.

"He knows more of the French king than any man I have met with; and we must have an eye upon him," said LORD BOLINGBROKE, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime who was he? where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his spendid court-suit was doffed for the citizen's gabardine and grocer's humble apron,

"GEORGE DE BARNWELL was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the knees of MARTHA MILLWOOD.

A MILLINER'S PROPHECY.

HER MAJESTY'S Milliner is a woman of great fancy, which, in HER MAJESTY'S late Drawing-Room dress, was delightfully evident: for we learn from the *Court-Newsman*, who had it from the Milliner herself, that "HER MAJESTY'S train was of green poplin, figured with *gold shamrocks*." On Wednesday Royalty fasted for the famine in Ireland; and on Saturday it came out with a glorious prophecy in its train, that henceforth the green Ireland would grow gold shamrocks. We marvel that some of the Irish papers have not turned this graceful, hopeful compliment, into another insult from the Saxon.

Boy. "NOA, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO OTHER GATE OUT O' THIS VIELD,—YOU MUST FOLLER THAT GENLEMAN ON THE GRAY HORSE."
Fox Hunter. "WHAT, THAT GENT? OH! THANK YER!"

A NEW SERVANTS' OFFICE.

THE relation between master and servant has become almost entirely reversed, and these domestic contracts are beginning to assume quite an American footing. The parties to be hired are no longer the employed but the employers, who are the persons now subjected to scrutiny of character, while servants themselves are beginning to dispense entirely with that once necessary article.

We understand that in order to accommodate the class of persons who condescend to enter families in a menial capacity, a register-office will shortly be opened, at which the names may be entered of those parties desirous to be hired in the capacity of masters and mistresses. They will be required to state what followers they allow, and how many pounds of candles per month they are willing to consider in the light of kitchen-stuff. It will also be expected they will state what is the amount of meat, bread, and other wholesome food, they will consent to give up under the general head of "wash," for the advantage of the menial members of the family.

Masters and mistresses will be permitted to attend for the purpose of being hired, from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, when ladies seeking situations will have a large choice of individuals to select from. This step is considered necessary, on account of the extreme difficulty experienced by those following the professions of cooks, housemaids, nurses, scullions, &c., in suiting themselves with places equal to their pretensions.

The following questions have been drawn up, which must be satisfactorily answered by those masters and mistresses who are desirous of securing the benefit of domestic assistance:—

1. Do you allow beer-money, and an unlimited supply of milk, so that the former may be saved by the drinking of the latter?
2. When you give out sugar for puddings or pies, are you particular to a pound or two?
3. When you have a joint at table, do you ever expect to see it again under any circumstances whatever?
4. How many cousins do you allow each servant to have in the division of police that does duty in your neighbourhood?
5. Do you consider "He is my cousin" a sufficient explanation of any man being found on your premises at any hour?
6. Are you prepared to give a character half a dozen times over, in the event of your situation, and five more after yours, being found unsuitable?

No master or mistress who cannot answer all these inquiries in a most perfectly satisfactory manner, will on any account be treated with by any lady in the domestic profession. Those persons who think they will suit may apply at the new office.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SHORTLY will be published, uniform with LODGE'S, "PRINCE ALBERT'S PORTRAITS." They will be published six in a number, and will be continued till completed, which is expected to be somewhere about the last volume of the re-issue of MR. JAMES'S novels.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ACCORDING TO MR. DISRAELI'S VIEWS.

THE BULL FIGHT OF SMITHFIELD

THERE 's trampling feet in Goswell Street, there 's row on Holborn Hill,
There 's crush and crowd, and swearing loud, from bass to treble shrill;
From grazier cad, and drover lad, and butcher shining greasy,
And slaughter-men, and knackers' men, and policemen free and easy.

'Tis Monday morn, and onward borne to Smithfield's mart repair
The pigs and sheep, and, lowing deep, the oxen fine and fair ;
They 're trooping on from Islington, and down Whitechapel Road,
To wild halloo of a shouting crew, and yelp, and bite, and goad.

From combs of distant Devonshire, from sunny Sussex wold,
From where their Durham pastures the stately short-horns hold ;
From Herefordshire marches, from fenny Cambridge flat,
For London's maw they gather—those oxen fierce and fat.

The stunted stocks of Cambria's rocks uneasily are lowing,
With redder blaze of wild amaze their eyes around them throwing ;
And the unkempt stot of Galloway, and the Kyloe of the Mearns,
Whose hoof, that crush'd the heather tuft, the mild MACADAM spurns.

They may talk of *plaza mayors*, of *toreros*' nimble feat,
Of MONTEZ, the famed *matador*, of *picadors* so fleet;
But what is Spanish bull-fight to the deeds that we can show,
When through the street, at all they meet, the Smithfield oxen go ?

See there, see there, where high in air nursemaid and nursling fly !
Into a first floor window, see, where that old gent. they shy !
Now they're bolting into parlours, now they're tumbling into cellars,
To the great disgust and terror of the peaceable indwellers.

Who rides so neat down Chiswell Street ? A city knight, I ween ;
By girth and span an alderman, nor less by port and mien.
Look out, look out ! that sudden shout ! the Smithfield herd is nigh !
Now turn, Sir Knight, and boldly fight, or more discreetly fly.

He hath eased round on his saddle, all fidgetty and fast ;
There's another herd behind him, and the time for flight is past.
Full in his front glares a rabid runt, thro' tears of pain that blind him,
For the drover 's almost twisted off the tail that hangs behind him.

All lightly armed for such a shock was stout SIR CALIPEE,
But he couched his new umbrella, and "Police" aloud cried he !
Crash—smash—slap—dash ! The whalebone snaps, the saddle-seat is bare,
And the knight in mazy circles is flying thro' the air !

The runt tears on, the rout is gone, the street is calm once more,
And to Bartlemy's they bear him, extended on a door ;
Now, gramercy, good SIR CALIPEE, to the turtle and the haunch,
That padded out thy civic ribs and lined thy stately paunch.

No ribs are broke, but a shattering stroke thy system hath sustain'd :
Any other than an alderman had certainly been brained.
And soon as he had breath to swear, the knight right roundly swore
That straight he 'd put down Smithfield and set up an abattoir.

THE FLOODS IN REGENT STREET.

THE roof of the Quadrant still remains "open to all, and influenced by none." The rain dribbles through as easily as if it were the roof of Walbrook Church. Couldn't a few mackintoshes be spread over it ? Anything to keep the wet out. The poor beadles are drenched with every shower of rain. They look half drowned, and have the appearance of a couple of beadles which had been purchased at RAINY'S, the auctioneer. It is a chilling mockery to see them walking about with their staffs, when an umbrella over their heads would be of so much more service to them. But if it is derogatory for a beadle to be seen with an open gingham, there can be no objection to their being invested with a mop each, and appointed surveyors of the numerous pools which are supported by the voluntary contributions of every shower that passes down Regent Street.

The water in the puddles overflows the gentlemen's boots, and swamps the ladies' shoes in a manner that makes us believe that the *cordonniers* of the neighbourhood have an interest in keeping open roof in the Quadrant. We should not wonder if the hatters, also, were concerned in this attack on the heads and feet of the British public. It may do very well for the foreigners who congregate under the Quadrant, but for ourselves, we prefer sending our linen to a regular washerwoman's. In the meantime, the Commissioners for the Improvement of the Quadrant might advertise the place as a Bath and Wash-house for the Million, admission gratis ; whilst the beadles might be authorised to solicit subscriptions for the purchase of towels.

RAILWAY CIRCUITS.

AMONG the various evils of railways there is one which, to our astonishment, has escaped the notice of COLONEL SIBTHORPE, namely, the impairment of the dignity and style in which persons of consequence were wont to travel. The *Times* tells us, that

"So great has been the alteration in posting, in consequence of railways, that the judges were obliged to be contented with a pair of horses each, from Liskeard to Bodmin."

Such a derogatory mode of travelling as this is obviously calculated to bring the judicial office into contempt. To cut a judge down to a carriage and pair, is like shearing his wig. The four or six horses with which, in the good old times, their lordships were wont to arrive at an assize town, were among the chief causes of the veneration wherewith they were regarded. The equipage of the judge astonished the natives of the rural districts. Hence, no less than from his very robes, was the awfulness with which his person was invested in their eyes. We propose, that since judges can no longer travel with superfluous horses, they should be conveyed to their destination by supernumerary engines. We would also have additional rails extended, for a certain distance, along the road they arrive by, in order that the Sheriff, in due state, may go out to meet them with his train, and conduct them, with fitting solemnity, to the Hall of Justice.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

SINCE the arrival of the animals at Drury Lane, the Royal Box has been fitted up with great splendour, in the certainty of a royal visit.

PUNCH'S HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

DR. JOHNSON.

THIS illustrious character, though in the other world, still takes that genial interest in life and London, which set him frisking through Fleet Street, at four o'clock in the morning, while in the body. His faithful BOSWELL, like the Indian's dog, "admitted to that equal sky * * still bears him company," and chronicles his sayings and doings as faithfully as ever.

"Hearing that his portrait was about to be added to *Punch's* Gallery of Illustrious Characters, I asked him," writes the ghost of BOSWELL, "what he thought of that periodical?

"'Sir,' said he, 'that hebdomadal publication is marked by a humour which you are utterly unable to comprehend, and a wit to which your utmost efforts could never enable you to attain. Sir, I like it vastly.'

"'Don't you think,' I ventured to remark, 'that it is rather low?'

"His answer to this was, 'Pooh, sir, you are a fool.' I inquired of him if he thought GOLDSMITH would have contributed to *Punch*, had it existed in our time.

"'Why, sir,' he replied, 'GOLDY would no doubt have contributed, but then he would have insisted on furnishing illustrations. Sir, I should have contributed!'

"Upon this, of course, I was silent. Some time after he returned to the subject of his own accord.

"'Sir,' said he, '*Punch* is a feature of the present day, in which I recognise much that RABELAIS failed to effect, and more than SWIFT strove in vain to accomplish. To raise a laugh at the expense of sobriety or virtue is easy; but to enlist MOMUS on the side of Morality is an effort to which our times were unequal, and which, had I attempted, I should no doubt have purchased popularity at the expense of dignity. One thing, sir, I should have done. Sir, had I turned my pen to such a purpose: I should have showed *you* up once a fortnight. Sir, you would have been an admirable subject for *Punch!*'

"Of course, although I could not see the truth of this, I did not venture to dissent from my revered friend."

A HINT TO BROUGHAM.

THE woolsack for the new House of Lords has printed on it in large letters, "Licensed only to carry one."

"THE RISING GENERATION" OF SMITHFIELD.

HOCKLEY-IN-THE-HOLE, according to the excellent authority of *Mrs. Peachem*, in her advice to *Filch*, *was* the place to learn true breeding. Schools of manners, however, shift their sites. According to a resolution recently issued from Butchers' Hall, Smithfield is now the chosen spot for the education of youth in all the humanities. Had it been so in the time of CHESTERFIELD, that superfine peer would have written for his son, as his very best companion, *A Guide to Smithfield*. The besetting sin of the world—the great vice of human nature—is ingratitude. How many thousands of us never consider how much we owe to butchers! MR. SHARP, the Master of Butchers' Hall, was in the chair when the above-mentioned resolution was propounded, and gave his weight—true Leadenhall weight—to the opinions enshrined in it. These opinions cut with the edge of a cleaver—come down upon us with the weight of a pole-axe. The "Rising Generation" are vitally concerned in the existence of Smithfield Market for the transit of live cattle to the contiguous slaughter-house. An Ox once spoke in the Forum. Listen to a Voice from Butchers' Hall:—

"That it is essential that the cattle and dead meat markets should be contiguous, to give the buyers every opportunity of purchasing their stock upon the most advantageous terms, and thereby promoting *the best interests of the public at large*."

Steaks and chops—for such is the subtle insinuation—are made many pence in the pound cheaper to housekeepers when bought upon the live animal in Smithfield. They would go up if made the exotics of the suburbs. However, let us not forget the Rising Generation:—

"That the subject of housing, foddering, and slaughtering *on the premises* of the owner is essential to the trade and to the *rising generation*."

We know there is a prejudice for home education. Many folks prefer that their little boys should learn their Greek and Latin under the family roof, so that they may not risk their morals and their jackets in the laxity and play-hour hubbub of a public school. In the like manner the young butcher is held the purer for cutting a sheep's throat at his own fireside. His manners would be roughened, and perhaps his language partake too much of the Doric, were he unguardedly made to risk the vulgarity of the *abattoir*. Now, there can be little doubt that the juvenile butcher of our time does, all unconsciously, contract a gentleness of demeanour and a purity of speech from his habit of seeing a bullock slaughtered in the bosom of a family.

He who would soar to the reputation of a great butcher—he whose heart pants to become a GIBLETTS—must pass his days and nights in a slaughter-house. His rule of life should be a line from *King Lear*—"Kill! kill! kill!" This truth is to be found in the resolution—an evergreen piece of truth—stuck like a piece of Christmas holly in prize suet.—

"It being indispensable for youth, in acquiring a competent knowledge and judgment in live stock, *to pass much of their time among slaughtering*, it is of great importance to *the rising generation*, whether as the *sons, the apprentices, or youth generally*, that under the paternal and vigilant control of the principal, they should acquire knowledge *combined with morality, industry controlled by integrity, and general habits based on humanity*."

The son of a butcher—the apprentice of a butcher—is, it may be expected, the butcher of the next generation. But how—for we wish to learn—how are the "youth generally" of the metropolis affected by the proposed abolition of Smithfield? We have it. The resolution, doubtless, points to the "youth" to be usually found gathered about the butcher's door when the obstinate sheep, snuffing the blood, refuse to enter, until the butcher, with a habit "based on humanity," claws up the animal by its head and tail, and flings it over the threshold. Then, again, there are of the "youth generally" who at times attend as amateurs at the slaughter-house, and who may be supposed to have a kind of prescriptive right to the show.

We are, however, mightily pleased, and certainly no less surprised, at the inevitable combination of morality, industry, and integrity, with habits of humanity, to be secured by killing at home. Henceforth—at least as long as they are suffered to remain by a revolutionary Legislature—henceforth, we shall never pass a private domestic slaughter-house, without an instructive spiritual recognition of the great human qualities nurtured and strengthened within. It would seem that morals, like sugar, are refined by blood: that is, of the blood of a private sticking-place.

Henceforth, the domestic butcher's boy will be to us a ruddy, carnation-coloured student of the humanities. We shall feel the like respect for his *no* hat that we now feel for the caps of Oxford and Cambridge. Skewers themselves shall be to our eyes cuttings from the Tree of Knowledge.

The thought *will* haunt us! How much we have all along owed to but-

chers, and yet how very seldom have we recognised the debt! GODWIN, in his *Essay on Sepulchres*, says, very profoundly, when dwelling on the unacknowledged influence of SHAKESPEARE and MILTON—by the way, one of SHAKESPEARE'S biographers claim *him* for a butcher-boy, avowing that he was wont to make a heroic speech ere he slew a calf—GODWIN says, "Every man who is powerfully and deeply impressed by the perusal of these works, communicates a portion of the inspiration to all around him; it passes from man to man, till it influences the whole mass. I cannot tell that the wisest mandarin now living in China is not indebted for part of his energy and sagacity to SHAKESPEARE and MILTON, even though it should happen that he never heard of their names." This is subtle, but noble reasoning. We are ready with a parallel.

Who knows how much of the courtesy and humanity of the wisest Alderman of London may not be owing to the butcher youth of London, though the Alderman may not know one of their names! For instance, the young student, fresh and unctuous from his Academy, the private slaughter-house, leaves his leg, or shoulder, or loin with MOLLY the housemaid. There is an amenity of manner that the butcher youth inevitably communicates: MOLLY runs with a smile or a giggle into the kitchen, and the cook grins, and then the footman, and so on, the amenity influencing "the whole mass," until, by the subtle process indicated by our philosopher, it at last permeates the fat of the Alderman himself! Let Aldermen, when they debate of Smithfield, think of this!

The Voice of Butchers' Hall, moreover, thrills the patriotic strings of our heart: Smithfield is even now (though the gridirons are abolished) intimately connected with the safety of the Constitution: for it is resolved—

"That the establishment of abattoirs would be the introduction of a system *of such arbitrary and unconstitutional principles as is totally unknown in this country.*"

The argument has tremendous weight. When Bull submits to be killed in obscurity, in a place bearing a French name, there is an end of the liberty of Englishmen, to whom it is of vital consequence how and whence they get their steaks. It is, undoubtedly, a question for another Rump Parliament.

Men of London, rally round the butcher's boy! His cause is your cause, and the cause of your wives and families! This is not a question of mere food; certainly not. The superficial eye may behold in the tray nought but joints; but the philosopher who has studied the above resolution, must himself acknowledge that the butcher does not leave meat alone at the house, but manners and morals; and where would they be if we lost Smithfield?

WINTER FOR EVER!

ON the first of April—as if to make April fools of those who thought that SUMMER was really coming—Old WINTER popped his hoary head, for the fourth time this year, down upon the metropolis. HIEMS has been treating London as if it were the Strand Theatre, and has been cutting up its one ordinary legitimate season into no less than half-a-dozen, in the course of which he has made no less than six, positively last, appearances. We shall not be at all surprised if, in the middle of May, old HIEMS should be once more re-engaged for a limited period. It is true he can at any time command overflowing houses by his celebrated Snow Scene, in the course of which he introduces "The Storm, in character," very effectually. The old saying of "only once a year" will become perfectly obsolete, or inappropriate, as far as Christmas is concerned, if we are to have so many repetitions of old HIEMS'S performances.

We think that SPRING might fairly ask for an injunction to restrain WINTER from trespassing on ground which he ought long since to have vacated. All Nature's new and elegant stock gets damaged by the destructive intrusion of which we complain, and the little buds preparing to open on their own account, with an extensive assortment of colours, are forced to shut up by the presence of their disagreeable antagonist. An application *Ex parte* FLORA *v.* HIEMS would, we are sure, meet with every attention from KNIGHT BRUCE, the able and amiable Vice-Chancellor.

Royal Servants.

THE actors of Drury Lane Theatre are generally styled "HER MAJESTY'S Servants." Will the same term be applied to the animals at present acting there? Considering how very seldom HER MAJESTY sees the actors, we think the title can well be spared for the beasts, providing always they are not too proud to accept it.

GRAND COMBINATION OF TALENT.

ONE of the oddest combinations of talent we have heard of for some time, is that represented by the New Orleans Ethiopians. Our map tells us that New Orleans and Ethiopia are a good way apart; but by a rare combination they seem to be brought together in one of the parties of Serenaders now delighting the Metropolis. If this sort of association is found effective, we shall be hearing next of the Brentford Bohemians, the Chelsea Cherokees, or the Mary-le-bone Mulattos. We have already been given to understand that the Kensington Coolies will shortly be announced in conjunction with the Houndsditch Half-castes, who will, together, furnish an Entertainment of the most attractive character. We believe that any one may become naturalised as an Ethiopian in ten minutes, by applying at a barber's shop in the City, where an excellent complexion, with black hands and curly wig complete, may be supplied for seven shillings. Several British street ballad-singers have lately renounced the English flags—or pavement—and assumed the colours of Ethiopia.

THE LATEST FASHION.

MRS. NISBETT'S RETURN—PUNCH'S PROPHECY!

WEBSTER has made many pleasing announcements to the world, but none more pleasing than the one that promises the appearance of Mrs. NISBETT on the Haymarket boards on Monday next. There she will be once again, with her face ripe and rich as a peach in the sun, and her mellow laughter, that "seems like honey melted in her throat." Now, though we may regret the cause that gives back the actress to the stage, we cannot disguise our huge satisfaction at once more having her. Not that *Punch* is at all surprised—certainly not; for somehow, he knew it would happen, and in the year 1844 prophecied the event. Let the earnest and constant reader turn to page 21 of *Punch's* eighth volume, and he will there find certain verses—(they were dear LAMAN BLANCHARD'S)—entitled, a "New Year's Ode to the Winner of the St. Nisbett, Season 1844." The last verse, it will be found, contains this remarkable prediction:—

"Who weds a mere beauty, dooms dozens to grieve;
Who marries an heiress, leaves hundreds undone;
Who bears off an actress, (she never took leave),
Deprives a whole city of rational fun.
But, farewell the glances and nods of ST. NISBETT;
We list for her short ringing laughter in vain;
And yet—bereaved London—what think you of *this* bet?—
'A HUNDRED TO ONE WE SHALL SEE HER AGAIN!'"

Honey in Algeria.

Can this be true?

"The breeding of bees has lately considerably increased in Algeria. There exists near Bouffarik a little village where all the inhabitants live by their hives, of which no less than 2000 may be reckoned. The neighbourhood is planted with thyme, mint, and other odoriferous plants which bees delight in."

If this vast increase of bees near Bouffarik be really a truth, we can only account for it from this circumstance: there has been there no PELISSIER to burn them in their hives.

SADLY IN WANT OF IT.

WE see the Westminster Improvement Bill has passed a second reading. We hope, amongst the improvements, the House of Commons comes in for a small share.

THE MAMMOTH PROCESSION.

In consequence of the lessee of Drury Lane having taken advantage of the streets of London to advertise his theatre, by sending a Mammoth Procession of elephants and camels, Persian princes, Imaums, and others, through the metropolis, it is expected that the proprietors of Richardson's Show will claim the same privilege. It is well known that a tragedy of intense interest, called *Rowena the Ruined; or, Brumaldi the Brutal and Conrad the Crushed*, is usually acted throughout the entire year at Richardson's Show; and the following is the order of the procession that will be selected for introducing to the metropolis the Mammoth establishment for melodrame of intense interest. The following is intended to be the order of procession:—

THE PROPRIETOR,

on a velocipede, running backwards and forwards to clear the way, and keep the route passable.

Rowena the Ruined,

on a milk-white donkey, richly caparisoned with gorgeous trappings from a four-post bedstead, long in the possession of the original proprietor.

THE CELEBRATED GHOST,

in his magnificent triumphal sheet, and wearing the costly white satin slippers in which he appeared all last year to *Macbeth*, as he lay slain on the Field of Bosworth.

THE LEADING TRAGEDIAN,

carrying the sword he planted in the bosom of *Fandango the Faithless*, previous to the transition of that apostate into *Pantaloon* in the Pantomime.

Richardson's Clown,

standing on one leg, and exclaiming, "Here we are!" to nobody.

If the authorities do not interfere to prevent this—and there is no reason why they should, after allowing the Mammoth Procession to occupy the streets for nearly an entire day—it is expected that Wombwell will also attempt to get the benefit of an advertisement. We may therefore expect a drove of wild beasts down the Strand, making every man a Van Amburgh in spite of himself; for he will have to encounter the brutal procession. What is sauce for the goose, is however sauce for the gander; and if all this outrageous puffing is good for Drury Lane, it must be equally beneficial to the smaller establishments. We think, however, "the Poet" had assumed a privilege in blocking up the streets, and rehearsing his pageants, which will no longer be permitted.

MRS. CAUDLE IN SPAIN.

The King and Queen of Spain, like the masculine and feminine gender in Lindley Murray, never agree, in any case; poor Francisco intends to sue for a separate throne, for it seems that the Queen has turned the sceptre into a cudgel, and makes him feel the weight of her sway. She has cut off his pocket-money, and only allows him one cigar a day; the poor fellow endures it remarkably well for a king, who cannot prevent it, though he often threatens to go home to his mother. The men-servants of the Escurial look upon him as a martyr, but we regret to say that the housemaids consider him nothing better than "a milksop." It is expected there will soon be two parties in Spain, the "Asses" and the "Isabellas;" but the former, it is said, will be considerably the larger party. The matrimonial quarrel abated a little when the Queen's respected mother left Madrid, but it has broken out with increased fury since Francisco's mother has taken up her abode in the palace. The two mothers narrowly escaped meeting, which is recorded as a providential escape for all parties, but especially for Spain, as there is no knowing what might have been the awful consequences if mother-in-law had met mother-in-law, and one of them a Christina! There would have been no end of Revolutions, and possibly amongst them, a real one.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 10, 1847.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

GEORGE DE BARNWELL.—VOL. III.

BY SIR E. L. B. L. B B. L L. B B B. L L L., BART.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

"*Quid me mollibus implicas lacertis*, my ELLINOR? Nay," GEORGE added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, "why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be other things in Life, in Nature, in this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal; what is the Ideal but the Beautiful? what the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like Him who wanders by the *thina poluphloisboio thalasses*, and shrinks awe-struck before that Azure Mystery."

EMILY'S eyes filled with fresh gushing dew. "Speak on, speak ever thus, my GEORGE," she exclaimed. BARNWELL'S chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even SNOGGIN, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the Prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

"You weep, my SNOGGIN," the Boy said; "and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after-Weariness? Ambition no Deception; Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine, and Wit, and—nay, start not, my ADELAIDE—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did SOCRATES falter at his poison? Did SENECA blench in his bath? Did BRUTUS shirk the sword when his Great Stake was lost? Did even weak CLEOPATRA shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? and why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent; I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends; prepare me for the feast of To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," SNOGGIN interposed, "they 're not to be ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay HEMMY will git you a little hoil for your air."

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. "My guardian understands me not, pretty one—and thou? what sayst thou? from those dear lips methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententiæ*—I kiss away thy tears, dove!—they will flow apase when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor GEORGE BARNWELL. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart, for all the world said—"

"That, that he had," cried the gaoler and the girl in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! you, unconvicted Convict—you, murderer, though haply you have slain no one—you, Felon *in posse*, if not *in esse*—deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gabardine!

* * * * * * *

In the matter for which he suffered, GEORGE could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the gaol, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no Remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore, I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

"And wherefore, Sir, should I have sorrow," the Boy resumed, "for ridding the world of a sordid worm;* of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the

ancestral halls of the DE BARNWELLS, I felt that I was the NEMESIS come to overthrow him. 'Dog,' I said to the trembling slave, 'tell me where thy Gold is. *Thou* hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest; in aiding Science, which thou knowest not; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free!' But he spake not, and I slew him."

"I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated," said the admirable chaplain, "for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world's condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to re-organise Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong."

"A rabble of pigmies scaling Heaven," said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. "PROMETHEUS was a Giant, and he fell."

"Yes, indeed, my brave youth!" the benevolent DR. FUZZWIG exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner's marble and manacled hand; "and the Tragedy of To-morrow will teach the World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise."

"Look! here is supper!" cried BARNWELL, gaily. "This is the Real, Doctor; let us respect it and fall to." He partook of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.

* This is a gross plagiarism: the above sentiment is expressed much more eloquently in the ingenious romance of *Eugene Aram*:—"The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay: these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God. * * * * I have destroyed a man noxious to the world; with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing many."

RELIEF FOR THE IRISH.

THE EARL OF BELFAST has offered a curious contribution for the relief of the destitute Irish, in the shape of a *waltz* and a *nocturne*. All sorts of crotchets have been suggested for the benefit of Ireland, but never were they such harmonious crotchets as those of the EARL OF BELFAST.

"OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

SUCH is the title under which various provincial journals keep a contributor in town, whose duty it is to send a weekly column of exclusive intelligence. The intelligence is certainly exclusive enough, being the exclusive manufacture of the individual who forwards it. The person engaged in the capacity of London Correspondent is compelled to affect an acquaintance with all that is passing in the best-informed circles; but as his sphere of observation is confined to the limited circle of the tavern he frequents, he is obliged to draw upon his imagination for the "facts" he furnishes to the provincial journal. It cannot be expected that there will be much veracity in his statements, but what they want in truth is made up in audacity. Upon the strength of what he picks up from his fellow reporters on the London press, he has generally something to say about the movements, intentions, engagements, or non-engagements of the leading writers, about whom he knows positively nothing. Occasionally he has some grand scheme to communicate with reference to the starting of a new daily paper, which is to oppose every other journal in existence, and is to be conducted by everybody, who have all seceded from everything else, for the purpose of putting every possible and impossible strength into the new enterprise. Proprietors, printers, publishers, editors, contributors, reporters, and indeed the entire establishment, from the highest to the lowest, are said by "our London Correspondent" to be on the point of abandoning profit, position, character, and everything else, to start a wilful opposition to the paper in which they all have a mutual interest.

When "our London Correspondent" is asked for his authority—though it is seldom worth any one's while to do that—his announcement of a new paper is found to rest on no foundation whatever. It enabled him to fill up a portion of his required sheet, and he cannot afford to be scrupulous as to the means of doing so.

"Our London Correspondent" is of course in the confidence of all the Ministers and all the leading Members of the Opposition; and yet, upon his own showing, if his boast be true, he is betraying all the secrets entrusted to him on all sides, for a few shillings a week from a country newspaper. He knows that LORD JOHN RUSSELL will not be in office another month at least four years before he goes out, and thus "our London Correspondent" proves the access he has to very very early—a little too early—intelligence. He can tell you who is to have the next garter, when there is none vacant; and has seen letters from JENNY LIND or MENDELSOHN, notwithstanding no letter has been written by either of these illustrious individuals.

In fact, "our London Correspondent" lives in a world of his own, which enables him to see a great deal more than is seen by anybody else; and the best of it is, that there can be no witnesses to prove the contrary of his assertions, for his facts are so truly original, that he has them all to himself, and no one else has an opportunity of meeting them.

HEBREW MELODIES.

THERE is no truth in the report that MR. DISRAELI'S new novel is being adapted for the Italian stage, and will be played with the original music of *Tancredi*. We believe an eminent composer of the Jewish persuasion is busy in arranging variations on themes taken from *Tancred*, to be played on the Jew's harp, which cannot fail, with the impulse MR. DISRAELI has given everything Caucasian, to be the fashionable instrument, shortly, in everybody's mouth. A symphony for six Jew's harps is making a deal of noise in the musical circles of Houndsditch.

The Mendicity Market.

THE Eton Montem is abolished; so little boys who run away from school and are caught begging, will, for the future, be taken up and treated as good-for-nothing vagrants.—The Repeal Association is reduced to its last penny. It is expected that the Kidderminster will be hung out over the portico in a few days, and all the effects disposed of. There is a great commotion amongst the buttermen, on account of the greater part of the property consisting of the members' speeches. —Pennsylvanian Bonds are looking up, but the shareholders of the English Opera House have not been able to ascertain yet the value of one of their shares.

ILLUSTRATED LAW BOOKS.

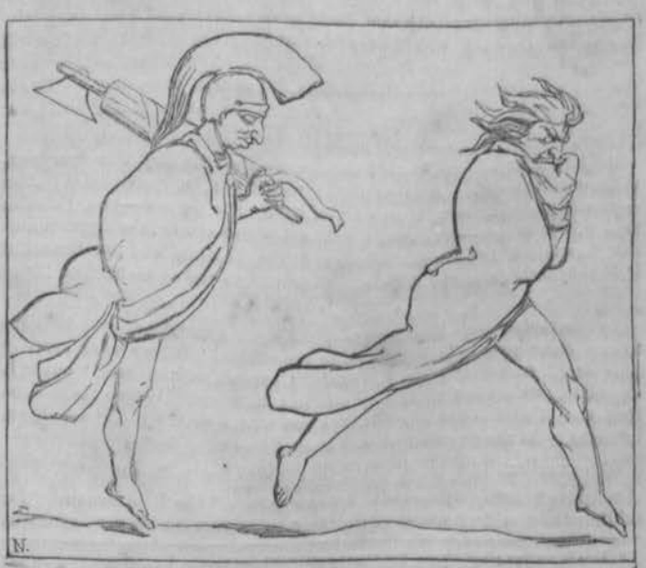
THE rage for illustrated literature is now so universal, that scarcely a book issues from the press without the aid of pictorial embellishment.

We are astonished that Illustrated Law Books have not yet been added to the catalogue of pictorial publications, for there are certainly many legal scenes to which the artist might impart the most lively interest. The "Distraint for Rent" would admit of the most effective treatment in the hands of a skilful illustrator, whose fancy might be allowed to revel among tables and chairs in a particularly taking manner. It would be easy to elevate the subject from its disagreeable homeliness by placing the characters in the toga or table-cloth of antiquity in the following fashion :—

DISTRAINT FOR RENT.

An illustrated edition of *Coke upon Littleton* must become exceedingly popular, for the illumination would help to throw a light upon the obscurities of the work alluded to.

The peculiarly touching incident of "An Arrest for Debt" would be very powerful in the hands of an artist with sufficient grasp to enable him to seize his subject in a decided manner.



ARREST FOR DEBT.

The well-known activity with which the DOE and the ROE of former times were in the habit of running up and down in every bailiwick

throughout England, would afford the most admirable point for the painter; who might possibly be able to draw upon his own personal experience for the original of the group he designed to perpetuate on his canvas.

Perhaps, however, the finest subject for the six-pound paint-brush of a POUSSIN, or any other master of the pictorial art, would be the portrait of that impassioned creature, BRIEFLESS, with his whole soul wrapped up in a motion of course; as it always is when he is engaged in making the most ordinary application. If it is only a compute that he desires, his hands rise with the occasion, his brow contracts, and his two pupils—the only two he ever had—flash forensic fire from his eyes, and his whole appearance bespeaks the wild enthusiast. BRIEFLESS, on such an occasion, seems to concentrate the whole dignity of the Bar in his own person, and he has been known to wind up with the following brilliant peroration—*à la* MACAULAY—when the compute has been the subject of his splendid eloquence:—

"No! I would rather dash from my head the housing of honourable horsehair which forms a thatch to this poor, ill-furnished abode of my brains; I would prefer to tear in pieces this gown, grown rusty in the service of its master; I would burn the bands which dangle from my stock, and crumple the cravat whose snowy whiteness rivals the driven snow, or the carted ice.—Yes; I would submit even to this, before I would take permission to compute from a court insensible to the privileges of the step; or allow any motion to be considered 'of course' while there is a British Judge on a British Bench in a British Court and a British land, to administer to a British subject his share of

MR. BRIEFLESS'S IMPASSIONED APPEAL FOR A MOTION OF COURSE.

British Justice." Such a position of such a man is worthy of such a picture as that which we have given, in illustration of the forensic oratory of our learned friend, MR. BRIEFLESS.

A Beggarly Parish.

THE affairs of the Parish of Walbrook are in a disgraceful state; no less than 140 guineas are owing to the organist (a poor woman), whilst the sextons have a claim upon the parish to the extent of £273. The Parish should be summoned, and compelled under the new Act to pay its debts. If it is too poor, then it should be made to go through the Insolvent Debtors' Court. A whole parish being whitewashed would be a stain upon every parishioner in it. We look upon Walbrook as very little better than the Honourable MR. WYNDHAM, who achieved an infamous notoriety three months ago by contracting debts, which he never intended to pay.

We wonder every house in the place is not ashamed of itself, for we cannot imagine anything more shabby than being in debt to a sexton! The parish who would allow itself to be buried upon "tick," is capable of robbing its charity-children of their bread and butter. No meanness would be too mean—no atrocity too atrocious for it. We suppose marriages in Walbrook are performed only upon credit, and that the clerk and beadle, when they ask for their fees at a christening, are politely told to "chalk it up." Shabby! We should not at all be surprised to hear that Walbrook had absconded some fine morning to Boulogne. It would be a sad paragraph to read in the newspapers:—

"OUTLAWED.—The Parish of Walbrook, at the suit of its Sextons for £273."

We hope some benevolent individuals will get up a penny subscription, and, for the honour of British parishocracy, avert that disgrace. We are sure ALDERMAN GIBBS, who was never behindhand when money was concerned, will come forward, and liberally save the character of Walbrook from being buried in its churchyard.

THE PHEASANT, THE PARTRIDGE, AND THE GOOSE.

A GAME-LAW FABLE.

A PHEASANT from his cover flew
A neighb'ring buckwheat-field into;
Squire JENKINSON the cover owns,
The field another Squire, call'd JONES.
On JONES's land a partridge bred,
Address'd the pheasant whilst he fed,
And after saying "How d'ye do?"
Inquired, "I say, whose bird are you?"
The pheasant "JENKINSON's" replied,
"How so, my friend?" the partridge cried.
"Why I," returned the pheasant, "mate,
Was reared on JENKINSON's estate,
In his preserve is fix'd my home;
So I am his where'er I roam."
"No," said the partridge, "you are not,
Now that on JONES's land you 've got;
And thus at once I will confute you:—
JONES has a lawful right to shoot you."
The pheasant unto this demurr'd.
And so the matter they referr'd:
For referee they sought a goose,
Nigh on a common grazing loose.
The goose, whose cackle we translate,
Thus solved the question in debate:—
"Three birds together, here we stand,
Yourselves and I, on NOMAN's land:
If truth the partridge has averr'd,
Then each of us is NOMAN's bird.
But I've an owner, there's no doubt,
For he could come and pick me out;
If JENKINSON or JONES should try,
You could they thus identify?
If not, I hold you both are wrong,
And unto NOMAN must belong.
Where'er you are, it certain is
NOMAN can say that you are his.
Free denizens of fields and woods,
Who takes you steals but NOMAN's goods,
To NOMAN's injury alone,
Depriving NOMAN of his own."

"DOCTORING" A STATUE.

HEN Madeira has too much body, it is frequently sent across the seas; and, after it has been two or three journeys round the Cape, it sometimes turns out to be a very good wine. We think the same plan of improvement might be tried with the Wellington Statue as soon as it is taken out of the wood and drawn off the Burton arch.

Two or three voyages to India might do it all the good in the world. It might come back to us mellowed, and considerably toned down, and without any of that sharpness which at present is so offensive to persons of good taste.

PECULIAR TURN OF MIND.

DISRAELI was saying very loudly in the lobby, "that if LORD G. BENTINCK was Prime Minister, he would do immense things in the House of Commons!"

"Yes," said SERJEANT MURPHY, who was passing at the time, "I shouldn't wonder if, with his mind, he made such a mess of it that he turned the place into an Augean Stable."

"DON'T CHECK HER, JACK; GIVE HER HER HEAD."

MORE GRAND PROCESSIONS.

THE streets of the metropolis have been enlivened during the week by several grand processions which passed through them, consisting of a herd of oxen and a triple *troupe* of anything-but-well-trained bulls, engaged by MR. GIBLETTS of Bond Street, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, to take part in his wonderful exhibition, which is thrown open to the public, in his shop window, free of charge, every Friday and Saturday morning.

The *troupe* started, at 12 o'clock in the day, from Smithfield, and proceeded down Fleet Street, the Strand, through Piccadilly, and up Bond Street to MR. GIBLETTS' establishment at the corner of Brook Street, where every preparation had been made to receive it. The procession was escorted by the distinguished drovers B and Q, and followed by an unlimited number of little boys, who joined in the sport with a deal of spirit. Driver DUGGINS also took a prominent part; he was seated in his beautiful bright blue butcher's cart, the interior of which was fitted up on this occasion with a select number of calves. The masterly manner in which he succeeded in occupying the entire road, cutting fearlessly from one side of the street to the other, in a style of horsemanship worthy of the "Courrier of St. Petersburgh," elicited frequent remarks from the coachmen and omnibus conductors, who pulled up expressly to look at his daring performances. The sight altogether was very exciting, and many of the foot passengers appeared much "struck" by the splendid animals, who were not at all dismayed by the novelty of the scene, but jumped over every difficulty that stood in their way with a grace and ease peculiar to that agile *artiste*, the bull.

The wild cries and dances, also, of the natives who guided them, made every one stop; and their evolutions outside SHARPUS'S china shop, where Young Heifer (only three years old) attempted a flying leap, *à la Harlequin*, through the window, caused an excitement in the Haymarket that has not been exceeded in the memory of the oldest apple-woman. Lowther Arcade was closed during the procession, otherwise the animals would doubtless have attempted that dangerous pass, and have left not a cup or a saucer unturned. All business was suspended during the course of the proceedings, and a whole holiday was observed in honour of the occasion by the police. The performances have given such satisfaction, that they will be repeated, under the patronage of the Common Council, every Smithfield market day until further notice.

PUNCH ON THE EDUCATION SCHEME.

HAVING been requested to "pronounce" on the subject of the Government Education Scheme, we beg leave to say that we have weighed the *pros* and the *cons.* in those scales of justice which we always carry about with us. We have looked at the project itself, and at the character of the opposition which it has encountered; and when desired to say whether we think the remedy proposed for the awful ignorance that prevails is more reasonable than the hostility with which it is met, we have only to observe to the public at large—

"Your *Baines* and antidote are both before you."

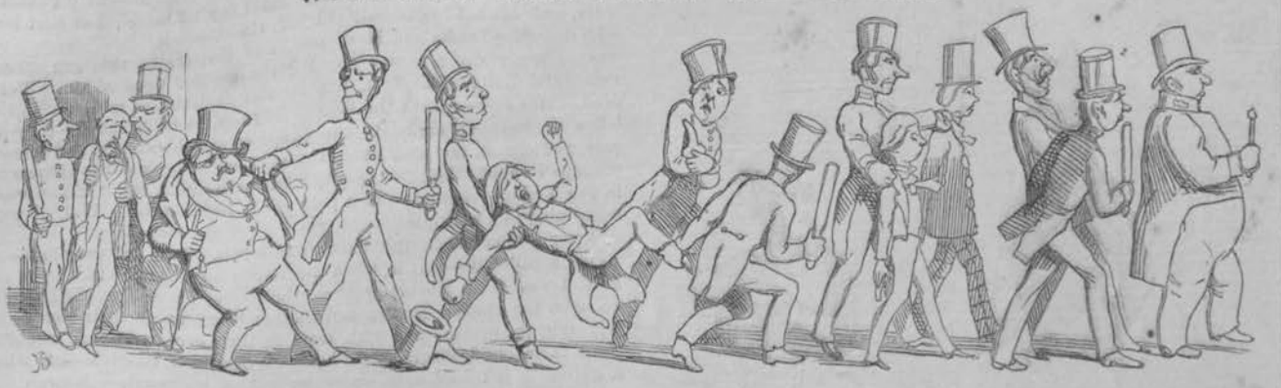
Austria and Jenny Lind.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, it is said, has conferred on JENNY LIND the title of Singer of the Imperial Chapel. Considering the length of the Imperial ears, this is the best use the Emperor has made of them.

"THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION."

"BETWEEN TWO STOOLS HE COMES TO THE GROUND."—*Old Proverb.*

WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM THE TREADMILL.



One of those farcical entertainments which have been played three or four times lately every season in the neighbourhood of St. James's Street, came off last week. Marlborough Street Police Office presented quite a gay and dashing appearance.

The vulgar "night charges" were supplanted by some score gentlemen "of fashionable exterior," the haul of a police inspector, made the night before at a Hell in Bennett Street. Of course there was no proof against them. There never is. They were discharged. They always are. We cannot conceive why or wherefore police commissioners issue orders, and police inspectors make descents upon such houses. The law used to say, "You must catch people playing." This of course was very much as if it had said to the constable, "You must catch the thief stealing." This mockery is now felt to be too barefaced.

Gambling, within the last ten years, has become less fashionable. Lords and Commons are no longer quite so tolerant towards the hazard-table. So the law has been altered, and now runs, "You must find gambling instruments." But it is only putting up an iron door or two, strong enough to defy an inspector and a sledge-hammer, and providing a convenient hiding-place for roulette-boards, rakes, dice-box, and counters, and the hell-frequenters and hell-keepers, the demons and their victims, may laugh at the law as safely as ever.

It is very curious, this law never wants proof to convict forger, or thief, or burglar; but gamblers somehow slip through its iron fingers like eels. Certainly awkward effects *might* now and then follow if its grasp were a little more tenacious. It would be disagreeable to find in the *Times'* police report, a list of the noble and distinguished company present at Mr. Hardwick's *matinée correctionelle* at Malborough Street. And the public feeling would be severely outraged by the occasional exhibition of a noble lord taking out a summary "three weeks" at Brixton, or of a distinguished popular leader on the wheel in Tothill Fields.

Otherwise there would be no great difficulty in the matter. But the existence of such iron doors as guard these Hells, like Dante's—and which might fitly bear the same inscription,

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here,"

—may be made an evidence against the house and those found in it. The presumption would not be too violent.

Gentlemen do not usually barricade themselves within iron-plated panels for purposes of innocent conviviality. We never remember being asked to an inoffensive supper and sinless cigars, where we had to run the gauntlet of three strong doors with a wicket in each, and a gentleman of the Hebrew-Caucasian race taking a careful survey of our person before admission. This fashion is peculiar to certain hospitable first floors about St. James's; and we cannot think their proprietors would have any reason to complain if the rude hand of a Secretary of State doomed them to the fate which has fallen on their suburban brethren at Ascot and Epsom.

NEWS OF THE COMING MAN.

This important individual, who has been so long announced, and who has so long disappointed the public, has been spoken with at Jerusalem. When addressed, the only answer he gave was that of a waiter—"Coming, coming, Sir." He is expected in London very shortly, and will take up his residence at Mr. Disraeli's in Duke Street. Immense preparations are being made for him in a new 3 vol. novel, which, it is rumoured, will about finish *Tancred*. Holywell Street will illuminate on the night of the arrival of the Coming Man.

PROTECTION FOR SERVANT MAIDS.

We beg to call attention to the mischief arising from allowing the British soldier to go about in his red coat. The police reports inform us of the conviction, at the Middlesex Sessions, of one David Ratcliffe, a grenadier, for purloining the purse of a servant girl, at a concert to which they had gone in company. Mr. Serjeant Adams, in his charge to the jury, said that—

"It was extraordinary to what an extent domestic servants suffered themselves to be duped by soldiers. They were foolish enough to be charmed, as it were, by the tall and portly figure of a fine young fellow encased in a scarlet jacket, to such an extent that they actually placed their reputation at stake for the mere pleasure of walking arm-in-arm with him. He (the judge) was sorry to see girls were such fools, but he supposed it was an infatuation they could not avoid."

The wise precaution which disarmed the soldier, whilst off duty, of his bayonet, has prevented him from the commission of much manslaughter; but it does not hinder him from committing woman-slaughter to an extent which is truly frightful. He no longer gratuitously runs people through the body, but he inflicts the most wanton injuries on the female heart. It is absolutely necessary that he should be deprived of the dangerous weapons which enable him to commit these outrages. He really must not be suffered to be at large in his uniform. He must doff the scarlet whilst he walks the streets, and exchange the military cap for the plain oil-skin or gossamer. We now begin to see that Prince Albert had some reason for inventing his celebrated hat. In that, perhaps, there is small danger. But let the soldier be divested of his red coat when he mingles with his fellow-citizens. In the meanwhile, with what security or confidence can we intrust our nursing-maid with our children, or our cook with our leg of mutton?

THE NATIONAL THEATRES.

At the General Theatrical Fund Dinner, Mr. Macready, in his capacity of chairman, is reported by the *Daily News* to have said—

"That the present was a theatrical assembly, and he would propose to them as a toast, those great national theatres which had the civilised world for their audiences, which contained many excellent actors, and what was far more, many great and good men,—he meant the two Houses of Parliament."

Mr. Macready has given utterance to a notion we have long entertained, that

"Parliament 's a stage,
And honourable members merely players."

The House of Commons, as at present constituted, forms a strong company of comedians; but since the time of Burke, whose famous dagger scene is still remembered, it has been rather deficient in tragic talent.

Black and White Distinctions.

Four of the four thousand Ethiopian Serenaders at present in England applied for berths on board the *Cambria*, to return to their native Ethiopia, but were refused on account of their colour. It was only when they had taken the soot off their faces, and had washed their hands of the foul disgrace of being genuine blacks, that they were allowed to associate with the American passengers. We wonder the Yankees, in their hatred of everything black, do not, when they represent *Othello*, make him a white General.

OLD BOYS.

Old Boy (loq.). "OH SHE'S A CHAUMING GYUIRL, AND UPON MY SAUL, I THINK SHE LIKES ME AMAZINGLY!"

THE ENGLISH IN LITTLE.

BY GENERAL TOM THUMB.

THE GENERAL'S INTERVIEW WITH THE DUKE—THE GENERAL GOES ON THE STAGE—LEAVES ENGLAND—LETTER TO "PUNCH."

WAL, the fact is, I 've jest to ax your pardon; but as I never thought of writin about these critters till I 'd been a long time among em—like a stupid 'possum as I was—BARNUM made up his mind to go back to the States at the very nick of my last letter. And what with packin all the plate and jew'lry—there 's five-and-twenty packages of watches, pencil-cases, and diamond and ruby rings, if there 's an ounce—what with makin all smoothe and strait, I 've had no time to take up my pen till now, when I sits down agin with the sweat upon my brow, to catch up the thread where afore I dropt it. You recollect, in coorse, the DOOK OF WELLINGTON was knockin to come in—but they kept him at the door, while I was a dressin, out o' compliment like, for NAPOLEON. Bein quite the emperor, I walks out, and motions for 'em to open the door.

Wal, the Dook comes in. I heerd him, for I heerd BARNUM a scrapin before him; but I wouldn't look up; acause I 'd got my arms a folded, and was standin with my eyes down on the green baize of the table, a contemplatin the battle of Oysterlitz. Then the Dook—with a lady on his arm, or his arm on a lady's, I wont swear which—come close to the table; and I heerd him take out his spy-glass, for it clicked like, as he shook it to put it over his nose. Wal, he stood a starin at me—and I heerd him grunt a leetle laugh. On which, lookin up, I handed him my snuff-box. The critter dabbed in the tip of his leetle finger, and agin grunted another leetle laugh. Wal, I felt my dander rise, and looked piercin. You should have seen the Dook. There was sich a whiteness came over his face; and his hair jest the leetlest morsel in life did lift his hat off his head; and then—as BARNUM told me arterwards—I could see what was a movin inside of him. I brought into his mind all the three days of Waterloo at once I could see it—as BARNUM told me—I could see that he seed in me whole squares of infants and battlelions of horses. He fit all the battle over agin, I was so cruel, so startlin like NAPOLEON. At last, when he was jest at bilin pint, and the lady was takin out her smellin bottle to give it him, at last the Dook slappin his leg screeched out—"Up guards! and at em!" And then the Dook could say no more; but bust into tears, and was led by the lady out into the open air.

Wal, as for Dooks and Markesses, and critters o' that grit, there was so many come to see me, I got tarnation tired of 'em. Very sweet and flatterin at first, but 'twas like livin on molasses in the eend. However—'xcept the DOOK OF IRON, as he 's called—they all left with me their cards, in the shape of goold watches, and breast-pins, and chains, and sich like; and so, I can't speak o' the critters as perhaps I ought. More 's the pity: but as BARNUM ses, "If you want to gag Truth, you must put a gold pin in her mouth." Wal, I've as many pins as a porkipine.

Arter a time, when the bloom was a bein wiped off the plum—as BARNUM called it—that is, when the 'ristocracy begun to look upon me as if I was not a bit better than theirselves—BARNUM said I should go upon the stage. Father and mother lifted up all their hands and feet agin the notion, and with tears in their eyes, said they would'nt have their child disgraced no how. Whereupon BARNUM—oh, what a critter it is! he'd talk an oyster out of its pearls—BARNUM ses, "Disgrace!" ses he, "why, the British stage is the glory of the 'varsal airth, and the glory of Britain in partiklar. Don't the QUEEN go to the theatre three times a week, with all her Court in ostrich feathers? Three times a week,"—ses BARNUM, but he never said 'twas the 'Talian, not the British playhouse. Wal, father and mother was honied all over by BARNUM, and it was agreed—though mother said it 'ud shorten her life—that I should turn play-actor.

When this 'was known, you may be sure our house was beset by managers. For a whole week we were obleged to have two policemen to keep 'em off. At last, BARNUM made his pick of 'em; and afore I knowed where I was, I was upon the stage. But upon that pint, you get no more out o' me. Else if I had a amind * * *

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Radley's Hotel, Liverpool.

I hadn't time to finish, and can now only say that we start by next packet but one, the *Cambria*, with jolly Captain JUDKINS. The Mayor 's getting up what he calls a demonstration. I 'm to go aboard the ship upon a elephant, and hold a levy on the quarter-deck. BANCROFT, our 'bassador, has jest drov into the town, and will ride upon the head o' the animal. The MISS CUSHMANS—one on 'em as *Romeo*—and an American citize-, will drop rosebuds in our way.

I would say more, but RADLEY 's come up to tell me I must go and meet that tarnation BANCROFT.

GENERAL TOM THUMB TO *Punch*.

"YOU CRITTER PUNCH, "*The Astor, New York, March* 15.

"Here I am, once agin among the smartest nation. Since I've had these presents from kings and queens, you can't think how the free American citizens do like me. They look upon me like a copper spoon that was sent to Europe to be plated, and come back more twinklin than ever they looked for.

"As you save me—you critter—sich a world of postage by printin my letters, I intend to make myself (*gratis* for nothin) your 'Merican correspondent.

Yours,

"THUMB."

"P.S. POLK is gettin so low in public 'pinion, 'twill take pickaxes and shovels to dig him up again.

"Private and confidential—I start for President next 'lection."

A POSER POSED.

POOR PROFESSOR KELLER, the original importer of the *Poses Plastiques*, has been run after not so much by the public as by a sheriff's officer, who hunted the representative of the statues of antiquity in the most determined manner. The Professor has consequently been compelled to add some perfectly new groups to his stock, and among others, that of the *Bailiff Surprised* has been exceedingly popular. It seems that KELLER, upon two occasions, got up a *Pose*, which was a regular *Poser* to the sheriff's officers, by presenting to them a *fac simile* of himself, whom he allowed them to arrest by mistake, and then favoured them with a sort of dissolving view, in the course of which the Professor suddenly turned into one of his own pupils.

Perhaps the nearest approach to the heroism of antiquity that the Professor has yet made, has been the sacrifice of his magnificent beard on the altar of liberty. As he was known by his beard, he boldly shaved it off; and it is expected that "KELLER *offering up his beard on the shrine of freedom*" will be one of the most attractive *tableaux* in his next exhibition.

DRURY LANE FUND DINNER.

"On Friday, the 23rd of April," says our friend the *Observer*, "'the annual feast' for the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund takes place." We have been favoured with a copy of the speech to be delivered by Mr. Harley, the efficient and eloquent master. It is as follows:—

"May it please your Royal Highness, and Gentlemen,—It is again my pleasurable duty to play upon your heartstrings, to arrive at your pockets; and I trust I may without vanity observe, that, like a fiddler, the longer I play the more delicate I consider the fingering.

"The Drury Lane Fund was established by that great creature and bigamist, David Garrick. When I say bigamist, I mean that he had two wives, Tragedy and Comedy (*laughter*), and, what was more extraordinary, was equally master of them both. Their portraits were painted by another great creature—need I add the name of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knight?

"David Garrick projected our fund for the relief of the poor player. It was established under the patronage of—of—one of the Georges, ancestor of the illustrious Prince, our president. For, perhaps, even in this presence, it may be permitted me to say that the brightest leaf in the umbrageous garland of the Guelphs is their love of the drama! A leaf! may I not say a hundred leaves?—witness her Majesty's annual subscription—and every leaf a one pound Bank of England note! (*Cheers.*)

"At the risk of being tedious, (*Cries of* 'No,'), allow me, for the forty-seventh time, to deliver my yearly lecture on the affecting uses of the Drury Lane Fund. In the morning of life the young actor quits, it may be, the paternal residence, to tread the thorny path that leads to fame; but hope is strong, and he feels not the hindrances that fester in his way. Even as the traveller, with nocturnal shades closing round him, is cheered by the twinkling of the distant taper, so is the young actor supported by the far-off brightness of a London audience. His hope, his aim, is the thought of Drury Lane, and Drury's most beneficent and philanthropic fund. Alas! (may it please your Royal Highness, and Ladies and Gentlemen) alas! what is the reward of the genius of the actor? Oblivion, (*sensation*); yes, oblivion! The sculptor lives in stone; the painter, stretching his canvas to the gale, floats down to posterity; the musician enshrines the bubble reputation in nightingale notes, and the fame of a Mozart may be said never to know a minim rest. (*Laughter.*) With the actor it is pathetically otherwise!

"Even as the rouge that lights the actor's cheek is swept by his own 'defacing fingers' ere he hies him to his humble but contented pallet, so is the recollection of the actor's genius wiped from the memory of the world. It is the luck of a Shakspeare to live for ever; whilst a Garrick is relentlessly doomed to be the creature of, so to speak, one generation! (*Applause.*)

"I will not dwell upon the gratitude of those who are at the present moment the thankful recipients of the bounty of the fund; but, with your permission, I will be awhile discursive on the number and condition of those whose old age, it is not improbable, may be solaced by what you will graciously subscribe this day.

"It has been tauntingly said of us that there are no actors at Drury Lane; that this our annual appeal is, if I may be allowed to use the word in such an august presence, is—a humbug!—('*Very right—very proper,*' *from the* Duke of Cambridge). Thus encouraged, I fearlessly repeat the word—humbug! It has been said that as Drury Lane employs no actors, and is not likely to employ any, the fund will ultimately be scrambled for by a fortunate few! To be sure, it has been most indecorously suggested that it should merge in the General Theatrical Fund, instituted for the illegitimate actors of illegitimate pieces at illegitimate minor theatres. (*Cries of* 'Shame!')

"No actors at Drury Lane! But the press—the all-powerful press—rebuts and utterly falsifies the venal accusation. I have only to remind this distinguished audience of our new mammoth company; I have only to appeal to the recollection of an enlightened public, so recently delighted by the public entry of the '*troupe*' into London—a poet, a manager, and gentleman, whom a sense of delicacy permits me not further to particularise, being prevented by Swedish business from taking his rightful place upon the elephant's back.

"No actors! Have we not, I ask it, two elephants, male and female? Have we not *our* Jenny Lind? And when the he-elephant—our greatest living actor, I may be allowed to call him—shall have worn himself out in the service of an enlightened public, will he not, as an actor of Drury Lane, have the best of right to Drury Lane's Fund? And oh! your Royal Highness, and Ladies and Gentlemen, when the player-elephant, like a veteran actor of the heavy business, shall have nothing left him but a shabby trunk, with not a single tooth in his head, will it not be a delightful consolation to you all, waking up in the middle of the night, to know that that elephant (the actor of the olden time) is housed by your bounty?—that when the morning dawns he will not ask in vain for his bunch of carrots, and, haply, his oranges on feast-days and Sundays? And then our own Jenny Lind—for since the poet Bunn could not have the Beauty herself, he was determined to have the Beast—when her youth is past, will she not, from the bounty of the fund, have her daily mouthful of clover, with, haply, her pound of soft sugar moistened, like the sugar of *Mrs. Gamp*, with the leetlest drop of gin? (*Much Laughter.*)

"When the camels, those quadruped *Dukes of Gloucester*, have ceased to draw, will they not have, from your liberality, the pensionary truss of hay—and the horses, will not they too enjoy their cosey paddocks, their warm stables, and their daily feed of Fund beans and oats? Can it be forgotten what the stage owes to horses? For what, I ask, would Thespis have done without his four-in-hand to draw his cart withal? (*Laughter.*)

"I am reminded that this is the birth-day of that great creature the Swan of Avon; need I say, Shakspeare? Let his large humanity fill and elevate you! Let him, who could feel for 'the poor beetle,' touch your sympathies in the right place—need I observe, your pockets—for the elephants! Let him, who could sing about 'the small gilded fly,' strike at your hearts in the cause of the camels! And, in conclusion, let him who could paint 'the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger,' be permitted to succeed when he pleads to your inmost souls the cause of English piebalds and Burmese ponies."

DECORATIONS (LITERALLY) FOR THE MILLION.

We see that there has been in the Chamber of Deputies the demand for an additional grant of 50,000 francs for the Legion of Honour. This further supply must be to provide for the increase of the population during the past six months, for it is nonsense to suppose there was a single person undecorated in France this time last year. The Statistical Society would have given any money for the proof of such an extraordinary fact. The cross is such a certainty now in France, that the best physicians in Paris are in the habit of including it amongst the diseases incident to humanity. They maintain, that, like the small-pox, every one is liable to be attacked with it at some period or other of his life. They deplore, in eloquent terms, that science has discovered as yet no cure for the Legion of Honour; but they recommend every Frenchman who is seized with it, to take it as kindly as possible, and brave the consequences of his becoming a "marked" man.

We wonder there is no opposition in the Chamber to these annual grants for decorations; for we believe that in real truth there is nothing which goes more against a Frenchman's bosom than the Cross of the Legion of Honour. In England we have now and then a shower of frogs; in India they are subjected about once a year to a shower of locusts; other countries are astonished occasionally with a shower of stones; but in France a shower of crosses is so frequent, that it has long ceased to be a phenomenon. We suppose it is something in the climate, for we believe that an Englishman has only to stop a month at Boulogne, and he is sure to be decorated.

The Bronze Horse.

It is rumoured, that, in opposition to the attraction of the wild beasts at Drury Lane, the proprietors of Covent Garden have engaged the Monster Statue at Hyde Park. It will be previously drawn by six-and-twenty horses through London, going down the Strand and Fleet Street, and return by Holborn Hill. A Smithfield Market-Day will be chosen, in order that the droves of bulls and oxen may swell the procession. It is expected that the Monster Horse will make his first appearance in the Statue scene in *Don Giovanni*.

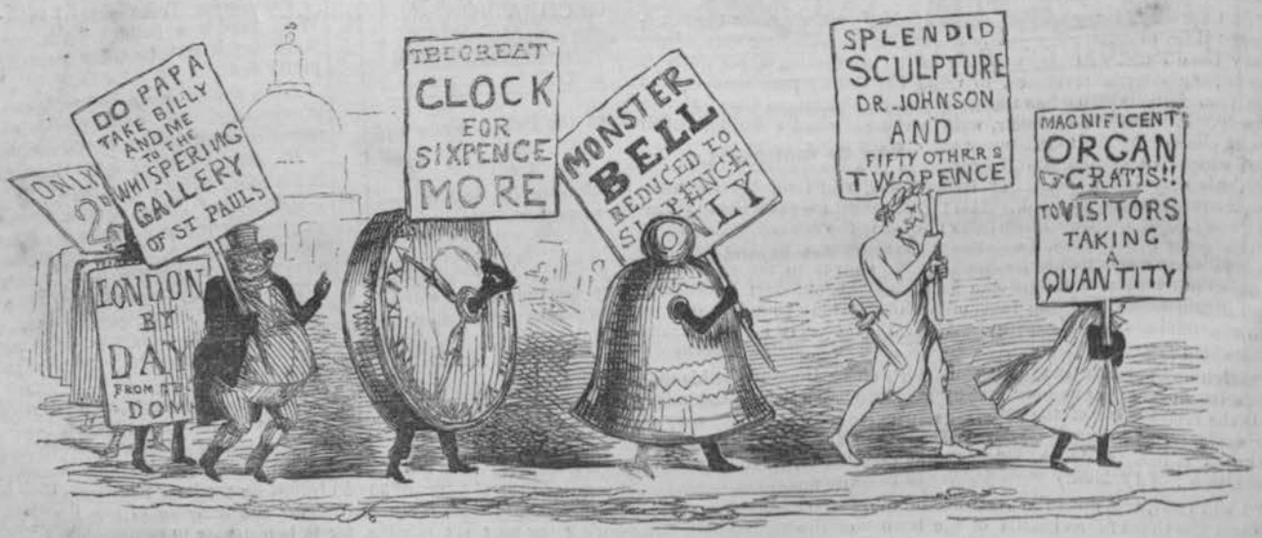
ST. PAUL'S EXHIBITION.

It was the general remark of the newspapers on Easter Tuesday, in noticing the public exhibitions of the preceding day, that St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were not by any means so well attended as the majority of the shows that were open for the gratification of visitors. It seems to us quite clear that the Deans and Chapters of these two edifices do not understand the art of putting forward the features of their respective exhibitions in the most attractive light, and until Jullien or some other great advertising genius takes the matter in hand, "a beggarly account of empty" aisles must be looked for instead of those crowded and overflowing ones which might otherwise be secured to the ecclesiastical showmen. Upon the principle that everything ought to be done well if it is done at all, we beg to recommend to the very reverend managers of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey a method of placing those great national shows well before the public, by adopting the means which are now fashionable among showmen of every class and character.

The mammoth procession of the other day might surely furnish a hint to the clerical speculators, who would do well perhaps to retain Mr. Bunn in the capacity of acting manager. A string of board-men carrying placards calling attention to some particular feature of the show would, we are sure, prove very effective as an advertisement. A placard inscribed "Do, papa, take me to see St. Paul's" would tell admirably at a time when the little boys are all home for the holidays. Considering, too, that there has been a reduction of prices within the last two or three years, it is a pity that more has not been made of such an opportunity. The "great clock reduced to sixpence" would have an immense effect in the shape of one of those broadsides which puffers are continually firing for the purpose of taking the public by storm; and "London by Day"—from the top of the real St. Paul's—would assuredly be as popular a catch-line as "London by Night," which attracts so many to the imitation St. Paul's at the Colosseum.

If Deans and Chapters will speculate in public exhibition it would be as well to adopt proper management at once, so that there should be as full a development as possible of the lucrative resources of the two great cathedral establishments in the metropolis.

We have, however, a higher interest in desiring the Deans and Chapters to adopt our views, for we are desirous that everything should be done to place the matter of these exhibitions in a true light, with a view to their nature and intention being fully understood by the public. When this is done, the disgraceful system will be so much the nearer its downfall; for it is hardly to be expected that there will be much longer toleration for so gross an abuse, when people are thoroughly enlightened as to its truly low and sordid character.


DO PAPA TAKE BILLY AND ME TO THE WHISPERING GALLERY OF ST PAUL'S
ONLY 2
LONDON BY DAY
FROM THE DOM
THE GREAT CLOCK FOR SIXPENCE MORE
MONSTER BELL REDUCED TO
ONLY
SPLENDID SCULPTURE DR JOHNSON AND FIFTY OTHERS TWOPENCE
MAGNIFICENT ORGAN GRATIS!! TO VISITORS TAKING A QUANTITY

STATE OF THE SLAVE-MARKET.

Now that the Sultan has abolished the slave-market in Turkey, it is wonderful that such a thing should exist in England. The fact, however, is so. Our slaves are the slaves of circumstances; that is to say, of bad circumstances, which oblige them to sell themselves for governesses and tutors. The slave-market is brisk, but quotations are made at very low figures. Its general state may be judged of by the following advertisements, which we copy from authentic sources:—

WANTED, a YOUNG LADY, about 20, who understands children, to take the entire charge of two little girls (the eldest 11 years), and assist in needlework. Added to a good English education, she will be required to teach French and music. She will have to live a few miles out of town, and if of good religious principles and amiable disposition, will meet with every attention and consideration, but salary will not exceed £15 and a laundress. The daughter of a clergyman, who has been accustomed to instruction in her own family, would be preferred. Apply by letter, stating every particular, to ——.

A *LADY* TEACHER WANTED IMMEDIATELY, for the Parish of Avondale, and town of Strathaven. She must be qualified to teach the usual branches required for a useful Female Education, such as English, writing, arithmetic, needlework, knitting, and music, &c., &c. There is an excellent Schoolroom and Dwelling House free, *but no Salary*.

It thus appears that the live stock, though in some demand, is at a discount. For understanding children, assisting in needlework, teaching English, French, and music, £15 and a laundress are anything but a premium. Religious principles are depreciated, and amiable dispositions flat. Clergymen's daughters, however, are in some request. The usual branches of a useful female education are a mere drug, and it will be seen from the second of the above advertisements that sales in this line are sought to be effected by mere barter. The rate of exchange is sadly below par.

In the male slave-market teachers are done at from £20, as will be proved by the annexed quotation:—

TEACHER WANTED for the Free Church Congregational School, Newton-upon-Ayr. He must be qualified to teach according to the most approved methods, English reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, book-keeping, geography, mathematics, Latin, and Greek. An acquaintance with navigation, music, and drawing, will be an additional recommendation. The Schoolhouse (which is not yet opened) is capable of containing upwards of 200 children. As it is conveniently situated in the midst of a populous town, and connected with a numerous congregation, an efficient Teacher may confidently expect that the School will be largely attended. In addition to the Fees, and a Free Schoolroom, the Teacher will receive a salary of £20, £30, or £45, according to his ability, and in conformity with the regulations of the Education Committee of the General Assembly of the Free Church. Applications, with Testimonials, to be addressed, &c.

Ayr, 25th March, 1847.

The foregoing prices show that Voluntary Bonds are heavy, and indicate Government Educational Securities as a preferable investment. It is manifest that reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, book-keeping, geography, and mathematics are dull; and that Latin and Greek are by no means looking up. We wish we could see a better feeling prevailing in the slave-market.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 17th, 1847.

A NEW SCENT.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE Patentee has much pleasure in presenting to the notice of the Public a new and delicious perfume, called

Eau de Smithfield,

which is produced by a double distillation of all the essences peculiar to the well-known salubrity of that favoured locality. The patentee has prepared several varieties of this exquisite scent, including a delicious

Extrait des Moutons,

which is warranted to impart a soft and woolly odour wherever it may be applied, and will be found invaluable for its fine aromatic qualities. There may also be had a most exquisite preparation called the

Parfum des Mille Porcs,

which is particularly recommended in cases of nervous headache, or as a demulcent in case of rigidity of the facial muscles. The same proprietor is likewise preparing a new article for the skin, to be called the

Kalydor des Bœufs Insenses,

which it is expected will have the effect of whitening the complexion and producing an interesting fairness of skin, which will be quite unapproachable by means of any other cosmetic.

JENNY LIND AT THE DRURY LANE FUND-DINNER.

AT the time we publish, this solemnity has yet to be acted; but we have every reason to understand that it will come off with unusual interest and splendour. We were last week enabled to give a true copy of MR. HARLEY'S mendicity speech for the quadrupeds forming the principal part of Drury Lane Company. We are now in a position to speak of a still greater attraction, if possible, for the feeders at Freemasons' Hall. A paragraph has been very industriously circulated by the Fund Committee, assuring the public of a promise mysteriously made by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, to bring with him to the repast a distinguished foreigner recently arrived in this country. People who professed to know something of the labyrinthine ways of high life, declared that the foreigner could be no other than the Turkish Ambassador, commanded to attend by the Sultan: for as MOLIERE has been acted before the ladies of the Harem, the Sultan is no doubt stage-struck. Nevertheless, he is not yet become so low as to patronise the English drama, our Ambassador at Constantinople having been instructed by the highest personage of this realm to warn his Sublimity against so vulgar a prejudice. No; the distinguished foreigner promised by the Duke is not a biped exotic, but a stranger upon four legs; in fact, it is no other than skittish JENNY LIND, the lady Elephant of Drury Lane!

The Committee proposed that his Royal Highness's carriage should be drawn by the illustrious foreigner herself, from Cambridge House to the Freemasons'; but, we regret to state that, shrinking from the celebrity attendant on such a design, the Duke has delicately objected. Therefore, the Elephant will be introduced into the body of the Hall by MR. HARLEY, immediately after *Non nobis*; and will proceed, as a member of the Drury Lane Company, to display her astounding sagacity. We are enabled to give the details.

MR. HARLEY, having made his speech, will desire the elephantine JENNY to leave the room, and return with his hat—informing the beast the maker's name and address, that she may pick it out from a hundred gossamers. The Elephant returns with the comic hat of the great comedian, and is received with tremendous applause.

MR. HARLEY then makes a circuit of the tables, the Elephant following him, and—in fact—going round with the hat! The sovereigns and shillings are subscribed, the Elephant making a graceful bow at every donation. We ought, by the way, to have premised that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, with that sly humour peculiar to himself—just to test the sagacity of the Elephant—winks confidentially to those about him, and then drops his subscription into the hat in the shape of a bad half-crown. Whereupon, the Elephant will lay down the hat, take out the pocket-piece, and ringing it on the mahogany with all the emphasis of an old shopkeeper, shake her head, and return the counterfeit to the royal hand. (Great laughter, in which his Royal Highness joins.)

The subscriptions being made, MR. HARLEY will endeavour to open a conversation with the Elephant, after the manner and wholly in the spirit of good ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Mr Harley. Now, JENNY LIND: don't you think, JENNY, that you are very much obliged to the company?

Jenny screams, as much as to say "Yes."

Mr. Harley. That 's a pretty dear! Well, I thought so. And wouldn't you like to drink a toast, JENNY? Eh?

Jenny yells in the affirmative.

Mr. Harley. To be sure. I knew that. Well, here 's a dollar; let 's see how you'll lay it out to enjoy yourself, my pretty dear.

Jenny approaches a bell-pull, and tugs it violently. A waiter with napkin immediately walks up to the Elephant.

Mr. Harley. Now, JENNY, the waiter 's in the room—give your orders.

Here JENNY grunts and screams, and waggles her trunk, and lifts her fore-feet up and down, apparently in a state of pleasurable excitement, immediately interpreted as follows by MR. HARLEY.

Mr. Harley. That means, waiter, that JENNY desires to have a bottle of rum—your oldest Jamaica. Isn't that it, JENNY?

A terrific yell of delight from JENNY! The glasses tremble on the board; but the illustrious President, with characteristic self-possession, merely observes—"Oldest Jamaica! Very proper."

The bottle of rum is brought; the cork half-drawn. MR. HARLEY presents the bottle to JENNY, who, pulling out the cork, is about to drink. She is thus rebuked by MR. HARLEY.

Mr. Harley. Is that your manners, JENNY? Where 's your toast? Remember, if you please, that—being one of the principal actresses of Drury Lane—what the gentlemen have kindly subscribed to-night will be laid out upon the clover and sugar, and almond-cakes and pound-cakes of your old age. Therefore, JENNY, you 'll give a toast, will you?

Jenny screams.

Mr. Harley. I knew you would—with appropriate action. Now, then, here 's the rum.

The Elephant takes the bottle, and slightly bends her knees, bowing her head in turn to all the tables. She then gives a succession of screams, and with wonderful sagacity—in fact, as the Duke observes, "like any Christian,"—pours the rum down her throat.

Mr. Harley. Your Royal Highness—Ladies and Gentlemen—it is now my duty to interpret the meaning of JENNY LIND, our greatest actress, expressed in her toast; a meaning in which the Committee fully join; it is this—"Success to Drury Lane Fund!" which, as likely to be administered as Drury Lane is at present organised, is briefly, "Success to Humbug!"

A NO-POPERY SCARECROW.

Mr. Watson's measure for the removal of certain pains and penalties to which Roman Catholics are still liable, has been lost. The chief honour of this victory of intolerance rests with Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Plumptre, Mr. Spooner, and Mr. Newdegate; and the lion's share of the glory pertains to the honourable baronet—if we may compare him to so noble an animal as the lion. It is admitted, on all hands, that the penalties in question will never be enforced; the question, therefore, naturally arises, What can be the use of the law which imposes them? To free, in some measure, Sir Robert Inglis and his party from the reproach of perpetuating a mere incumbrance to the statute-book, we propose to them to bring a Bill into Parliament, to be entitled "An Act for turning the Penal Laws against Popery to some Account." The means to be adopted for this purpose, we recommend, shall consist in having the statutes in question painted on large boards to be stationed in those places where Catholicism is most rife, in the manner of notices or cautions to trespassers. The board might be affixed to a post, or, what would come to the same thing, be placed in the hands of Sir Robert Inglis himself, in effigy. The figure of Sir Robert would thus form a harmless scarecrow to frighten away Papists from the vicinity; and would correspond admirably to the character and position of the original.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CODLINGSBY.

BY B. DE SHREWSBURY, ESQ.

"The whole world is bound by one chain. In every city in the globe there is one quarter that certain travellers know and recognise from its likeness to its brother district in all other places where are congregated the habitations of men. In Tehran, or Pekin, or Stamboul, or New York, or Timbuctoo, or London, there is a certain district where a certain man is not a stranger. Where the idols are fed with incense by the streams of Ching-wang-foo; where the minarets soar sparkling above the cypresses, their reflexions quivering in the lucid waters of the Golden Horn; where the yellow Tiber flows under broken bridges and over imperial glories; where the huts are squatted by the Niger, under the palm-trees; where the Northern Babel lies, with its warehouses, and its bridges, its graceful factory-chimneys, and its clumsy fanes—hidden in fog and smoke by the dirtiest river in the world—in all the cities of mankind there is One Home whither men of one family may resort. Over the entire world spreads a vast brotherhood, suffering, silent, scattered, sympathising, *waiting*—an immense Free-Masonry. Once this world-spread band was an Arabian clan—a little nation alone and outlying amongst the mighty monarchies of ancient time, the Megatheria of history. The sails of their rare ships might be seen in the Egyptian waters; the camels of their caravans might thread the sands of Baalbec, or wind through the date-groves of Damascus; their flag was raised, not ingloriously, in many wars, against mighty odds; but 'twas a small people, and on one dark night the Lion of Judah went down before Vespasian's Eagles, and in flame, and death, and struggle, Jerusalem agonised and died. * * * Yes, the Jewish city is lost to Jewish men; but have they not taken the world in exchange?"

Mused thus Godfrey de Bouillon, Marquis of Codlingsby, as he debouched from Wych Street into the Strand. He had been to take a box for Armida at Madame Vestris's theatre. That little Armida was *folle* of Madame Vestris's theatre; and her little Brougham, and her little self, and her enormous eyes, and her prodigious opera-glass, and her miraculous bouquet, which cost Lord Codlingsby twenty guineas every evening at Nathan's in Covent Garden, (the children of the gardeners of Sharon have still no rival for flowers,) might be seen three nights in the week at least, in the narrow, charming, comfortable little theatre. Godfrey had the box. He was strolling, listlessly, eastward; and the above thoughts passed through the young noble's mind as he came in sight of Holywell Street.

The occupants of the London Ghetto sat at their porches basking in the evening sunshine. Children were playing on the steps. Fathers were smoking at the lintel. Smiling faces looked out from the various and darkling draperies with which the warehouses were hung. Ringlets glossy, and curly, and jetty—eyes black as night—midsummer night—when it lightens; haughty noses bending like beaks of eagles—eager quivering nostrils—lips curved like the bow of Love—every man or maiden, every babe or matron in that English Jewry bore in his countenance one or more of these characteristics of his peerless Arab race.

"How beautiful they are!" mused Codlingsby, as he surveyed these placid groups calmly taking their pleasure in the sunset.

"D'you vant to look' at a nishe coat?" a voice said, which made him start; and then some one behind him began handling a masterpiece of Stultz's with a familiarity which would have made the Baron tremble.

"Rafael Mendoza!" exclaimed Godfrey.

"The same, Lord Codlingsby," the individual so apostrophised replied. "I told you we should meet again where you would little expect me. Will it please you to enter? This is Friday, and we close at sunset. It rejoices my heart to welcome you home." So saying, Rafael laid his hand on his breast, and bowed, an Oriental reverence. All traces of the accent with which he first addressed Lord Codlingsby had vanished: it was a disguise; half the Hebrew's life is a disguise. He shields himself in craft, since the Norman boors persecuted him.

They passed under an awning of old clothes, tawdry fripperies, greasy spangles, and battered masks, into a shop as black and hideous as the entrance was foul. "*This* your home, Rafael?" said Lord Codlingsby.

"Why not?" Rafael answered. "I am tired of Schloss Schinkenstein; the Rhine bores me after a while. It is too hot for Florence; besides they have not completed the picture-gallery, and my palace smells of putty. You would'nt have a man, *mon cher*, bury himself in his château in Normandy, out of the hunting season? The Rugantino Palace stupifies me. Those Titians are so gloomy, I shall have my Hobbimas and Teniers, I think, from my house at the Hague hung over them."

"How many castles, palaces, houses, warehouses, shops, have you, Rafael?" Lord Codlingsby asked, laughing.

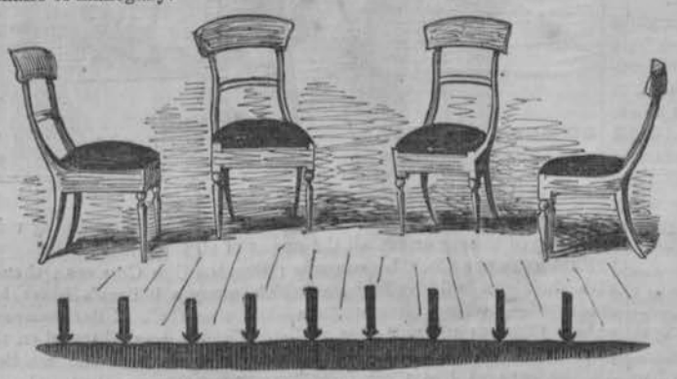
"This is one," Rafael answered. "Come in."

WHAT IS ETHIOPIA?

THE tremendous influx of Ethiopians which has occurred within the last year in this country, has rendered it desirable that we should know something of the country to which we are indebted for these sable visitors. STRABO places the Ethiopians near the Atlantic Sea; and we sometimes wish that STRABO had placed them all at the bottom of it, and thus have prevented them from becoming so great a nuisance as they have lately proved themselves.

The Ethiopians of antiquity raised a temple to JUPITER AMMON, but the modern Ethiopians adopt MAMMON and GAMMON as their idols. The origin of the Ethiopian race is lost in obscurity, but it is evident that we must look in the dark ages for the object of our search; and it is equally certain that we shall remain in the dark if we pursue our investigations in the quarter alluded to. Our business is more with the modern than the ancient Ethiopians, and with the geography of the country of the former we are only too familiar.

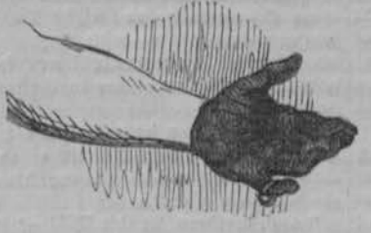
Modern Ethiopia is bounded in the front by a row of stage-lamps, which do duty for the equinoctial line, and separate the swarthy children of the night from the rest of the community. As far as the eye can see Ethiopia is bounded at the back by an extensive flat—made of canvass—and the intervening landscape is filled up by gentlemen's seats in the form of chairs of mahogany.



ETHIOPIAN SCENERY.

The ground is thickly wooded—with planks—and rises by a gentle slope towards the flat scenery in the rear.

The costume of the inhabitants of this curious locality is by no means varied or picturesque, but is supposed to be well adapted to the manners and customs of this strange race of people. The dress they wear is exceedingly plain, and exhibits a desire to have everything in black and white, which is carried to a wonderful extent; but the black appears to predominate. The natural products of our dramatic Ethiopia are black lead, bones, and banjos, with the first of which articles the natives dye their hands and faces; but it is a singular circumstance that the darkness of skin reaches no higher than the wrist,



COSTUME OF ETHIOPIA.

and goes no lower than the throat of this wonderful human family. Their pursuits are chiefly musical, and they extract melody from bones in a most astounding manner.

It is a wonderful trait in the Ethiopian character, that the people renounce their country and their colour the moment they quit the landscape we have already described, and become citizens of the every-day world in a true cosmopolitan spirit, directly after they have left the haunts and homes of their dramatic existence.

It is a distinguishing mark of the Ethiopians, which separates them entirely from the blackamoor race, that whereas the latter cannot be washed white, the former are easily susceptible of this process. The increase of the tribe has lately been a serious injury; but there is no doubt that they will disappear in due course, with the spread of enlightenment.

GROSS INSULT TO MR. PUNCH.

SOME soulless, graceless, tasteless being has put the subjoined advertisement into a morning journal:—

LOST, late on Friday, a PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK. ONE SOVEREIGN will be given for it and its contents.

For *Punch's Pocket Book and its contents!* The idea of offering such a paltry sum as one sovereign! For a treasure which—but that our modesty has put the small figure of two and six upon it—is absolutely priceless! For a work whose value the preponderance of demand over supply has raised to—we are afraid to say what! Any spirited gentleman who had lost his *Punch's Pocket Book* would offer at least A HUNDRED GUINEAS for its recovery, and even then be rather sanguine in hoping he might get it.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind." Mark the conclusion of this vile announcement:—

"It" (our *Pocket Book*) "is of no value to any but the owner, payment of the small bill of exchange being stopped. Apply, &c."

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK of no value to any but the owner, and only valuable to him on account of the bill in it! *That* all that he prizes among its contents! Let this unworthy owner of *Punch's Pocket Book* know that half the world is scrambling for a sight of it, the number of copies printed being only just sufficient to accommodate the other half. The mere loan of it would be a greater favour than the cashing of any bill of exchange. *Punch* hereby retorts the contempt which he has been treated with, and begs to tell this individual, in the words of the *Eton Grammar*,

"Ego illum flocci pendo qui me pili æstimat:"

"I regard him at a rush who esteems me at a hair;"

a quotation which he has felt himself obliged to translate for the benefit of a person so very illiterate as to see nothing in his *Pocket Book* but a paltry bill.

Dreadful Continental Failures.

IT has been objected against the new House of Lords, that it has too much of an "ecclesiastical" appearance; and certainly the seats have exactly the look of cathedral pews. This is borne out by a remark SIBTHORPE made when he went over the building. He was asked by MR. BARRY if he could see any room for improvement? "Plenty of room," he said "if, '*non tanti piu*,' there were not so many pews."

LORD BROUGHAM made a similar observation. After comparing the seats to "church sittings," he exclaimed, "But the place took so long building, that I suppose the seats were only put by degrees, or as we say in France, '*pew à pew*.' (*"Our London Correspondent" is welcome to either of these jokes for his provincial papers.*)

CAPPING THE HAT.

AN order will shortly be issued from the Horse Guards, out of compliment to a noble Prince, who is in training for the Commander-in-Chief, that for the future all the percussion caps for the new muskets of the Army are to be modelled after the design of the ALBERT Hat.

TAKING ORDERS.

A CLERGYMAN, who is just on the point of marrying a second time, has made his intended promise, before she enters into the matrimonial state, that she will never exceed thirty-nine articles of dress.

MAY DAY FOR THE SWEEPS IN 1847.

PENN PUNCH & THE SMITHFIELD SAVAGES.

"O pardon me,—
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers."—SHAKESPEARE.

IN 1683, the great WILLIAM PENN—was there ever regal purple to be compared with his Quaker drab?—made a treaty with the savages. The American historian has chronicled the event, an American painter has put it upon canvass. "We meet," said PENN, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brother, only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts: we are all one flesh and blood." Such were the words of WILLIAM PENN.

"And the children of the past," says GEORGE BANCROFT, now American Minister at the Court of Her Britannic Majesty, "were touched by the sacred doctrines, and renounced their guile and their revenge."

Last week, *Punch* having endued his person in the humanizing drab—having crowned his "dome of thought" with the true, ennobling broadbrim—since it was never yet removed that a coronet might take its place—*Punch*, in fact, dressing himself after the manner of WILLIAM PENN, and taking with him JOHN LEECH, his own historical painter, *Punch* did last week visit Smithfield to have a conference and make a treaty with the Smithfield Savages. "Look to the right and you will behold the *pictur!*"

All Smithfield and its salubrious neighbourhood seemed humming with the intelligence of the promised advent of *Punch*. Ere the sun, with the heavy, inflamed eye of a drunkard, looked upon the shambles of Whitechapel, Smithfield and its roundabout were wide awake! And the sun rose and rose in slaughterous redness. And then Smithfield savages, pouring in from every side, took their places on the classic, blood-dyed Field of Smith, awaiting *Punch*.

A burst of marrow-bones and cleavers, whilst with trembling voice it is essayed to sing or say all the names of all the tribes!

First came the Cock Laneannahs; then the Cow Crossees; then—with their own wild yellings, at which many a bullock's heart has shuddered—the Long Lanequannets—and then the bold Bartholemewwahs. Cleavers and pole-axes, and steels and knives, glittered on the shoulders, glistened in the girdles, and dangled from the middle! All the savages had their faces greased with more than ordinary care for the occasion; and wore aprons stained with a peculiar blue known to these people.

The clock of St. Sepulchre, as *Punch* arrived on the ground, struck ten; he was received with the loudest greeting.

"Children of slaughter! chips of the block!" said *Punch*, wisely endeavouring to accommodate himself to their own poetic diction—"if you are butchers, are you not men? As butchers and as men let the sweet-bread of ratification be eaten among us. Let there be no more grumblings between us. Henceforth, let not your cattle affright our wives and children, our grandfathers and grandmothers; let not the horns of your bulls be tipped, like red-ink pens, in the flesh of any of our brethren. Why should the beasts of the Cow Crossees be driven upon the hunting-grounds of commerce? why should they gore the men of the Citywahs? Why should the tender squaws and little ones of Fleet Street be tossed and trodden on by the brutes of the Long Lanequannets? Brethren, there has been ill-blood between us. My heart is turned into water when I think of it. Bruises and broken joints have come of your bulls; and fright has entered the wigwam of the shopkeeper driven there—with very often a child in her arms—by an insane ox! My brethren, I say, let this cease. Let us bury the pole-axe and cleaver here in Smithfield—even here in the Field of Smith.

"And hereafter let not your cattle be driven upon our hunting-grounds of trade, but strike them down afar from our wigwams; that their blood may not reek at our hearths, and bring with its vapours the blackness of death.

"And, brethren, let this Field of Smith, in memory of this day, be unflagged; let the stones be taken up, and trees planted, and turf laid down; and the place be made a pleasant place for our squaws and our little ones. And, as you take away the stones, and lay down

PUNCH AND THE SMITHFIELD SAVAGES.

SUGGESTED BY PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

the green growing grass, so let the stoniness of your hearts be removed, and let them be soft and tender, even as that growing velvet, the green turf. Speak I rightly, men of many races?"

Whereupon, they all exclaimed—"*Ri ghta sat riv et!*" And then they rose, and yelled, and danced; and, again and again, declared they would never more frighten the squaws of the Strandiquois, or of the Charingcrosskees, or of any other hunting-ground soever.

Having witnessed the marrowbone dance, and rubbed noses with GIBLETTS and other of the principal chiefs, *Punch* departed for his town residence in Fleet Street.

It is understood that the LORD MAYOR will lay the first turf in Smithfield, on the 1st of May. Of course, *Punch* will duly chronicle the ceremony.

CAPSICUM HOUSE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER I.

A VISIT TO CAPSICUM HOUSE. MISS GRIFFIN ON THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF STUFFING.

We shall never forget the emotion that softly broke within us on our first visit to Capsicum House. We know not how it is, but we have always felt a particular respect for Boarding Schools for Young Ladies. We are open to allow the oddity of the taste; we confess to the eccentricity — but so it is. We have a knack of looking upon such abiding-places as great manufactories of the domestic virtues—as the salt-cellars of a vain and foolish world. And now we are prone to consider them as towers and castles—we of course speak of Schools Finishing—whence, as in the precious old times, young ladies walk forth, their accomplishments breaking like sunbeams about them, to bless, elevate, and purify ungrateful, wayward, earthy man. As MISS GRIFFIN herself was wont to say, sometimes with little tears glistening like pins'-heads in her eyes—as that great woman was accustomed to observe of her own pupils—"Dear little things! they are made too good for men; but then—poor souls! it 's their mission."

Slightly chastened and humiliated by this truth, we repeat it, we always contemplate a Boarding School with growing respect. And touching, and pretty, and very suggestive it is to see a Boarding School "walk." With school-girls, gravity is, of course, a matter of height; hence, the tallest—next the mistress—are ever the most serious; whilst the little ones, like rebuked kittens, are just as serious as they may be. Dear little things! we never see their line of bonnets, that we do not drop plump—fathoms down in contemplation. We ask it of time—and of course have to wait for an answer—"Sweet little girls! where, at this moment, are your husbands? How many of them are playing at top, wholly thoughtless of the blessings blossoming for them?—How many trundle the hoop, and dream not of the wedding-ring that even now may be forged for them?—How many fly their long-tailed kites, without a thought of coming curl-papers?—How many, heedless of the precious weight of matrimony, jump at leap-frog?—And how many, at ring-taw, oblivious of the holy state, at this very moment knuckle down?" But the picture is too affecting; our eyes begin to water over the page, as it were an onion-bed.

Well, the intelligent and serious reader—for we trust the animal is not yet extinct: it is our meek hope that the comic epidemic raging throughout the land, attacking constitutions in no way able to withstand it, and making very grave folks very bad indeed;—the serious reader may now imperfectly understand our emotion as we approached Capsicum House. It was a building worthy of its purpose. A large, square, massive, red brick house; a house that somehow revealed the solid comforts to be had within. A house, it was plain, with a magnificent cellar for its heart—a cellar that at seasons sent its red blood throughout the whole body of the building. The contemplative man, his eye for the first time resting on the dining-room windows, would inevitably subside into calculation; would count the number of elbows that might be allowed honest play around the mahogany circle of that room. There are many such houses throughout our merry land; and yet how often are they in a fallen condition! How often do we see them put in irons by the mad doctor for private lunacy,—how often are they made the wineless sanctuaries for schoolmistresses! How often is the use of the globes despotically taught in some noble room—a room especially built that men might therein congregate and with spirits on the wing—the bee's-wing—play with the globe, as schoolboys afore-named play at marbles!

The house was approached through an avenue of limes, curiously cut. One bent to the wind, a large green shoulder of mutton—another had a sirloin shape—whilst shrubs came up in frying-pans and fish-slices; and cruet-stands grew in box; and all things around had a learned presence significant of the studies pursued by the rosy dwellers in the House of Capsicum. There were many beds of sweet herbs; knotted thyme and lemon; sweet majorum, and the sober green of sage; and the bees, jolly little burglars! singing—singing as they broke in upon the blossoms, and secured the property about their persons. And from a neighbouring bed arose the bright green threads of tender onions; and fancy went half-an-inch into the ground, and saw their white waxen faces feeding at the breast of mother earth for future ducks! We could have wept.

A few steps further, and we got among the small salad. In one bed were these words in mustard-and-cress, sown in a very fine Italian hand—"*Welcome, little stranger!*" Well, we confess it; we have had our small twopenny-halfpenny triumphs in our time; but we never felt so highly flattered as by this green, pungent compliment, "Welcome, little stranger!" Yes, it is plain, we pondered, that MISS GRIFFIN, expecting our visit, has sown—or caused to be sown—this flattering sentence. There is a delicacy in the attention that we must take all to ourselves. Well, we reflected, if we are so much pleased with the mustard, how will it fare with us when we come to the beef! Softened, we were fast melting in our own thoughts, when MISS GRIFFIN, turning the angle of a holly-hedge, came sharp upon us. She had a bunch of parsley in her hand, and wore a snow-white apron high up, succinctly drawn across the bosom. Meeting her in the garden, and with the parsley in her hand, we gallantly observed, from some poet—

"Plucking the flowers, herself the fairest flower!"

"Why, the fact is, dear Sir"—said MISS GRIFFIN, blowing the dew in silver drops from the parsley—"the fact is, I am just now a little busy with some of the girls. The Veal-Stuffing Class is on, and there is one girl, MISS FLUKE—whatever will become of her in the world, I can't tell—I never can get her to understand the proper proportions of parsley. Now I hold stuffing to be one of the bases—if not *the* basis—of education." We bowed. "A woman ignorant of stuffing," said MISS GRIFFIN solemnly, "is ill-calculated to meet the trials of this life. You cannot tell how the giddiness of that girl distresses me. However, I have my mission to perform, and stuffing is a part of it. Nevertheless, MISS FLUKE is my great trouble. It has always been my pride to turn my girls into the world with such unmistakeable marks about them, such staring accomplishments, if I may be allowed the phrase, that those who know my system, can at once exclaim—'That's a GRIFFIN!' Now, I do not wish to prejudge anybody; nevertheless, when I sometimes lay my head upon my pillow and think of MISS FLUKE, I own it, I am inclined to despair; I do not think she will ever be a GRIFFIN."

We essayed some words of comfort, as in manly duty bound; and then, in our own adroit way, endeavoured to turn the conversation. Sidling up to the writing in mustard-and-cress, and taking MISS GRIFFIN with us, we observed, removing our hat, "This is flattering, and announces your expectation."

"Sir!" cried MISS GRIFFIN, and she dropt the parsley, "Expectation!"

"I assure you that I feel the compliment; you know I promised to come, and herein I read your graceful welcome;" and again we bowed.

"Oh!" cried MISS GRIFFIN, with rather a long gasp, and we thought—but it could not be; no, impossible—with a slightly con-

temptuous glance. And then she picked up the parsley, and we thought we heard her mutter, as we saw one of her hands close very tightly, "It's *that* Miss Fluke!"

"You have delicious sweet herbs here," we observed.

"Yes; they are the girls' beds, all of 'em. I teach 'em from first principles. You see young women sent into the world who don't know lemon-thyme from hollyhocks. Now, as my girls cultivate the sweet herbs themselves, they know stuffing, as I say, from first principles. Again, with mushrooms.—You must go out with us some morning when we mushroomise.—I once knew a dear child killed—he would have come to a charming landed property—killed because his foolish, ignorant mother made ketchup from toadstools. Ha! Had the mother been a Griffin, her babe would have been living at this hour. But principles—first principles—there's nothing to be done without 'em. As Mr. Wordsworth says—

'The girl is mother of the wife!'

It is my intention, next year, to have that sentence planted in lavender."

At this moment a wild, giddy thing, with black eyes rolling with fun, and her hair, in lumps of curls, bobbing about her ears—a thing in the sweet insanity of seventeen—came running from the house.

"Oh, ma'am!" she cried, just dipping us a curtsey by the way, "Miss Carraways wishes to know if the Forcemeat-Ball Class is to be heard this morning?"

"You will return to your stuffing, Miss Fluke," said the majestic Griffin, deigning no further answer, and Miss Fluke made a passing cherry-bob with her lips, and skipped and jumped into the house. "*That's* my great trouble," said Miss Griffin, with a sort of calm despair; "I can hardly expect it, but I can only hope she'll not break my heart."

"Tancred" at the Home-Office.

The *Morning Post*, one day last week, contained the following important announcement:—

"Mr. Tancred had an interview with Sir George Grey yesterday at the Home-Office."

The object of Tancred's visit to the Home Secretary has not transpired, and we cannot well conjecture what it was. Had he gone to the Foreign, instead of the Home Office, we might have guessed his errand, which would probably have had reference to the "Asiatic Mystery."

THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

The Elephant is sitting for his portrait, which is to be prefixed to the *Desert*, as soon as it is incorporated in Cumberland's *British Theatre*. The Camels intend publishing their portraits separately, as they will have the advantage of being "coloured;" their conceit—and they have the most tremendous bump—not allowing them to come out "plain."

A MISTAKEN MOUNTEBANK.

Crosby Hall, as our readers are aware, is frequently the scene of popular performances. Last week, an entertainment of a novel character is reported by the newspapers to have been given there by a Dr. Kockins. This was a discourse on "the forms of the Church of England, particularly Baptism," delivered at a meeting of the Conference of opponents to the Government measure of Education. The monologue of this, if reverend, certainly not reverent gentleman, was received, we are told, by a crowded audience, with "boisterous laughter." Now, *Punch* is the last person to object to the jocose handling of any subject that is eligible for comic treatment; but he cannot say that he looks upon Baptism, and the forms of the Church of England, or those, indeed, of any other Church, as constituting a subject of that nature. He would call a Churchman who, in public, should ridicule the religious views and feelings of Dissenters, a profane, ill-bred, unmannerly fellow.

Of course he does not mean to apply these epithets to Dr. Kockins. He will only say that he is a mistaken man; or rather, if the expression may be excused, a mistaken mountebank. When Dr. Kockins comes out again as a funny man, let him appear in his proper colours; motley is his only wear; let him chalk his face and paint his cheeks, and engage himself at Astley's as clown in the ring. Let him fling summersaults, grin through horse-collars, stand upon his head, sing "Hot Codlins," and banter Mr. Widdicomb. Let him endeavour to excite as much boisterous laughter as he can, except—we would advise him—at the expense of other people's religion.

And here, a word for the stage. Had Dr. Kockins in his proper sphere—that of zany—made Baptism the subject of his mirth, he would assuredly—yes, by wicked playgoers—have been hissed out of the theatre. Mark this, serious gentlemen of Crosby Hall—serious—albeit jests on baptism can move you to "boisterous laughter." It is true that Dr. Kockins's jokes had a purpose, that of depriving the people of Education. But we do not think the end so very laudable as quite to justify the means; namely, buffoonery in connexion with Baptism. Dr. Kockins's organ of "Veneration" is probably small; and perhaps a blow from the cudgel of *Mr. Punch* may raise at least something like a bump in the region of it.

LOOKS *versus* BOOKS.

It is said that the face is an index to the mind, but it surely cannot be pretended that there is a table of contents in a discontented countenance. We may sometimes read a man's character in his features, but Time sometimes scratches and scrawls so many lines over the forehead and cheeks, that the whole visage is quite illegible. For our own parts, we are rather slow in deciphering these matters, and find very few faces that will really repay perusal. We do not know of any that we should always like to have upon our library table. We have been able to observe in some a capital eye, but many that we have seen are the merest blanks, in which scarcely anything is traceable.

Lord Byron was disposed to read mankind as we would a clock, by the hands; and certainly those who have any acquirement at their fingers' ends may be judged of in this manner. Some physiognomists have been generally led by the nose; so that, what with one and the other, it is difficult to decide what is the best criterion to go by.

Drury Lane Fund Dinner.—Important.

Punch Office, April 22.

We stop the press to announce that Mr. Harley, Master of the Drury Lane Fund, will—conformably to a prevailing fashion—address the dinner party to-morrow at the Freemasons' Tavern, as an Ethiopian Orator. There will arise from this a great advantage to the black-faced speaker, when he invokes the sympathies of his hearers in favour of the present Drury Lane Actors, the camels, elephants, and horses—namely, his audience will not see his blushes!

PETER THE PUTTER-DOWN PREACHETH A NEWE CRUSADE.

(*From an unpublished Chronicle.*)

USTE nowe, arose one PETER, surnamed "ye Putterdown," for that he conceitede himselfe strong to putte down whatso seemed goode unto him.

This PETER went forthe daye by daye to put downe some newe thinge. He wold arme himselfe in complete brasse, and did assaile vannes on the King's highway; swinges also at faires did he much vexe and harrie, puttynge ye childrenne thereinne in grievouse fear, for an ogerish manere and Pilate's voice the which he hadde. Menne fledde from him, for he was a perilous talkere; none mighte escape when him behoved to spoute. Draffie he was and eke frothie of speeche, and mightie thicke in the skull, so that he woulde ofte runne his headde against stone walles, as do rammes and blackamoors, withouten harme to himselfe, for he hadde no braines to spille, nathless didde he seld bringe downe the walle.

The said PETER wox mightie proude, and bethinking him of PETER THE EREMITE, how he preached the crusade, he devised how he also mighte his crusade preche.

Now he had herde of Education, how people saide much goode thereof, and manye were fain to bringe it among the peple of Engleland. PETER wot not whatte this Education mighte be; but he saide straighte, "Lo you, peple seken this Education, I will go forthe with my brasse and my thicke skulle and putte it downe." Then saide divers of his friendes to him, "Nay, PETER, lest thou braine thee against it, for it is a stout thing and a hardy." "Ha!" quoth PETER, "brain me no braines; of them reck I little; yea, I have of yore putte downe mine own."

Then he preachedde how that Education was an Humbugge, and how that the more waxed she the more waxed crime, and other grievous and wilde talke he held to any such rabble as would heare.

And at thatte same time were otheres holding like discourse; specially one madde fellow called BAINES made great mischiefe. And when PETER preachedde his crusade, so there came forthe a pestilent route, cryinge "Downe with Bookes." Manye blind were amonge them, and marvellouse shallow wittes, and olde women eke who saide how that this Education woulde make slaves of the peple. And Ignorance thatte had slunke into bye-places for a while, came forthe and kissed SIR PETER, and swore him for her championne and goode knighte, and wente bravely aboute, and helde a highe court in the Halle of Exetere, whither came divers of her olde foes, and sware fealtie unto her, and made themselves her men. So Ignorance waxed exceeding proude.

And as she was sette in the Halle of Exetere, came the saide PETER, and avowed to be ye championne chosen of Ignorance against all comers. And thereupon, when Ignorance was sette on the high dais, with her Courte round her, and LORD BAINES as Chancellere, came in PETER, in brasse, ridinge mightie proude on ane donkeye, with a cappe on his head, and belles ringinge merrilie; and saide thus—

"Oyez! Oyez! I, PETER the Putter-down, goode knighte and true, do here avouche Ignorance to be true and rightfulle Queene of this reaume of Engleland, and wille abye the same on my hedde. And whoso maintayneth aught agenst this avouchinge, I do proclaim him false faitour, and will prove it on his bodye."

And therewithe flung his gage upon the floore, and anon departed ridinge for more courtesy and solace with his face unto the taile of the asse, for thatte ye beaste woulde not otherwise voide the Halle. And anon the Courte shouted acclaime unto PETER.

And so Ignorance helde herself mightie highe, and wened she had been indeed Queene of Englelande, for that SIR PETER hadde putte down Education. Natheless it was none so, as ye will see anon.

"We Met"—in Spain.

SPAIN is famous for her own ballads: but it is probable that at least one of ours will become very popular in that country. We allude to the pathetic song, "We Met," which is understood to be a great favourite of QUEEN ISABELLA'S, who, with reference to the position wherein she has been placed by CHRISTINA, is said to be constantly singing the burden of the ditty—"Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

COURT CIRCULAR.

OWING to the paucity of folks at the last *Drawing-room*, it is understood the next will only be a Parlour.

THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

MANY of our readers will remember the vivid picture given by the late MONSIEUR DUCROW, of the Courier of St. Petersburgh, who was represented as carrying the Moscow Mail on no less than five horses at once, and alternately resting his right toe on the tip of the ear of the one, while his left foot just reached the end of the tail of another, and his arms embraced the necks of two more, leaving his chin supported on the forehead of the remaining charger. In this uncomfortable attitude he was supposed to be travelling over the whole route, to the tinkling of bells and the accompaniment of music; while Russia was represented by the ring of sawdust.

It appears that the Emperor has ordered the immediate construction of a railway; and, as we presume the habits of the Russian Couriers will remain unchanged, it will probably be necessary for them to have a triple line of rails to permit the indulgence of that spirit of restlessness which animates the carriers of the mail from St. Petersburgh. We can imagine the splendid act of engineship that DUCROW would have given us on such a suggestion as that which we have thrown out in these observations. He would have flung himself about from boiler to boiler with an *abandon* that no one but himself could achieve; and we should have seen him at one moment poised upon a pair of funnels, while at the next instant he would have been hanging on by the safety-valve, while the engines tore at full gallop along the rails laid down in the circle.

Deplorable Ignorance.

IF the "Education Question" is allowed to pass, we propose that the first persons to receive the benefits of the new Act should be MR. MEAGHER and the Irish patriots who have been lately displaying their sad want of education at the Irish Confederation in Dublin. It is pitiable to think that persons who have the power of doing so much mischief, should be allowed to remain in their present hopeless state of ignorance. It is the bounden duty of the Government to teach them better.

Mrs. Harris on the Electric Telegraph.

THIS excellent gentlewoman was a day or two since informed that, such was the audacity of science, that it was proposed by the Electric Telegraph to communicate between London and Portsmouth in one minute. "Bless me!" cried the good old woman; "well, that is quick, very quick, indeed; but I suppose they can only carry one at a time!"

ANIMAL FOOD.

THE stage of Drury Lane, where the beasts are fed after the performances, is called, "BUNN'S *Salle à* Manger."

MODERN CRITICISM.—Praising your friend, abusing your enemy and "smashing" everybody else.

First Butcher-Boy. "So they 're a-goin to do away with Smithfel."
Second Butcher-Boy. "Ah! they 'll soon be bowling out hall our old institooshuns."

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PROVINCES; OR, SCRAPS FROM "OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

By-the-bye, the Queen and Prince Albert are a great deal more in the habit of mixing with the people than is generally suspected. It happens to be known to the present writer, and to nobody else, that on the first night of the *Desert* at Drury Lane, the anxiety of the royal pair to witness the performance took them into the pit, which they entered with the rush at the first opening. Prince Albert often goes to the Haymarket at half-price, and your correspondent has frequently had the honour of sitting next to him, and getting into conversation with his Royal Highness on the talents of the company. The Prince is a warm admirer of what are called "little bits" in the drama, and if he recognises, in the delivery of a message, any particular emphasis or earnestness of manner, he generally takes a note of the actor's name in a small memorandum-book."

"You will be surprised to hear that *Punch* has passed into the hands of Lord Brougham. The writers and artists are now on a visit at Brougham Hall, where the noble host turns out a stag every day, to gratify the well-known sporting propensities of the *Punch* corps of celebrities. I told you long ago that Peel always used to sit for his portrait in all the caricatures in which he was introduced, and he never went down to the House without sending to know whether he should be wanted in Fleet Street. By the bye, I was wrong in telling you that the publisher's "boy" had resigned, and that a general disorganisation had been the consequence. My informant was the boy himself; but as he has gone to settle on his own account in New Zealand, I cannot call him as a witness to my veracity."

"Everybody in town is talking of the new moon which appeared a night or two ago in the sky, and is to remain with us for a month. It is about the same size and brightness of many of its predecessors, and I should not, perhaps, have thought it necessary to mention it, but I know you rely upon your London Correspondent for a certain amount of matter, and I may as well fill my sheet with one thing as with another."

"Jenny Lind has not yet arrived, but letters are in town from somebody who saw her at Vienna. I have not seen these letters yet, but I am promised by the postman a peep at the direction if any more of them should come to town before the 'Nightingale.' I must now conclude my weekly budget, as I have promised Lord John Russell to dine with him, and I can see him walking up and down before my lodging, evidently impatient for my joining him."

"Your London Correspondent."

Emigration.

As emigration is being carried out on a very large scale in Ireland, could not the Smith O'Brien party be induced to leave their country? We are not particular where they go to, providing it is as far away from Ireland as possible. Government might present them with some snug little island at the Antipodes, where they might make speeches to the natives as much as they pleased, and be allowed to legislate for themselves. We are confident, if this scheme was properly carried out, it would be the greatest boon to Ireland that has happened since the day when St. Patrick "drove out all the varmint."

THE MAMMOTH ESTABLISHMENT AT DRURY LANE.

We have been favoured by a gentleman, who signs himself "Equestrian Manager, Drury Lane Theatre," with an order to view the carriages in the Rose Inn, Farringdon Street, belonging to the Mammoth Establishment. We regret that we have no time to attend the levee of the Prince of Persia, who will be found at home from twelve till three, in his triumphal car, under an archway.

We understand that, animated by the recent example at Covent Garden, there is an intention to rebuild Drury Lane, for the purpose of constructing an arena, in which it will be attempted to give a more perfect representation than has ever yet been attempted in this country of the Equestrian Drama. The pit will be entirely taken away, and a circle placed in its stead, while no expense will be spared to import several waggon-loads of the very best saw-dust, in order to place the Equestrian Drama on a secure footing. The enterprising Lessee and his indefatigable Stage Manager have long been studying the parts so

effectively filled by Messrs Widdicomb and Barry, on the other side of the water, and it is expected that Mr. Harley will give a refinement to the ring, of which it has hitherto been destitute.

It is in contemplation to adapt some of the most popular productions of former seasons to the equestrian art, and the *Bohemian Girl*, on a rapid courser, will be one of the earliest novelties. An engagement will be offered to Mons. Jullien to compose an entirely new *gallop*, which will be got up by a double stud of horses, and the Hansom's Patent Safety Quadrilles will be one of the earliest novelties.

HOUSE OF CALL FOR CARAVANS.

As the *Desert* is called an "Easter Entertainment," it has been proposed to Mr. Bunn to have a sign hung over the portico of Drury Lane, with the inscription, "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, April 24, 1847.

JENNY LIND AT DRURY LANE.

Mr. Bunn has certainly kept faith with the public, by presenting the long-promised Jenny Lind on his stage, though in the shape of an elephant. She is undoubtedly the greatest creature that ever trod the dramatic boards, and stands higher than any other member of the profession. Her compass is extraordinary, for she can reach to the middle of A Flat without any difficulty, and in a slow movement her *aplomb* is truly wonderful. We do not think she excels in rapid passages, but her run, if she were to give full vent to it, would, no doubt, make a powerful impression on her audience.

CAPSICUM HOUSE FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER II.

MISS GRIFFIN UPON THE TEA-POT. "MORALS AND EXAMPLES." WASPS AND HUSBANDS.

Miss Griffin was about to plant her foot upon the door-step: she paused. "With your leave," she said, "we 'll take a turn down the Tea-Table Walk. A little more air will do me good; for that Miss Fluke does so distress me! Well! I suppose I must go through with it; but sometimes I fear I have hardly strength for my mission."

Anxious as we were to enter Capsicum House—the Great Vestibule, as we considered it, to all the Domestic Virtues—nevertheless, we suppressed the wish with the strong hand of gallantry, and, with Miss Griffin turning, turned about.

Three or four minutes, and we entered Tea-Table Walk. Here, as in other parts of the garden, there were household lessons for the female mind in the greenest and fullest leaf. In one bed was a most charming tea-service, in the tenderest coloured and most delicate box; whilst on either side were two huge bushes, trimmed and taught to shoot as tea-kettles. They struck us with a blow of fine art. "How noble!" we cried.

"What! the kettles? Yes, they are fine," said Miss Griffin, with humble, chastised pride; "the kettles are natural, and when the bees are buzzing about 'em you'd positively think they boiled."

"And a complete tea-service!" we cried; and admiration simmered in our soul.

"Everything but the spoons," remarked Miss Griffin; "but all in good time. As I say to the girls, be patient; patience is a virtue—peculiarly a female virtue, for though it is greatly encouraged, it meets with so little reward. Pardon me, my dear sir," said Miss Griffin, laying the sprig of parsley very gently on our coat sleeve, "but I feel that I can talk to you as to a sister."

We made no reply to this; but it was plain that Miss Griffin saw doubt rippling the corners of our mouth.

"Pray understand me," she quickly followed. "I mean, I am so impressed—have such a rock-like confidence in your sympathy with women, in their great social struggle with their natural enemies—"

"Natural enemies!" we exclaimed. "Impossible!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Griffin, "it 's no use denying it—none at all, now. For six thousand years—and I don't know how much longer, according to Doctor Buckland—all your sex have worn a mask, and gone under a false name. But it is my mission to discover you. In Capsicum House things are called by their proper titles. In this place Man"—added Miss Griffin, solemnly—"so long disguised, is taught to be what he is, a natural enemy. And you know you are."

There was an emphasis in this that enforced a polite confession. We therefore bowed.

"To be sure," cried Miss Griffin, "I knew I might rely on your frankness. Well, sir, I will be equally open. The whole aim and tendency of the Griffinian system is to confound and conquer this natural enemy; or, as I once happily observed to the girls in this very walk, to turn the tea-tables upon man."

"The happy thought," we observed, "was no doubt suggested by the genius of the place. Nothing can be more charming, more natural, than this evergreen service. What cups and saucers—what a tea-pot!"

"I assure you, my dear sir," said Miss Griffin, "in the depth of winter, walking here, you may, with a very little fancy, absolutely smell the toast and muffins. Once a week, in summer, I deliver a lecture here; I have a complete series—'*On the Use and Abuse of Tea in connexion with the Social Position of Woman.*'"

"A large subject," we observed; "a subject with many branches."

"Not a tree in the garden has a greater number," cried Miss Griffin, a little vivaciously. "I look upon the tea-pot, properly directed, as a great engine in the hand of woman—an engine, sir, of subjugation of her natural enemy."

"Can it be possible? Is it really so?" we said, a little doubtingly.

"As I observed," said Miss Griffin, "I can—I am sure of it—speak to you as to a sister. Such a large, and pure, and tender heart as you possess is quite thrown away upon a man. I know all your goodness, my dear sir; and this I will say—you deserve to be nothing less than one of us."

At this we made the lowest of bows, all but touching the gravel-walk with the tips of our fingers.

"And some afternoon, when I'm upon Tea, I trust I may be honoured with your presence. If I am proud of anything, it is perhaps my Gunpowder Class, sir. The classics—people who never knew what real Pekoe was—talk of their magic herbs, and philtres, and love-charms. Now, sir, every wife with a tea-caddy may be more powerful than any good-for-nothing goddess of 'em all. Let the young wife fascinate the husband with the tea-pot—let her only bring him into habits of intoxication with tea—let her, so to speak, make household honeysuckles clamber up his chair-back and grow about the legs of his table—let the hearth-rug be a bed of heart's-ease for feet in slippers,—and the wickedness of the natural enemy must die within him, and, as I say, his subjugation be complete." Unconsciously, we shook our head. "Don't tell me," said Miss Griffin; "kindness is the true killer. I often illustrate the agreeable fact; for in Capsicum House no natural object is lost upon us. For instance, last Tuesday, whilst the Milk Punch Class was on, an enormous wasp came like a Lilliputian dragon into the room, and flew from girl to girl. Immediately, they began to scream. I own it; this is the sad weakness that I have to fight against; but, somehow, girls consider screams as property they 're born to. Some of the girls flew at the wasp with handkerchiefs, and that little rebel Miss Fluke seized a fire-screen. Feeling that the time was come for me to show my energy, I exclaimed with all my natural vigour, 'Silence, ladies! silence, for a moral and an example!'—my usual mode of speech when about to submit any natural object to a social, or, I should rather say, to a conjugal illustration.

"'A moral and an example!' cried the girls, and, except that Fluke, they were still as mice.

"'Bring me the salad cruet,' was my command; and, with a thought, the salad cruet stood upon the table. 'Now, young ladies,' I observed, taking a pen; 'now for the moral and example. You are here to be finished for sensible, affectionate, but above all, controlling wives. You are here to learn how best to subdue your natural enemies, that is, to govern the men who may become your husbands. Yes, ladies,'—for somehow (I can always tell) I felt the flow of words was coming, and it was not for me as a woman to stop it—'Yes, ladies, the Griffinian system will teach you how to control and overthrow your tyrants. Man, marrying us, puts a gold ring upon our third finger, and, in the arrogance of his heart, makes us, as he thinks, his blushing captive. And shall not man, also, wear a ring—our ring? Yes; he shall!' Here that Miss Fluke proposed three cheers, but, with a look and brow of thunder, I stopt her. 'If,' said I, 'we must wear *his* ring upon our finger, let him—and not know it, poor wretch! for that 's the true triumph—let him wear *our* ring in his nose.' Here Miss Fluke jumped upon a chair and huzzaed, and—well, this time I did not attempt to suppress the natural burst of delight so honourable to their feelings—all the other girls joined in the shout.

"'A ring in his nose,' I repeated; 'not the bit of shining gold that declares our slavery, but an invisible, a fairy ring, that—like a fish with a hook—he knows nothing about, only that he must follow wherever it pulls him. Bless you, my dears! there 's such rings in the noses of thousands of husbands, though—for all they shave every morning—they never see 'em.'

"'And dearest madam,' asked Miss Pebbles, a girl I have the greatest hopes of—'dearest madam, how is the nose of our natural enemy to be rung?'

"'Listen,' said I, 'listen and attend, and you shall have a moral and an example. When the wasp now in the window entered the room, you flew at it with all kind of violence. I wonder it didn't sting every one of you. Now, in future, let a wasp when it comes have its little bout, and make its little noise. Don't stir a muscle—don't move a lip—but be quiet as the statue of Venus or Diana, or anybody of that sort, until the wasp seems inclined—as at this moment—to settle. Then do as I do now.' Whereupon, dipping the feather end of the pen in the cruet of salad oil, I approached the wasp, and in

the softest and tenderest manner possible, just oiled it upon the body—the black and yellow, like grooms' waistcoats—when down it fell, turned upon its back, and was dead in a minute. 'There, girls,' said I, 'see what kindness, what a little oil does. Now, here 's my moral and example. When a husband comes home in an ill-humour, don't cry out and fly at him ; but try a little oil—in fact, treat your husband like a wasp.'"

"KILLING A WASP."

OPENING OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

WELL, the House of Lords is open, and—if we would not have our heart burst, we must "unpack it," for never was carpet-bag fuller—and we are disappointed. Be it understood that we are about to find no fault with MR. BARRY ; and DOCTOR REID, having been appointed door-keeper to the Temple of the Winds, we shall let him also rest. Neither shall we drop our bitterness upon the velvet and gilding, and, like some of our contemporaries, take to pieces HER MAJESTY'S state-chair, and the chair of ALBERT, and the stool of the PRINCE OF WALES. No ; our cause of discontent is larger, weightier, and must give utterance in loudest volume. We are disappointed with the Peers themselves ; for they have taken possession of their new abode, and have failed to give a house-warming ! What luck can be expected from their labours ? Such conduct towards the people of England, who would not have minded paying a fair price for the treat, put in among the other estimates, is downright shabby.

And such a pleasant evening might have been spent ! Had the Lords given due notice of the intended hospitality, we feel convinced that distinguished personages—rarely condescending to visit even Courts—would have honoured the house-warming. JUSTICE, who is known to have her abode in the skies—coming to this world only upon great occasions—would no doubt have come with golden scales, and—(a hint, this, upon killing)—with her sword in the scabbard, would have been one of the party. Though blind, anybody would have shown her the way to the House of Lords ; or, borrowing CERBERUS for the occasion, the faithful dog would have led her there, taking her by the way to the Courts of Law, which he so well knows ; avoiding Chancery, of course, as too much for her feelings. And it would have been very pleasant to see LORD BROUGHAM doing the hospitality of the House to JUSTICE, inviting her to sit upon the woolsack, and, for a great treat, sitting himself beside her. This would have been delightful for the people of England only once to look upon.

And TRUTH—not, of course, as she appeared in the antique world—would have been of the party. Appearing in her ancient simplicity, she would inevitably have caused great offence to many distinguished noblemen, and would no doubt have been given in charge to the officers of the House for a misdemeanor ; therefore TRUTH would have attended in a nice light evening dress, composed of that fine gauze that, in these days of decency, legal millioners delight to clothe her with.

And MERCY, and all the Virtues, would have left their skiey home to pass an evening with the Peers, and to give good augury to their house-warming.

We should not have been surprised to see MINERVA with the BISHOP OF LONDON, agreeably chatting, now on the Education Question, and now on the Greek metres.

And MERCURY, the god of letters, might have taken the BISHOP OF NORWICH by the button, and, as a great favour, begged to know *who* was "the somebody of Leeds," so prettily flouted by the Right Reverend Prelate. And the Bishop might have lifted his eyebrows, and vowed he couldn't tell.

EOLUS would of course have attended, with a free admission for himself and party, signed by DOCTOR REID.

MARS, in undress uniform, would have begged the Iron Duke to introduce him to the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, "having been so much delighted" with his *War in the Peninsula !*

However, no further to enumerate, it is plain that the Peers of England have missed a great opportunity. They might have had all the Virtues, all the Noble Qualities to grace their house-warming, with the people of England looking on, and then sitting down to sup. Dancing, too, might have been kept up until a late hour in the morning. All this might have been done—and what *has* been effected ? Nothing. It is, however, whispered that they intend to invite the kingdom to a vocal concert performed by themselves, occasionally accompanied by their own brass band.

BRITANNIA AND THE BLACKS.

"How the blacks fly !" may well be the exclamation of any one who now visits the metropolis, for the Ethiopian mania has brought down upon London a shower of blacks, which, though destined to end in smoke and be carried off into thin air, must be considered just now a very disagreeable nuisance. The raising of the wind will always bring down the blacks rather unpleasantly, and they are now brought under our noses, forced before our eyes, and driven into our ears, by the tremendous puffs that circulate on all sides of us.

If any of those geniuses who undertake to cure smoky chimnies, however bad they may be, would endeavour to get rid of the blacks that darken the atmosphere of the world of amusement in London, a great boon would be conferred upon Society. We may, however, hope that there will very soon be a change in the wind, for the breath of public approbation does not always lie in the same direction, and when the object is worthless the current of air is very likely to shift suddenly round ; which is the result that, with reference to the present glut of Ethiopians, we may every day anticipate.

THE ENSUING EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Great Room at the National Gallery will soon become an object of interest to those who are fond of self-contemplation. Our Trafalgar Square Correspondent has put us in possession of the fact, that nearly one thousand portraits have passed over the pavement, and the physiognomist will soon have an opportunity of studying those endless varieties of the "human face divine" which are to be seen every year at the Royal Academy. A statistical account of the principal features embraced in one of these Exhibitions would be very curious; and we wish some MACCULLOCH of art would take the trouble to frame some tables showing the relative proportion of pugs and Grecians in the numerous noses which will stand forward, in a few days, as prominent objects of art, to challenge the criticism of the connoisseur, and the admiration of the public. We understand that some of the portraits sent in for exhibition during the ensuing season were private speculations of certain fashionable tailors, who hoped to smuggle a glowing description of a magnificent vest, or a registered Paletot, into the Catalogue.

SMITHFIELD MARKET PRIZE SHOW.

THE defenders of this flagrant—by no means fragrant—nuisance have discovered that it is conducive to public health and public morals, while the female population who complain of it are more frightened than hurt; and as to the drovers, though many of them are gored and tossed, still the treatment does them no permanent harm, for the very simple reason that they are used to it. We understand that the friends of the abomination intend to advertise a number of prizes for the best specimens of objects likely to prove the view of the question to which the advocates of the continuance of Smithfield Market seriously incline. For this purpose they will shortly advertise for the best specimen of an old lady who is in the habit of walking about London on a Smithfield Market day, and whose nerves have been so completely preserved that she can not only say "'bo' to a goose," but can look an ox-eyed monster in the face without blinking—as if, in fact, her nerves were braced with the oxide of iron.

There will be a second prize offered for a drover whose whole life has been a toss up, and who is none the worse for the ups and downs he has experienced. There will be a third prize offered in support of the moral view of the question for the production of a prize parent, who, having been all his life in the habit of attending Smithfield, has passed through the ordeal not merely uncontaminated, but positively improved in all the noblest attributes of human nature by the *genius loci*, the atmosphere of the market. The salubrious properties of the place will be proved by the production of a prize butcher's boy, whose weight and age, when compared, will afford the most substantial evidence that public health is not sacrificed by an attendance at Smithfield Market; and as what is true with respect to a part must be true in reference to the whole, the market must have a salutary influence upon all the inhabitants of London.

PUNCH'S SONGS FOR THE (THAMES) NAVY.

THERE is no doubt that the celebrated sea songs of DIBDIN went very far towards inspiring in the naval character of England much of that indescribable something or other which made the name of a British Tar synonymous with everything noble, and sent the heart bounding about like an old bonse at the very mention of the word "seaman." (We may as well say, parenthetically, that a "bonse" is a very large marble, if our juvenile reminiscences do not mislead us. It is not a "pot" nor a "ring-taw," but is considerably bigger than either, and may be considered as a kind of Elgin marble among its smaller associates.)

We have long since missed that enthusiasm which once hailed the name of the Tar whenever it was pronounced, and we attribute the decline of "honest JACK'S" influence to a want of those beautiful naval songs which used to be written concerning him.

We are afraid there is no possibility of reviving enthusiasm in favour of the salt water seaman, but we are determined to try the experiment whether the fresh water sailor—the Tar of the Thames—may not be converted into a theme for the minstrel, and a subject for the constant cheer of the theatrical gallery. We purpose, therefore, writing some naval songs, the locality of which will be bounded on the east by Greenwich, and on the west by Richmond Bridge. These termini will include between them all that vast tract of water lying along the two shores of the part of the river comprised within the space specified, including of course the romantic little Isthmus of Isleworth and the Eel Pie Archipelago, with the Straits of Vauxhall and the Crookeds of Battersea.

Feeling the importance of these preliminary observations, and taking a draft from our Pierian Pump—erected at great expense on our premises, and being a force pump, of course—we proceed to mix a Castalian preparation in our inkstand, and placing a steel-pen on a holder made from wood cut from the hedge in which the tomb of VIRGIL is embedded, we proceed to our poetical task.

No one can forget DIBDIN'S beautiful song of "Poor Jack." If anything could possibly extinguish its lamp, as it stands like a rushlight in the halls of Memory, sitting up till the last member of Posterity comes home; if anything could put an end to its burning, it would be the snuffers of oblivion in the ominous form of our piece of poetry, to which we give the title—not of "Poor Jack," for we scorn plagiarism, but—

POOR JONES.

Go, pattër your lingo to landsmen and snobs,
'Bout danger by water, d'ye see;
With plenty of coal on my engine-room hobs,
A tight little steamer for me!
Why, a'n't our old captain, BOB TOODLES, of BOW,
As tough as a steak when 'tis new;
As long as BOB TOODLES can take us in tow,
I don't care a farden—do you?
Though the chimney athwart the two paddles should fall,
And threaten to fracture our bones,
What matter? it argufies nothing at all
To a true British Tar, like poor JONES.

I said to our POLL, when I found her in tears,
As in Battersea's harbour we lay,
What argufies crying? I'm going not for years,
I'm only just off for the day.
Though tempests may howl, lass, don't howl in return,
With the winds there's no reason to roar;
Come, mop up your port-holes, such leakage I'd spurn—
Your stoker is true to the core.
But the heart of a seaman 's so soft, d'ye see,
That, at sight of poor POLL and her moans,
I set to at blubbering as loudly as she—
Yes, piping all eyes was poor JONES.

But mind me; a sailor, whene'er he 's afloat,
Should be like a bit of his craft;
So, choking with tears, like an egg in my throat,
I skurried the funnel abaft.
And over the boiler I manfully stood,
While my tears trickled down in a stream;
So ye see, after all, that my weeping did good,
For my tears were soon turned into steam:
And as our bold skipper went easy ahead,
Poor POLL, 'mid her sighs and her groans,
Cried out, "That 's the way that the boiler is fed,
They 'll blow up or boil down poor JONES!"

A Spare Diet.—A Little Fable.

(FOR THE KING OF PRUSSIA).

A GOOD father had long promised his children a treat; so one day he called them together, and said, "You have been very good children, and I think I can trust you now; for the future you may dine with me, and we will talk at dinner over your future prospects."

The dinner at last took place, and the good father rose, and said, "My dear boys, there is a lot of dry bread, which you may divide amongst you; you will also find on the sideboard some pump-water. I know it will do you good, for a spare diet is the best for a strong constitution. I have put a little sugar on your bread, because, on the whole, you are good children, and I don't mind giving you plenty of butter as long as you behave yourselves; but if you ask for anything better—if you murmur about cheese, if you hint at fish, if you even whisper about roast-beef, or dare grumble about not having a bit of plum-pudding, you never shall dine with me again."

This treat was repeated once or twice, and two or three of the elder boys, who grumbled, were locked up; and one strong, rebellious fellow, who had the impudence to ask for a drop of beer, was whipped and sent to bed; till at last all the children rose, and said, "Father, your dinners don't suit us: you talk very beautifully, but you give us nothing to eat. Flesh and blood cannot stand it any longer. We are very sorry to interfere with your arrangements, but we are determined for the future to choose our own diet."

The good father got into a tremendous passion, but, for all that, the children set to work, and prepared a diet for themselves; and you may be sure that they made it strong enough, and that, in time, they got quite a vigorous constitution.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS.

LEIGH HUNT, (whose quill was surely plucked from an eagle, and, like the parent bird, ever and anon renews its youth,) in his delightful *Streets of London* in the *Atlas*, has a pleasant remonstrance with American booksellers on their use and abuse of English authors. MR. HUNT is in Waterloo Place, and his talk is of MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM, the American dealers:—

"An English man of letters certainly passes the doors of American booksellers in London with very singular feelings. He knows they will snatch hold of his book the moment it is published, sell thousands of copies of it on the other side of the Atlantic without giving him the benefit of a stiver, and perhaps have the pleasure of seeing him go by their London windows in the rain, while they are flourishing in a big house over his head. We suppose it is all right, and proper, and consistent, and free-born, and independent, and respectable, and slave-holding, and lovely, and going-a-head. It is certainly going another man's head, though with a considerable quantity of their own face beneath it. Yet, after all, 'how they can do it,' as the man said when he saw the New Zealand young gentlemen eating their benefactor, is to us inconceivable."

After all, this American practice of stealing a book from the author is only an ingenious extension of the principle of stealing a man from himself. An English writer is treated by America as America treats her negroes: he is turned into ready money for the benefit of the smart dealer who robs him. His brains are taken to market, and knocked down to the highest bidder. We know that the best men of America denounce this iniquity as energetically as ourselves. MR. CORNELIUS MATHEWS has done good service in what appeared the forlorn hope of making Congress recognise the principle of honesty in the matter of international copyright; and we have every confidence that eventually American booksellers will—like *Mrs. Chick*—"make an effort" to be decent, and cease to become the *Fagins* of letters—the "very respectable" dealers in stolen goods. Nevertheless, until such time arrives, we must not cease to exhort and expose; we must persuade and shame America into honesty—America who, talking her mother-tongue, calls England parent, and yet is every day committing felony upon her little brothers and sisters.

But as the wit and beauty of *Portia* were enshrined in lead, so is the genius of America enshrined in silver; in the metal whereof are made American dollars. And that genius, still speaking our own English, eternally cries in the pocket of JONATHAN the old, old words—with hardly a difference—"JONATHAN, get money; honestly, if it may be; but if not, go the entire animal, from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and get money." Indeed, whilst America sells the bodies of blacks, and steals the brains of the whites, she ought to take second thoughts about a design for her flag. The stripes may remain; they are significant to the world of the American notion of liberty—lines of bloody red, red as the gore that trickles from a negro's back; but the stars, we think, admit of improvement. We would therefore have them rounded into dollars. With such slight alteration, the Standard of America would, for design, be perfect. Besides, there are no stars to be seen in America; none. The sky, to be sure, has the like astral glory with the sky of England; but surely the smart, book-stealing American sees in JUPITER and VENUS,—in all the planets, all the host of stars—*not* stars, but dollars, dollars.

Ye Housewarming of Ye Lords. Drawn for a Fresco.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL "AT HOME."

How to keep a good Meteorological Table.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I think I observe the weather as much as anybody, and yet when I read the meteorological tables, I never can make out from them whether old BOREAS has been kicking up a dust, or Sr. VAUXHALL been raining cats and dogs, or HIEMS has been favouring the metropolis with a new series of outlines done in his usual style of frieze-work. I am confident that not one person out of five thousand understands what N.N.W. or S.W.S. by E.W.N. signifies; or can explain the riddle of 73° Fahr., or guess the meaning of 63° REAUMUR, which I take to be the name of the Clerk of the Weather, and perhaps the 63° is the amount of his age. It is time, I think, these riddles should be given up; and, instead of indicating the weather by figures and the letters of the alphabet, which have enough to do on the policemen's coats, without being collared also to do duty for the wind, which is quite beyond their compass, why couldn't some more intelligible plan be adopted to record the changes of the weather? I have not the weather-wisdom of MURPHY, but I send you my plan, which will do for any country, excepting those, of course, where the natives walk about in a constant state of *poses plastiques*. It is indicated, you will see, by the clothes—for what better test of the weather can you wish for than a person's clothing, providing always he has changes sufficient in his wardrobe, to keep pace with those of the climate? But explanation is needless; you will see what I mean by glancing your eye over the following table:—

"*Monday*, Apr. 12.	Left off flannel vest.	Frock-coat, summer trowsers, white waistcoat.
"*Tuesday*, Apr. 13.	Resumed flannel waistcoat, angola stockings, great-coat with double cape, fur gloves, boa-comforter, extra blanket, fire in bed-room, double allowance of grog.	
"*Wednesd.*, Ap. 14.	Mackintosh, India-rubber goloshes, clogs, umbrella, old hat, old clothes, boots with clump soles, hot supper, bed warmed, treacle-posset, two counterpanes.	
"*Thursday*, Apr. 15.	Light trowsers, open shirt, shoes, 10 A.M.	Great coat, pilot trowsers, double-breasted waistcoat, boots, 1 P.M. Nankeens, cut-away coat, loose handkerchief, pumps, 4 P.M. Evening, fires and warm brandy-and-water.

"Don't the above articles of dress tell exactly the state of the weather? Doesn't the 'Mackintosh' point to 'wet'? and are not 'Summer Trowsers' the very best sign of 'change'? Isn't the 'extra Blanket' a much better expression for a rarefied atmosphere than 13° Fahr.?—whilst I am positive the 'two Counterpanes' completely smother 6° REAUMUR, in the bitter attempts of the latter to convey a notion of cold? I hope this improvement will be allowed a fair trial, in which case Meteorology will be brought home to the bosom of everybody, through the medium of what he wears.

"I remain, dear PUNCH,

"Your very old, affectionate friend,

"JACK ROBINSON."

A Word of Advice.

WHAT can be done with Ireland? Kindness, judging from the speeches of Young Ireland, is thrown away upon her. Every sympathy is shown to her distress, that charity can devise and money execute; but it all goes for nothing. She rejects the sympathy, and only keeps the money. Instead of saying "Thank you," she does nothing but heap abuses on the hand that relieves her. We wonder what will satisfy Ireland! We think the best plan to bring her to her senses will be to let her shift for herself for a twelvemonth. After a year's punishment, with such ministers as O'BRIEN and MEAGHER, she will be too glad to go down upon her knees, and say, in all bitterness, "I am sorry for what I have done; I will never do so any more." We truly hope there will be no occasion to carry the punishment into effect.

WANTED, a Member for the Western Division of the County of Gloucester. He will be required to return thanks for the health of the Lord Lieutenant at all the public dinners given in the county, and occasionally to attend Parliament. Salary £300; also partial board and lodging, with two suits of clothes per annum. Apply to EARL FITZHARDINGE, Berkeley Castle.

GUIDE TO COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

PEASANT-PRESERVING.

LANDLORDS, for a long time, have given themselves up to pheasant-preserving; but a country gentleman will find that by preserving peasants he will make a much better use of his estate.

A peasant preserve may be formed in almost any agricultural district, where the peasants generally lie thick, but are often in poor condition, owing to want of skill and care in their management. For the most part they run lanky about the shanks, and are lantern-jawed and round in the shoulders; but these defects may easily be remedied by good diet and proper rearing.

You should box your peasants in clean, comfortable cottages, which may be erected along road-sides, or in rows about villages, at a very moderate expense. Let manure-heaps and other nuisances be carefully kept out of the neighbourhood, for your peasants will require pure air in order to be sound and healthy. The females should be provided with washing, ironing, and needle-work. The young ones ought to be sent for a reasonable time to school, and not set to weeding and keeping birds off too soon.

Pheasant-preserving, or the preservation of any sort of game, is unfavourable to the preserving of peasants. It must be remembered that the peasant is a human being, of which creature wild animals are the natural prey. The only way of preventing the peasant from running after them is to give him plenty to eat; but this system has not yet had a good trial. It might answer; but the safer plan would be to shoot down all hares, rabbits, partridges, and pheasants on your property. Encourage instead of destroying pole-cats, marten-cats, stoats, weazels, kites, buzzards, hawks, crows, and magpies. These will thin off the game, and hinder your peasants from going after it, to the neglecting of their industrious occupations. If you like, however, you can leave the peasants to pursue the game, which they will very soon clear your land of. But if you forbid them from touching it when there it is all around them, they will do so on the sly, and turn poachers, which gets them into trouble, and into gaol, and the end is, that they become criminals, and come to be transported or hanged.

The Beer-shop is very destructive to peasants; and you must therefore do all in your power to keep them out of it. The peasant, like the rest of his species, is apt to seek amusement, and kill care in the readiest way that occurs to him. If, therefore, he is uncomfortable at home, and has nothing better to do, he is sure to be off to the Beer-shop. Accordingly, you must see that he is well lodged and cared for; you should train him to read, and put a few books in his way to occupy his mind with; you may also encourage him to play cricket, football, and so forth, in his leisure hours; for which purpose you should provide him a little leisure while it is light; and if you give him a holiday now and then, so much the better.

For a peasant-keeper, you may employ a parson of the right breed. Be sure to choose one who is active and alert, and not too much of a gentleman to be above his business.

The proper food of the peasant is bread and beef; also bacon and potatoes, with cheese, butter, and a sufficiency of malt liquor; but he seldom gets more than the bread and the potatoes, and scarcely ever enough of them. He will find himself in feed if you give him proper wages; those he usually gets average from seven to nine shillings a-week, but at least twice as much as that should be given by any gentleman who wishes that his stock of peasants should be a credit to him.

When old and past work, do not pen your peasant up in a Union, as is too generally done. A trifle will enable him to end his latter days in comfort at home, with his mate, if still surviving, and brood.

By following these directions you will produce a fine race of peasants, who will abundantly repay the capital you have laid out on them. Their smiling faces, also, and cheerful looks, their attachment, and their willingness to oblige, will afford you, you will find, the very best sport that any rational country gentleman could desire.

A New Cry.

IT is curious that the Irish still cry out for Repeal, and yet they are rushing over to England in thousands every day. We begin to imagine this cry of "Repeal" is directed against Ireland, considering the alacrity the "finest peasantry" show in leaving it. It cannot be against England, or else they would never seek food and shelter in the very country they so bitterly denounce. The best thing for Ireland will be a poor law, with workhouses established all through the kingdom, on a kindly, charitable plan, making the landlords contribute largely to their support. The best cry for this purpose will be "Union."

FASHIONABLE MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.—The *Haustus niger* is at present known by the name of "fluid Ethiopian."

Omnibus Driver. "I DON'T LIKE BEING A HABSENTER, JEM; BUT IF THIS PRECIOUS EASTERLY VIND LASTS MUCH LONGER, I SHALL BE HOFF WITH MY FAMILY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."

ADVERTISING CIRCULAR.

A NEW species of advertisement has lately sprung up. It is advertising in the Court Circular. MR. MOON has lately pursued this system to a very great extent. He has been submitting to HER MAJESTY proofs of the engravings of the royal guinea-pigs, and has received permission to make an engraving of a magnificent clothes-horse in the possession of PRINCE ALBERT. These interesting facts are stated at full length in the *Court Circular* of last week. The scale of prices which the Editor of the *Court Circular* charges for an advertisement ought to be published. We should like to send him an advertisement ourselves occasionally (stipulating, however, to find our own grammar) when we attended at Buckingham Palace to give HER MAJESTY a few choice readings from an early copy of the next week's *Punch*. The fact might be published thus :—

"Yesterday, *Mr. Punch* had the honour of making HER MAJESTY nearly die with laughter, by reading aloud the description of a policeman, who was found accidentally in a house in Fitzroy Square, owing to the kitchen chimney having caught fire. This unique specimen of a policeman is in a beautiful state of preservation, and will shortly be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. Full particulars of this interesting curiosity are given in this week's number of *Punch*. Price 3*d.*; stamped, 4*d.*"

We really think, if advertising is introduced into the records of royalty, that it should be a matter of fair competition, and that EVERTON, the patentee of the Prince of Wales's Toffy, should have the same chance as the portrait engraver and portrait publisher, who not only enjoy the monopoly at present of all the royal patronage of the Fine Arts, but have the exclusive privilege also of advertising for nothing in the columns of the *Court Circular* every time they go to the Palace to have a sitting from the royal canary, or parrot, or squirrel, or whatever it may be that is having its likeness taken. We direct the attention of the authorities of Somerset House to this shabby evasion of the advertisement duty, and call upon OLD PARR, MOSES AND SON, MRS. GODFREY, and the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, to be up, and raise a cry of "Throw open the Advertisements of the *Court Circular*."

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is said that HER MAJESTY has signified her intention of visiting the Haymarket, *when* both the Opera-Houses are closed, and the French company have left London. There is nothing so graceful as paying the first attention to strangers.

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

MR. BARRY, the architect of this very beautiful building, has given a sly but very severe dig at the Peers, for he has so constructed the upper house that none of the speeches of their lordships are audible in any part of it. The Peers can neither hear each other, nor hear themselves, nor be heard by any one else; so that, according to MR. BARRY'S plan, a debate has been treated as a thing to which it is worth no one's while to listen. Considering what a common habit it has been for several of their lordships to talk at the same time, this new acoustic regulation will be found very convenient, for they can all speak at once without disturbing each other, or creating the smallest confusion.

LORD BROUGHAM is, we believe, determined to be heard, and intends introducing a speaking-trumpet for his own special use, and will insist on a voice-conductor being

used by the Lord Chancellor, when he, LORD BROUGHAM, addresses the woolsack. There is something very ingenious in so constructing the House of Lords that nothing can be heard; for any one going to see this portion of the collective wisdom of the empire, is not liable to have the illusion destroyed by hearing what their lordships are saying.

The effect is very imposing under present circumstances, for to the eye there is every appearance of a dignified assembly, while the ear is not startled by any of those dull platitudes to which, when the Peers speak, they are in the habit of giving utterance. We think BARRY deserves the thanks of the nation for having rendered the debates in the upper house almost entirely inaudible. If one of the Peers desires to speak out more boldly, and with more meaning than any of his colleagues, he will find no difficulty in obtaining a hearing. The mere dummies might as well be dumb, and it will therefore be no loss to the country to miss the speeches they think proper to make, and which now—as they cannot reach the reporter's ears—will not be inflicted on the readers of newspapers.

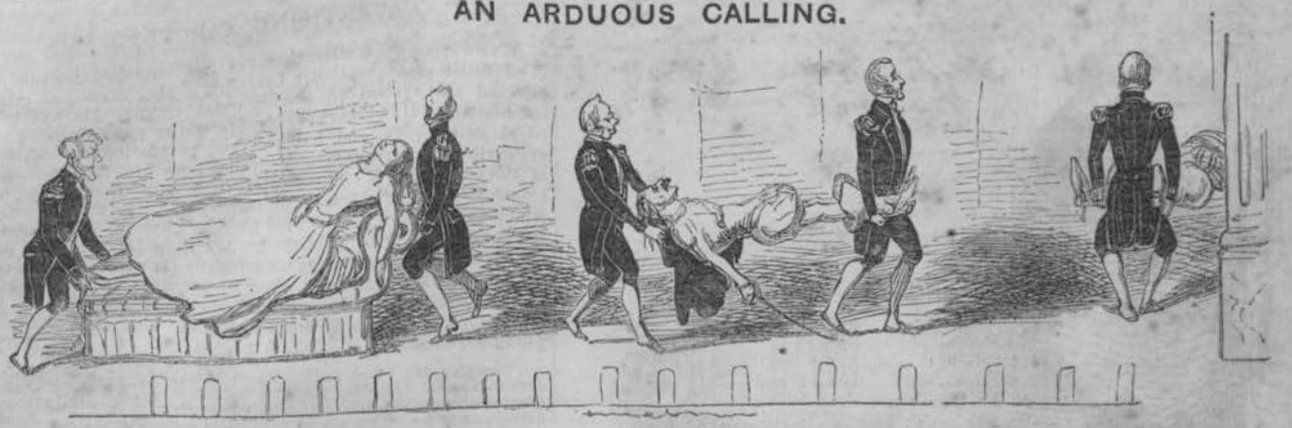
"American Tribute to Royalty."

THE following is from the *Globe* :—

"An article of millinery, consisting of *a bonnet* of peculiar and costly description, *is immediately expected to arrive*, if such be not already the case, from New York, for HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN. It is rumoured that it has been the joint manufacture of several ladies, residents and natives of the principal commercial city of the United States of America."

America sends a bonnet to England. How can such civility be reciprocated? We have it,—let England send a crown to America.

AN ARDUOUS CALLING.



THERE is something very formidable in the awful extent to which theatrical audiences now carry the practice of calling forward the performers, not only at the end, but sometimes in the course of a play or opera. It is very hard that an artist is liable to be again "called out" immediately after having given "satisfaction." Considering the exhaustion that ensues after the exertion of a brilliant *bravura*, or screech-exacting *scena*, it is really "too bad" to recall the vocalist for the purpose of demanding a series of bows and curtsies entailing the utmost fatigue upon the already worn out performer.

If actors and singers of the present day are like those of the past, the inconvenience must be fearful; for, with the stars of former times, it was by no means an uncommon thing, after a scene of great energy, for them to be carried away to the green-room in a state of prostration that would have rendered compliance with a call before the curtain impossible.

It is well known, or at least it is boldly said by the dealers in dramatic anecdotes, that the celebrated EDMUND KEAN was always wrapped in a Witney blanket after playing *Richard the Third*; and GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE was made up into a brown paper parcel directly the play was over, so that had he been called for, he could not have made his appearance, except as a bale of goods in the hands of a porter.

BETTERTON was always placed in a hot-bath directly the curtain was down, and GARRICK sat with his feet in gruel for at least an hour after he had concluded his part, so that neither of these great geniuses could have complied with the unreasonable demands of a modern audience. To prevent the possibility of disappointment to the public, it would be as well that the performers should be allowed to be carried on by the green-coat men—as the servants in livery are called—at the end of every scene, act, play, or opera, as may be required. This arrangement would at once obviate the necessity for fatiguing the artists or causing disappointment to the audience. A sedan might be kept for the use of composers, poets, and others, who could be carried on and off in obedience to the enthusiastic demands raised for their repeated appearance.

THE MARQUESS OF WESTMEATH ON KILLING BY LAW.

THE noble Marquess, a night or two since in the Lords, alluded to the execution of the wretched woman FOSTER, at Bury. It appears, that is, according to the perceptions of the Marquess, that the people were so horrified by the protracted suffering of the woman, that they exclaimed, "Shame, shame! Murder, murder!" The Marquess is assuredly in error. The people did not by such exclamations rebuke the unskilfulness of the hangman, but the stupid wickedness of a barbarous law—a law proved to be wholly ineffectual in its implied end, that of teaching a respect for the solemnity of human life, by judiciously killing the offender. How many that composed the enormous crowd at Bury were awed into respect for the law by the convulsive agonies of one expiring woman? What feeling possessed the crowd as it broke up? Why, a feeling of disgust at the punishment, mingled with sympathy for the criminal. And this is the majesty of Law! The judge dons a black cap when he passes sentence. A cap and bells would be more in keeping with the hideous mockery of common sense and common humanity.

The MARQUESS OF WESTMEATH has evidently bent the powers of his mind to the subject of hanging, that is, to hanging made easy. We would he would shift his ground, and study how to make hanging unlawful. DRYDEN speaks of the wife of an executioner who, with conjugal partiality, declared that any bungler could put a man to death, but it was only her husband who could cause a man "to die sweetly, like a gentleman." If such an artist could be always insured by the state, the Marquess would perhaps consent that we should continue in the good old way of strangulation by rope. Nevertheless, hanging, says the Marquess, on the authority of SIR ASTLEY COOPER, is a punishment that presses unequally on different culprits. The heavy man "suffers but little," whilst the "light person suffers much." To remedy this, the Marquess significantly alluded to "executions in Germany," and the *garotte* (a Spanish machine of death), as being "more humane" than the mode "adopted here."

We are surprised that no peer vindicated the use of the halter as a good old British custom, condemning every other plan of judicial homicide "as un-English, and utterly opposed to the genius of the nation." In Germany, the two-handed sword, wielded by sinewy arms practised at the work, takes the head clean off, with little inconvenience to the owner. Would the Marquess familiarise the use of the weapon to the mob of the Old Bailey? Or again, France drives a good trade in guillotines, having, among other Gallic blessings indigenous to the soil, shipped several cargoes of the ingenious toy to Algeria. What say you, Marquess, to the guillotine? A free gift of such an instrument by LOUIS-PHILIPPE, might help to restore the *entente cordiale* between the two nations.

Seriously, however, we marvel that the Marquess, in his consideration for the moribund criminal, did not eschew alike the notion of the influence of rope or steel upon the culprit, until compassionately prepared by inhalation of ether. This is a great improvement, and would be worthy of the attention of the Marquess, were there not a paramount duty to engage his attention—namely, not to study the easiest mode of killing, but its abolition. Legislators hang for [a] "moral example," which the people, in the disgust and loathing of their hearts, translate into "Murder—Murder!"

"FALLACIES OF HOPE,"

In Prose. By a would-be Exhibitor at the coming Exhibition.

"THAT my picture will be accepted."

"If successful, that it will be hung sufficiently low for me to recognise it among the other numerous specimens of 'High Art.'"

"That some fortunate Art-Unionist will shew his judgment by selecting it as the £300 Prize!"

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PROVINCES, OR SCRAPS FROM "OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

You have heard a great deal about the sinister influence of COLETTI in the affairs of Greece; but you will hardly believe that this man has become a member of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre, for the purpose, no doubt, of furthering his designs by the aid of agencies in this country. He has a fine voice, and is an excellent actor, but the latter fact you will have anticipated from his well-known artifice in his ministerial capacity. I am assured that MR. LUMLEY, the enterprising manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, was not aware of the political position of COLETTI when the engagement was entered into; and his appearance as the *Doge* in the *Due Foscari* would not have been allowed, if it had been known that he was aiming at supreme power. I do not wonder that his voice was all-powerful in the Council-Chamber of OTHO, for it fills the vast area of Her Majesty's Theatre very easily."

"I have a great literary secret to impart to you, which I picked up at the door of one of the Clubs, from a porter who enjoys my confidence. My news is neither more nor less than this—which I hasten to divulge; for I am determined that your paper shall be the first, either in or out of London, to communicate the startling intelligence. Well, then, the fact is, that MACAULAY has quarrelled with the *Edinburgh Review*, and has joined *Lloyd's List*, which is shortly to appear under his avowed editorship. He commences the next number with one of his brilliant essays, on Shipping; and the *Edinburgh Review* will, it is expected, merge in the *Observer*, to which it will form a quarterly supplement. The *corps* of the *Edinburgh* being thus dispersed, will leave many of its writers free, and it is expected they will go over in a body to the *Musical World*, which will be enlarged to six times its present size, and will be published every half-hour. By the bye, HALLAM does not write a burlesque for the Olympic, nor is the lessee in treaty with DR. KAYE SHUTTLEWORTH; though if these two eminent men could be induced to combine their strength, an immense treat might be expected."

"You will be a little surprised to hear that the Ministers intended to resign last Saturday, but I recommended them to reconsider their determination, and they bowed to my judgment. You know that I foretold the downfall of PEEL at least four years before it happened; and, mark my words—the RUSSELL administration will not last for ever!—it may last one year, or two, or three, or four, or five, or, perhaps, even ten; but they are grievously mistaken who expect that twenty years hence it will still be in existence. I do not pretend to a gift of prophecy, but in this instance, at least, your London Correspondent may be implicitly relied upon."

"YOUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

ENGLISH TENDENCIES.

FRENCH newspapers comment very severely on the KING OF PRUSSIA'S opening speech to the Diet, describing it as full of "English tendencies." We were not aware that for a nation to have the liberty of talking without the power of acting, was exactly an "English tendency." Neither did we know that a King making a speech three columns long about himself, was an "English tendency." We never knew before, either, that to give a nation a constitution, and then to say it must not exercise it "for fear of the consequences," was altogether an "English tendency."

We were equally ignorant up to this moment, that for a sovereign to present his people with the shadow of power and to keep the substance himself, was an "English tendency;" or that there was anything English in a king being frightened out of his life by "a written sheet of paper;" or that there was an "English tendency" at the present day to prosecute or to circumscribe the freedom of the press; or that, when the QUEEN opens Parliament, she indulges in a long tirade against the slanders of the periodicals, or inveighs in bitter invectives against the caricatures levelled at the crown of the Albert Hat; or that she apostrophises the different members of the House of Commons as "Ye mighty men of Manx;" or speaks of "Beds" as her "great pillar and support;" or calls "Sheffield" "her right trusty blade;" and so on, running through every county in the United Kingdom, giving a bit of sugar to each, and declaring she shall never despair of Fatherland as long as she can rely upon the "brave spirits" of the Isle of Dogs.

We never recollect hearing the QUEEN talk in Parliament about her "costly jewels," or the "sword of mind," and similar pretty figures of speech which kings and queens make use of in melodramas and romances, but never in public life. The only tendency we can discover in the KING OF PRUSSIA'S speech is a tendency to the absurd, and we took that to be peculiarly a "French tendency." Our French contemporaries must not look for "English tendencies" in a KING OF PRUSSIA'S speech. We might as well attempt to search for "French glory" in the annals of Algeria.

"Sweets to the Sweet."

THE City Commission of Sewers declare, in their Report, that "for paving, draining, sewerage, lighting, health and cleanliness, the City of London is inferior to no city in the Empire." So excited is this excellent body by the attempt to include the City within the operation of LORD MORPETH'S Health of Towns Bill, that it has burst into song, "*Facit indignatio versum.*" We subjoin two examples:—

NO. I.

Through London streets,
I'm search of treats,
As Smell and Eyesight wandered,
With Taste, the sprite
For whose delight
Lord Mayors such sums have squandered;
Where'er they go,
The sewers below
Give up their tribute steaming,
Through traps that lend
Their aid to send
These sweets through London streaming.
Oh the drainage!
The perfect London drainage!
Glorious board,
By all adored,
That plans the City drainage!

Says Taste, "See, see,
They spring for me,
These currents appetising;"
Says Sight, "No, no,
For me they flow,
To tempt my analysing."
But Smell inhales
The fragrant gales,
And cries, "Who'll dare to tether
Such streams as these,
Each sense that please,
Taste, Eyesight, Smell, together?"
Oh, the drainage!
The perfect London drainage!
Glorious board,
By all adored,
That plans the City drainage!

NO. II.—RALLY ROUND YOUR CESSPOOLS.

A SONG FOR SIR PETER.

Parishioners of Pancras, and of St. Marylebone,
And Westminster and Pimlico, strike boldly for your own!
Come forward, men of Southwark, too—a slave is he who slinks—
And rally round your cesspools, and your sewers, and your sinks.

From Paddington's famed terminus to Chelsea's farthest bound,
Loud let each vestry's trumpet bray, each parish tocsin sound;
For vested rights and int'rests make a stern and valiant stand,
Ere the Health of Towns Bill shall become a statute of the land.

The citizens of London bold, their teeth had but to show,
To frighten from the battle-field the sanitary foe:
As far as they 're concern'd this most obnoxious measure 's dropp'd,
And DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH and Co.'s pernicious course is stopp'd.

What destroying Typhus, like the wind, shall revel free,
Miasma roam through court and lane with fullest liberty,
And Fleet Street still, as heretofore, for ever in repair,
Exhale its cavern'd essences with Death to load the air?

Shall they lord it o'er our gutters? our free drains shall they invade?
Shall our liberty's last remnant be thus shamefully betray'd?
No, we 'll not be sweet and clean by the compulsion of a bill.
What Briton but would scorn to wash his hands against his will?

No: battle for your cinder-heaps, your gullyholes, and slush;
To the rescue of your shambles and your charnel-houses rush,
(Though with each breath fell Pestilence, meanwhile, each freeman drinks,)
And rally round your cesspools, and your sewers, and your sinks.

DEFINITION OF A "WRETCH."

ONE "who scribbles for hire."—*Specimen of a New Dictionary by the* MARQUESS OF WESTMEATH. *See House of Lords' Debate, April 22.*

ROYAL VISIT TO STRATFORD ON AVON.

(FROM THE OLDEST INHABITANT.)

"*Stratford-on-Avon, April* 29, 1847.

DEAR PUNCH,

"This has been a pleasant day for 'my own romantic town.' QUEEN VICTORIA, PRINCE ALBERT, the PRINCE OF WALES, the PRINCESS ROYAL, and the PRINCESS ALICE have all made a pilgrimage to the birthplace of our own—the world's SHAKSPEARE; and have visited every spot sacred and sweet with the light and odour of his name. A very cheerful day, *Mr. Punch*, has this been to me; an old man now, sir, and at most within a year or so of making my bed in Stratford churchyard, with the yellow Avon murmuring at its side, singing to the sleeping dead. A cheerful day, sir, for I have seen my QUEEN—may she live to the years, escaping the wrinkles, of ELIZABETH!—yes, sir, seen my QUEEN for the first time, and the PRINCE, a tall, fair, good-looking gentleman, (by the bye, *is* there any picture of him?) and the little PRINCE OF WALES and his little sisters, royal rose-buds all. And they all came to tread the native earth of SHAKSPEARE, and to look upon things that even to my old eyes seem to wear a strange beauty and bloom upon them, seeing that they were all familiar things to him.

"Well, sir, the QUEEN, and her husband and her little ones (saving their presence), came this morning from Oxford. The PRINCE, I have heard, as the new Bishop of the place, had a little business to do there, so stopped a while by the way. However, the whole party, with two or three lords, and maids of honour with faces blooming like fresh nosegays, crossed Clopton's Bridge, and entered Stratford at 11 this morning. You may be sure, sir, that the bells waked up in the church steeple, and that all the folks snatched up and scratched on their best clothes; and MR. MAYOR flung himself into his gown, and the Corporation and Bailiffs made themselves ready, and the Constables run out with their staves, and everything was done that on a sudden could be done to honour the visitors. I was at first mighty sorry that there could be no more preparation; but the words of SHAKSPEARE welled up in my memory, and I was quite content. What saith he?—

> 'For never anything can be amiss
> When simpleness and duty tender it.'

"And in this spirit the QUEEN—I could see it—took all our hurried bravery. I think I know a SHAKSPERIAN face when I see it; that is, a face that has fed and fed upon the page of SHAKSPEARE, and has within it a part of the honied wisdom, the deep intelligence, the sparkling wit, the brooding, rippling humour of our miraculous WILL. Well, sir, our QUEEN has a little of all this so subtly mixed, so sweetly tempered in her regal face, that I know SHAKSPEARE must again and again have beat with the pulses of her noble heart.—(But, forgive me, sir: I am apt to ramble.)

"The Lord of the Manor met the QUEEN, the Lord with the Mayor by his side, and invited HER MAJESTY to take some refreshment; but she refused it with the sweetest smile, and desired to be taken forthwith to Henley Street, to the House in which SHAKSPEARE was born. When the royal carriage came to the beginning of the street, the QUEEN ordered it to stop. Then PRINCE ALBERT lifted her out; and QUEEN and PRINCE, taking their children by the hand, walked—just like any pilgrims—walked down the street to the immortal homestead. It was pretty—more than pretty—to see the greatest QUEEN of all the world pay such homage to SHAKSPEARE, to the man who has surrounded her own England—surrounded it, even as the sea—with a never-ebbing flood of glory. (Again your pardon, sir; but I am an old man, and must talk.)

"Well, HER MAJESTY came to the house. As she looked at the outside, a beautiful smile broke upon her beautiful face; and I thought—but my sight is none of the best—I thought that I saw a little tear start to her eye, as she crossed the threshold.

"Well, sir, she walked upon the floor so softly—so reverently, I may say—you 'd have thought she was walking in a church. Then, as I understand from one of the Corporation, HER MAJESTY, with the PRINCE and the babies—(Heaven bless all of 'em!)—went into the middle room, where SHAKSPEARE was born. Think of that rough, plain, simple room, sir; and of the light that dawned there! What are rooms of cedar, with purple and gold and porphyry, after that? (But I must keep to my story.)

"Here the QUEEN, in the prettiest way in life, told the royal children what a great man had been born in that room; a man who had done such mighty good to all God's creatures; a man that they must learn to love for his goodness, and to imitate for his wisdom. And the sweet little creatures looked solemn like, as though they understood every word that was said; and, with their little pouting lips, promised never to forget SHAKSPEARE. You wouldn't think it, sir; but our town-bailiff almost burst into crying.

"Then the QUEEN and the PRINCE, and the little children all wrote their names in the visitors' book; as if none of 'em were any more than one of us. (To be sure, what is any crowned head in that house, where Nature crowned the baby head of SHAKSPEARE?—saving your presence, sir.)

"Well, the QUEEN left the house, and, still walking with the PRINCE and children, went to the Church. As they entered the lime avenue, (in my heart, sir, I was sorry for this backward spring; for there was scarcely a leaflet out,) there was the Minister, and the Beadle, and all the children in their best clothes. And the children began *God save the Queen*; but when they had finished the first verse, HER MAJESTY bowed, and desired them to chaunt SHAKSPEARE'S epitaph, as set to song by one JOHN BARNETT, if I do not mistake. It was sweet, sir, to hear their silver voices trilling, trilling upwards, larkwise:—

> "'Good friend, for JESUS' sake forbeare
> To digg the dust enclosed here:
> Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.'

"This being done, the QUEEN proceeded to the Church, and entered the chancel, wherein is the monument of SHAKSPEARE. Not a word was said. I could hear the watch of the Mayor tick in his fob. And then HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE, after dwelling some time in silence, prepared to depart. They again entered their carriage at the end of the avenue, and drove to the Grammar School, whereat SHAKSPEARE, as you know, sir, was a scholar. And there—where SHAKSPEARE used to sit—was it not a pretty sight to see Our Gracious Lady the QUEEN, with her own motherly arms lift the PRINCE OF WALES into the seat, and tell him, from that time never to forget the great glory of his countryman, SHAKSPEARE! And the dear little fellow, (saving his presence) coloured like a blood-red apricot, and said, when he was a man he never would! Oh, sir, this was a sight to send an old man back into life, aye, ten good years—begging your pardon, sir.

"Well, sir, HER MAJESTY went to the Mayor's house to refresh herself, and she mirthfully called for a cup of sherris sack, and therein drank 'The immortal memory of SHAKSPEARE.' After this, HER MAJESTY drank 'The Corporation of Stratford;' and after a short tarrying, again took her coach towards Oxford.

"On parting with the Mayor at the boundary of the county, HER MAJESTY graciously informed his Worship, that, in commemoration of her visit to the house and tomb of SHAKSPEARE, it would be her Royal pleasure to institute a new order, of universal merit—'The Order of the Mulberry!'

"And so passed one of the hap-

piest days that have shone upon Stratford for many a year. I feel it, sir, as a great blessing that I have been spared to see such a day: for though Royalty can, by its homage, do no honour to the genius of SHAKSPEARE, it does a great deal, sir—a great deal by example. This visit of the QUEEN to SHAKSPEARE will make tens of thousands crowd to house and tomb. Besides, the QUEEN honours herself and throne, by honouring the greatest mind that ever dawned in man—and that man, an Englishman.

"Forgive me, sir, this long letter: it is not often that I take a pen in my hand; but when I do, the quill, as though it were a wild-goose of the roc, or giant sort, flies clean away with me.

"I remain, your constant reader,
"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

"*April* 30.

"P. S.—I kept this letter open to read it over for mistakes; and now write to say, that I tremble for the wickedness of the press. Our Gracious QUEEN, and PRINCE, and royal children were here yesterday, paying their reverence to the memory of SHAKSPEARE. I saw them, sir—with these old eyes I saw them: and yet I am told that in this very morning's newspaper it is said that 'the QUEEN, PRINCE ALBERT, the PRINCE OF WALES, the PRINCESS ROYAL, and PRINCESS ALICE' were all at Drury Lane Theatre—all to see a show of beasts; camels, Indian ponies, and Indian elephants! This is shameful. Who invents these stories—and where *do* they expect to go to?"

THE OLD WOOLSACK.

(DEDICATED TO MISS ELIZA COOK.)

OH, the old House at home might be shabby and small,
And the new House is stately, and splendid, and tall,
But better I loved the old faded moreen,
Than the new silks and satins, and purple and sheen;
For thro' that old House where I liked I could walk,
And in that old House I could hear myself talk;
And though springy and soft the new Woolsack may be,
Oh, dearer by far the old Woolsack to me!

Thence ten times a-night have I jumped up to speak,
On its surface for hours I 've displayed "*Poses plastiques;*"
'Twas from it that at CAMPBELL my thunders I flung,
And showed to the Peers the rough side of my tongue.
Oh, bless its broad back and its shabby old face!
For, whoever sat on it I still found a place;
How fiercely I thumped it, no care it displayed,
Nor how dirty the boots that upon it I laid.
Yes; tho' springy and soft the new Woolsack may be,
Oh, dearer by far the old Woolsack to me!

'Twas on *it* that by dozens I knocked off appeals,
'Twas on *it* that triumphant I wielded the seals:
When on *it* no reporter could e'er cut me short,
For whatever I said they were forced to report;
Now the rogues, when I rise, with delight in their looks,
Wink each at the other, and shut up their books;
And I feel, as I spout, that it 's no use at all,
For it 's all 'twixt their Lordships, and me, and the wall.
No; tho' springy and soft the new Woolsack may be,
Oh, dearer by far the old Woolsack to me! BROUGHAM.

New Coin.

THERE has been a talk about new coin in the House of Commons, in order that we may gradually reform our currency according to decimals. Tenths will certainly be a more convenient calculation for the Church, as well as for HER MAJESTY'S subjects in general. Again, the tenth of a farthing will, in a little time, be a most convenient coin for subscribers to the Repeal Fund. MR. SHEIL proposes that the new two-shilling piece should be called "a Royal"—the one-shilling, "Half-a-Royal"—and six-pence, "a Quarter of a Royal." We should like more familiar terms; for instance, why not call the two-shilling, "a Hog"—the one-shilling, "a Pig"—and the six-pence, "a Suckling?"

FOR SALE—A GREAT BARGAIN. By a Sovereign who is giving up the use of it—a Constitution, as good as new, having only been worked on trial, though the owner has had it thirty years in his possession. The present proprietor is parting with it merely because he finds it goes rather faster than suits his convenience. It is admirably suited for any one in his position who wants violent exercise; and is built after an English model. It will be disposed of on easy terms, as the proprietor is anxious to get it off his hands.—Apply (post-paid) to F. W., Potsdam; or at the Palace, Berlin. A trial requested.

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF MR. TAMERLANE CORKS—THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS.

EVERY hour's communion with Miss GRIFFIN charmed us with the growing belief that nature, just for once to show what she could do, had made in the mistress of Capsicum House a perfect woman. Every hour she rose in our opinion; and—it is the faculty of genius—she seemed to elevate us at the same time: we rose with her. Thus, albeit we were prepared for an admirable, and withal most original discipline of the female mind in its tremendous development of girlhood into womanhood, we were yet to be pleasantly astounded by the genius of Miss GRIFFIN in her preparation of the giddiness of maiden life for the serious truths of wedlock. Miss GRIFFIN, however, felt the solemnity of her mission, and in the matter of marriage, began with the beginning. Hence, her pupils were once a month collected into the Marriage-Service Class, that by a proper rehearsal of the ceremony, they might be perfect in all fitting self-possession when the anxious time of performance should arrive.

"My dear sir," said Miss GRIFFIN, "I have seen weddings that have sent me into a twitter. Tears and tremblings! Oh, I have felt compromised by the weakness. No, sir; I like to see a woman give herself away with dignity; as if she very well knew every scruple of her own worth; every atom of the treasure which, at the most liberal moment of human life, she was bestowing upon man. It 's a great gift, sir, a very great gift; and therefore, as I say, I acutely feel the humiliation, when I see a young woman give away her hand as though she, forsooth, was the obliged party. All wrong—all very wrong!" said Miss GRIFFIN, with a sigh. "A woman, sir, should deal by her heart as she deals by a trinket at a fancy fair; ask a man the highest price for it, and give no change."

"No change, Miss GRIFFIN! No reciprocity of love!" we cried.

"Well, not exactly that," said Miss GRIFFIN; "but you know what I mean." Not quite; nevertheless, in all gallantry, we bowed.

It was on an early visit to Capsicum House, that its mistress revealed to us thus much of her discipline: we were therefore not wholly unprepared for an introduction that in a few days followed. We had paused at one of the girl's beds of sweet herbs, and with dreamy eye were wandering from thyme to parsley, from parsley to sweet marjoram, thinking of marriage as treated by Miss GRIFFIN, when that lady, attended by a strange gentleman, approached us.

"Dear sir," said that wondrous woman, "allow me to introduce MR. TAMERLANE CORKS, Professor of The Marriage-Service Class."

"A clergyman?" we observed in a half-voice to Miss GRIFFIN; for we thought we recognised in the neckcloth of the stranger the established starch. "A clergyman?"

"Why, no," said Miss GRIFFIN, "although MR. CORKS has several pupils, young gentlemen intended for the church. He teaches 'em to say grace with proper intonation at public dinners. Indeed," said Miss GRIFFIN, with a slight burst, "I don't know why it should be disguised—and, for myself, I feel quite above the prejudice—but, the fact is, MR. CORKS *was* an actor at Drury Lane Theatre." Here MR. CORKS bowed with the tempered majesty of fallen greatness. "However, it was not for a man like MR. CORKS to associate with camels, and make companions of elephants; and, therefore, in a word, you may see in my friend TAMERLANE the Decline of the Drama."

We bowed to the obvious truth. Looking again, we wondered how for a moment we could have mistaken CORKS; for we still saw the track of the hare's foot upon his cheek, though a little obliterated by the later occupation of his mind, divided as it was between the church and the bar. His former practice as an actor had, notwithstanding, all unconsciously prepared him for the double task. He took to the stage as a walking gentleman, and, retiring from before the elephants, left it as a heavy father; having in the course of five-and-thirty years played all the intermediate parts. Hence, he could charge a young barrister with the varying eloquence of a *Marc Antony*, making him play upon a jury of twelve as though they were Pandæan pipes—or

he could load an advocate for the pulpit with the dignity of a *Cardinal Wolsey*. (It is not generally known that DOCTOR SCARLET, who went over from Protestantism to Puseyism—preferring his religion coloured to plain—was got up in his most effective discourse by MR. TAMERLANE CORKS. However, we would not have this circumstance talked of: if known, it might injure the prospects of Capsicum House. People are so prejudiced.)

"And how are the young ladies, dear Miss GRIFFIN?" asked MR. TAMERLANE CORKS; as though—taking us for a part of the church, the very humblest brick, or candidate for horse-hair and hunter of yet unlittered ermines—he talked for a pupil; and therefore very handsomely gave us a specimen of his powers of intonation. MR. CORKS had a remarkably fine range of voice: now it liquified into the Lydian flute, and now fell in a lump to the Bartholomew gong. "How are the young ladies?" he asked, running the scale; "brilliant as dew-drops on the damask rose?"

"Just so," said Miss GRIFFIN, slightly iced; "but you know, MR. CORKS, I do not admit of such language here."

"Madam," rolled CORKS, like a muffled drum, "then I will take the liberty of sacred friendship to say you are wrong. Again, I will say it. To make the education of your young creatures complete, you *must* have the Flattery Class."

"I'm afraid of it," said Miss GRIFFIN; and she looked upon the earth.

"Then, my dear Madam," reverberated TAMERLANE, "you will send them into a dangerous world with a raw and imperfect education." A brief spasm seemed to convulse the soul of Miss GRIFFIN at the imputation; but she tossed her head, and broke into a placid smile. She would not believe it. MR. CORKS, evidently glancing towards us for support, continued—"Poor, unprotected things! Unless, with the other transcendent accomplishments acquired at Capsicum House, they are not steeled—I should rather say plated—against the wiles of flattery, they are made doubly hazardous. Depend upon it, they'll marry at the first offer; and that's a responsibility, Miss GRIFFIN: yes, that's 'a burden, CROMWELL!'" Miss GRIFFIN was silent—contemplating the smallness of her own foot. "And therefore you must have a Flattery Class, where all sorts of sugar-plums in syllables are flung about, that when the young ladies get into the world they may be invulnerable to the shot. Depend upon it—and I say it with feelings I hardly confess to myself—depend upon it, Capsicum House must have a Flattery Class: indeed, without it the Marriage-Service Class—though I, as the examiner, say it—is altogether premature. A Flattery Class, with the lessons selected from the British Dramatists. I have every dramatist here—CORKS clapt the tip of his fore-finger to his forehead—"and could do it in a week. A Flattery Class, eh, Miss GRIFFIN?"

"I can't say," said that thoughtful lady; "isn't it playing with edged weapons?" At this moment a gentlewoman with a serious look, authorised by five-and-thirty years in a very serious face, came from the house. "CARRAWAYS," said Miss GRIFFIN, "MR. CORKS, you see, is here. Are the ladies ready?"

"Been waiting, ma'am," answered CARRAWAYS, "this quarter-of-an-hour and more."

"Dear girls; they're always so punctual! Now, sir, if you please: we shall make no difficulty about you. Besides, as a marriage is very seldom performed without the presence of some strangers, it is necessary, for the acquirement of a proper demeanour during the ceremony, that the girls should not always be alone. This way, if you please," said Miss GRIFFIN; and she mounted the steps of Capsicum House.

We followed, crossing the threshold. We gently, tremulously trod the floor, for varied feelings throbbed in our soles. In our time we had visited many abodes of learning. Our heart had palpitated at the theology of Oxford, and melted almost to tears with the mathematics of Cambridge. We knew that we trod the halls and crossed the quadrangles of the future Bishops of England—the Judges of England! Nevertheless, we did not forget our manhood; but, with head erect, bore up against the load of awe that weighed upon us. This was at Oxford and at Cambridge. How different our feelings at Capsicum! The thought of the Bishops and Judges of England was heavy—if you will—awful; but still a distinct feeling. Shovel-hats and horse-hair wigs, and silken aprons and ermine tippets (masculine), are all of them very dear things. No Englishman with a heart as big as a cotton ball can deny it. Nevertheless, what are the Bishops and Judges, to the Wives, of England? No: we venerate the shovel and the wig, and will not risk our future prospects in life by daring a comparison.

Miss GRIFFIN swept along the passage, and in a minute—we knew it—would arrive at the class-room door. For a moment how we hated yet envied the indifference of that stony-hearted woman. She evidently thought no more of the visit she was about to pay than a shepherd thinks of his morning and evening lambs. This, too, when our heart beat thick—thick—and we dissolved into a soft perspiration.

This was—well, no matter—it was years ago. Ere time had coined the silver hidden in our locks; ere the quaking, blushing spirit, bathed in the sour, the bitter Styx of ink, looked coldly, blackly, upon human life!

That sweet, ingenuous time, when a mad dog was thought a far less dangerous animal—a something much more easy to manage withal—than a young lady, in the mute terrors of her dumbfounding loveliness!

That time, when the heart flew towards lodestar eyes—flew to the mouth, and could not say a word when there!

(Here the reader stares and asks, "How long, sir, may this be ago?" To which we make answer, "Perhaps, after all, the weakness is not yet extinct within us. After all, we may not be so hardened as we would wish the world to believe.")

And now, Miss GRIFFIN touches the handle of the fatal door. In that room are twenty marriageable young ladies. The door opens. How to describe them!

See, at the very edge of our ink-bottle—like APOLLO on the banks of Ilyssus—stands our aforesaid spirit. Stands, with its head—large and lustrous as a diamond shirt-stud—gently bent, its hands closed, palm to palm, its body gracefully bowed.

And what, asks the reader—(if he likes)—what does your spirit in such a place and posture?

Why, sir, our spirit is about to dive into that black sea; to bring up, if it can, from the very bottom of that inky ocean, diamonds and pearls, and coral, and the fair, bright tints of mermaid skins, and the gold of mermaid tresses, and all wherewith to adorn the twenty young marriageable ladies, at present gathered together in the next room for due examination in the Marriage-Service Class.

"THE COMING MAN."

WE are tired of hearing of the "Coming Man," about whom MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI has already written nine volumes and threatens nine more, to say nothing of the countless speeches which have been intended to Macadamise the way for that wondrous individual.

We beg to say that we—*Punch*—are the only "Coming Man," and it is one of our peculiarities, that come when we may, we are always welcome.

Diplomatic Intelligence.

"OUR London Correspondent" is assured by a very distinguished butler that, in the event of diplomatic relations being renewed between HER MAJESTY and the Pope, SIR ROBERT HENRY INGLIS has, in the handsomest manner, professed himself ready to proceed as Ambassador to Rome. It has been further rumoured in the very best circles, (wherein "our Correspondent" is continually moving,) that COLONEL SIBTHORPE will have the offer of the next cardinal's hat, provided he gives security for sufficient head to fill it.

OFF, OFF, AND AWAY!

AMONG the specifics advertised in the daily papers is a preparation by which it is alleged people may have their "Grey hair entirely removed." We don't doubt it; we dare say the parties trying the experiment would find they had not a hair of any description left upon their heads in less than a twelvemonth.

LEICESTER SQUARE REDIVIVUS.

Such a change has come over Leicester Square!—It is quite spruce, and clean, and handsome, compared to the dirty, vulgar, seedy, disreputable Square it was a few weeks ago. The hedges are so smart that they look as if they had been not only cut but curled; the grass has been trimmed, the plants have had their ends taken off, the walks properly brushed and parted, and the lawn so beautifully shaven that it is now as smooth as a dustman's chin on a Sunday morning. The anonymous statue, even, who formerly hid its diminished head in a perfect maze of a wilderness of weeds, has had its face washed, and been scoured from top to bottom, and stands out at present as good-looking a statue as a person would expect to see in a day's march through London. The trees, also, begin to have the appearance of trees, and can no longer be stigmatised as "birch-brooms in hysterics." The whole place has evidently been under the hands of the Reviver, and has come out with a new suit in exchange for the one it lately had in Chancery; for we believe the secret of the improved looks of Leicester Square is owing to Lord Cottenham being no longer its ranger and keeper. An ample provision has been made for its maintenance, and a certain annuity settled upon it. It is to be found in everything it wants, and provided with an establishment and a staff—(a beadle's)—suitable to its position in London. Two trustees have been appointed to look after it, and a six-foot beadle will, it is confidently expected, be shortly invested with the cane of office and absolute power over the boys and cats and dogs of the neighbourhood. In the meantime the following clauses have been drawn up for its protection, and will be published in black and white on large boards at certain distances round the Square.

Leicester Square Regulations.

That no cat or dog, on or after this date, is to be allowed to enter the Square without the express permission of the beadle.

That no boy is to get over the railings or through them, or to walk on the top of them, under any pretence or spree whatsoever.

That no more oystershells or bricks are to be thrown into the interior; and the inhabitants are requested to provide themselves forthwith, in any other Square of London, with another dusthole.

That the railings must not be taken out for any purpose whatever.

That it is hoped no inhabitant will get over the railings in preference to entering through the gate.

That no band of music, and no organ boys, and no exhibition, especially of *Poses Plastiques*, can, under any patronage or excuse whatever, be allowed in the interior of the Square, and no clothes are to be hung out to dry.

That the inhabitants are not to cut down the trees for firewood, or to remove the turf for fuel.

That the royal statue in the centre is not to be disfigured more than it is at present; and no man, woman, or child is to attempt to get on His Majesty's horse, as his back is very weak, and will not carry more than one.

That no person will be allowed to enter without his hat or coat.

Vivat Bedelus.

We shall never pass Leicester Square without looking at it with an eye—it may be, two eyes—of affectionate interest; for we believe it is the only estate in England which has had the good luck to escape entire from Chancery—that awful bourne from which no property ever returns. We hope the Square will be kept up properly, if only as a curiosity.

THE DIRTY LONDON ALDERMAN.

The extraordinary antipathy to a washing which has recently been shown by the Coporation of the City of London, suggests very forcibly the old nursery song on the subject of the refractory urchin, who recoiled from the purifying process of the washing-tub. The following ballad will be found appropriate to the situation in which the City has placed itself by refusing to come under the sanitary operation of Lord Morpeth's measure.

What! cry when I'd wash you! not wish to be clean!
There, go! and be dirty—as always you've been;
It's not worth my while to begin a dispute:
I'll not take the trouble to wash such a brute.

Suppose I should leave you, now, just as you are,
Do you think that the Queen ought to pass Temple Bar,
Or come to Guildhall with her husband, Prince A.,
To dine in a city where filth has full sway?

Ah! look at your thoroughfares, isn't it so?
Is there one through which any clean carriage could go,
Without getting splashes all over the glass,
As through the thick mud it effected a pass?

Your sewers—are they ever in perfect repair?
No; they're constantly open, infecting the air;
And as to your gas—to deny it were vain—
There always appears something wrong in the main.

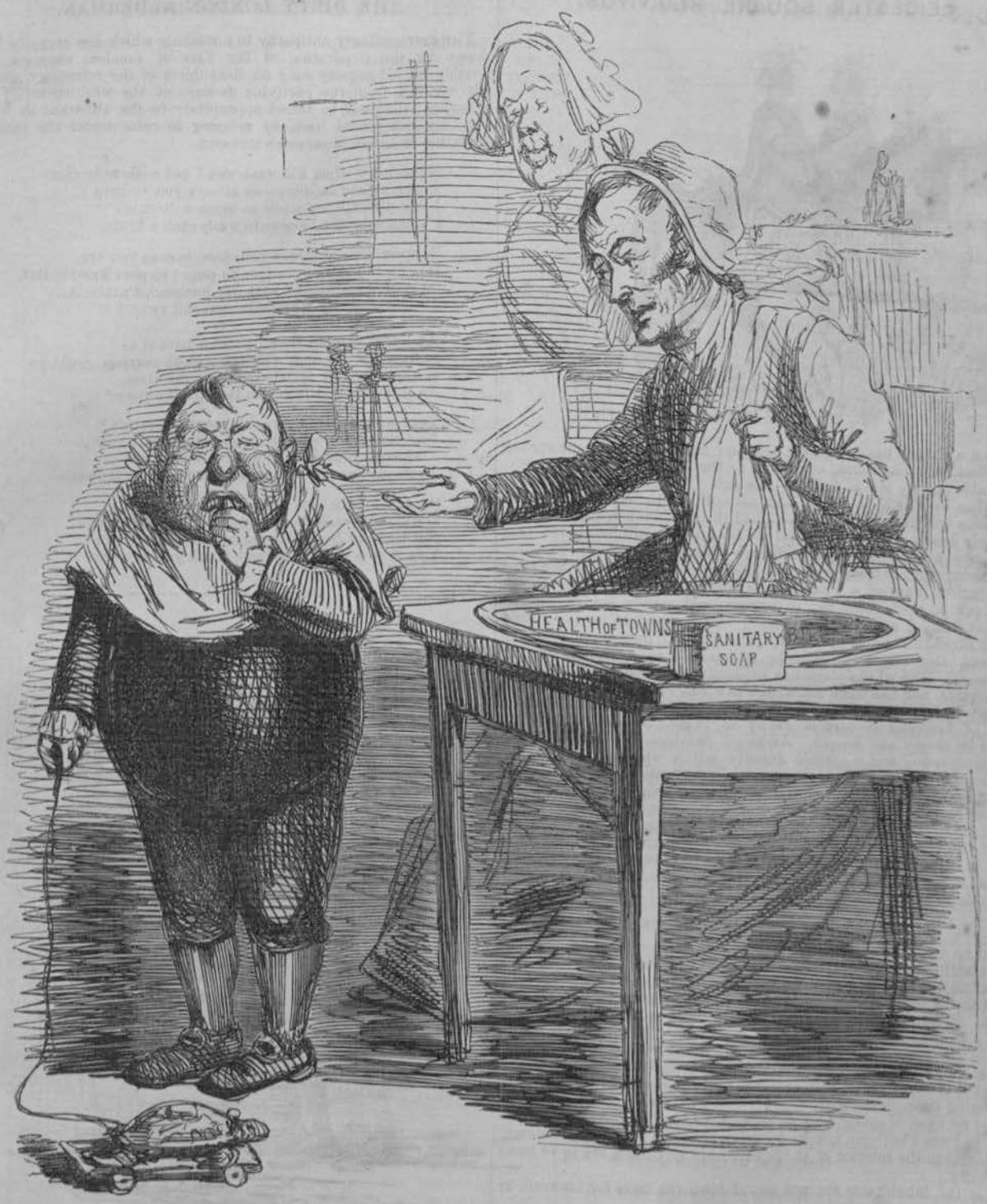
So, so! I have hurt you. 'Tis useless to cry,
'Twill only wash down all the dirt from your eye,
But let kind Nurse Morpeth at once interfere—
You'll be a good Alderman, won't you, my dear?

"Vat's the matter, eh?"

"Oh, there's always a somethink! Vy, I've bin and left my hopera-glass in a cab now."

"4000 Black Muffs."

One of the four thousand Ethiopian Serenaders has borrowed a hint from a notice in a furrier's shop, and intends advertising his Massachusetts Company as "A Fine Collection of Real Sable Bores."



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PUNCH'S DREAM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THERE is no doubt that the House of Lords is a very beautiful building, and that the embellishments are all of a very magnificent and artistical character, and that "high art" prevails not only from the top of the wall, but even down to the lowest depth of the skirting-board. The impression upon the eye of the visitor is agreeable enough while looking at the house; but if he goes home and falls asleep—which he is sure to do if he has been listening to a debate—the effect of the frescoes and other adornments upon his dreams, is not so very delightful. The extraordinary conglomeration of eccentric lions rampant, meagre unicorns, and other animals, with the staring eyes and spectral figures of departed kings, are not exactly the materials to form the *beau idéal* of a vision of sleep; and accordingly, when we went home and threw ourselves down upon our turnup bedstead for that repose which a mutton-chop with our tea and a clear conscience inspire, a dreadful nightmare was the awful consequence. Our dream seemed to be ushered in with an unearthly symphony of carpenters' hammers, painters' brushes, and a low rumbling accompaniment formed by a conversation, *sotto voce*, on "high art," and then our dream took the form of the following—

BALLAD.

I dreamt that I sat in the House of Lords,
As MONTEAGLE spoke at my side,
And into that sleep which his tone affords
I did imperceptibly glide.

There were lions too many to count—a host
Of creatures I knew not by name;
And I also dreamt—which puzzled me most—
That the figures were all the same.

I dreamt that huge monsters—a fearful band—
Were staring to such a degree
That the sight was more than I could withstand,
For they turn'd all their eyes upon me.
And I dreamt that KING JOHN'S unearthly ghost
Stepp'd forth my homage to claim,
When I woke and I found 'twas my bedstead's post,
But it frightened me all the same.

AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE.

SOMEBODY is at present advertising an article which purports to combine twenty-four shawls in one; so that a husband may make his wife a present of four new shawls per annum for six years, without ever going beyond his first outlay. This extraordinary wrapper reminds us of the cap made of a "single sheet of paper," which was capable of being twisted into six-and-twenty different forms—from a church-window to a curry-comb. A new shawl for every day in the week—at no other expense than the trouble of folding—must be indeed a blessing to mothers, an economy to husbands, and a source of satisfaction to all parties.

We wish some ingenious tailor would invent a wrapper for gentlemen, to answer the purpose of some ten or a dozen coats instead of one, to which necessity sometimes restricts us for a long period. We throw out the following hint to COURT, or some other ingenious member of the fraternity; and, if he can make anything of it, we will give him the benefit of the patent on condition of his rubbing off all old scores, and clothing us gratuitously for the remainder of our mutual existences. The following is our design:—

Make a good easy paletot, with double skirts—a pair of long skirts outside and a pair of short skirts under them.—1st. Let down the long skirts, and you have a great-coat.—2nd. Fasten them up, and let the short skirts fall down, when you will have a dress-coat for evening parties.—3rd. Pin the long skirts together, and you will get a cloak.—4th. Pin up both pairs of skirts, and you will have a comfortable spencer.—5th. Throw one of the long skirts over your right shoulder, and it will make a Spanish cloak.—6th. Take your arms out of the arm-holes, pull the sleeves inside, and you get a cape.—7th. Pin up a portion of the long skirts into the shape of a Newmarket cutaway, and you will be able to turn out in a sporting-coat of the first quality.—8th. Turn the long skirts half up, but leave the lappets of the pockets visible, and the shooting-jacket thus formed will challenge any comparison.—9th. Let down the long skirts entirely, pin them over in front, and a dressing-gown is achieved instantly.—10th, and lastly, put your legs through the arms of the coat, and there you are in a first-rate pair of trowsers.

AN OLD STAGER.

THE visitors of Drury Lane were surprised the other evening with the following medical certificate:—

"SUDDEN INDISPOSITION.

"I certify that the Big Elephant is suffering under a severe cold, which he caught from the stage-door being carelessly left open all night, and cannot possibly appear this evening. (Signed) "TIPPOO HARLEY, M.D."

The Little Elephant, however, having offered in the handsomest manner to perform at a short notice the part of his bigger *confrère*, the Big Elephant suddenly recovered, and went on to perform his usual character.

A New Plaster of Paris.

THE *Presse* is very eloquent about "the alliance between France and Russia being *cemented*" by the Emperor's loan of £2,000,000. If money is cement, what a pity that it is so costly, for generally it does not go very far, and requires to be laid on very thick to make two opposite sides hold together for any length of time. We dare say LOUIS-PHILIPPE likes this new kind of cement amazingly, and does not mind how often it is renewed; but then it must be applied in pretty large quantities; for if his French Majesty has a weakness, it is in not sticking at a trifle. Who will wager with us that this new alliance, with all its boasted cement, is not shattered to pieces in less than a twelvemonth?

ITALIAN OPERA FASHIONS.

WHILE we admit, in common with our contemporaries, the merit of most of the musical arrangements at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, we must (also in common with some of our contemporaries) call attention to the anomalies in fashion and dress that prevail in the new establishment. Decorum is commanded by a printed notice at the door, and violated inside; while "top-coats, white hats, and umbrellas" are placed under a ban, in a placard, which is wholly set at defiance by those visitors who, armed with the powers of renters, deny the existence of any authority to regulate their costume. They accordingly rush into the house in attire of the most miscellaneous description. Paletots, registered and unregistered, are rife in the pit; while there are two hundred Taglionis among the audience, to make up for the deficiency of one Taglioni in the *ballet*.

The applause bestowed upon the singers very often smacks of the umbrella-ferrule, and we frequently recognise the sound made by the end of an ash stick beating in concert with COSTA'S *bâton*. Many a virtuoso, not content with standing up for his favourite performer in a moderate degree, must needs stand up on the cushions of the pit seats, to show the extent to which his *dilettanteism* is carried. We do not blame the management of this establishment for the defects of which we complain; if there is an intractable public to be dealt with, there is, of course, no remedy. Every effort is made by the lessees to "keep the thing respectable;" but if some persons will adopt peculiar notions of a crush hat for what they call "Common Garden wear," and if they choose to adopt the early and uncivilised highlow of our ancestors, for the "patent polish of a brighter age," it is not the fault of the conductors of this establishment.

OPERA HAT.

OPERA BOOTS.

The *virtuoso* in ankle-jacks will insist on standing upon his rights as pertinaciously as the aristocratic *habitué* will take his ground upon a *chaussure* of superior quality.

We don't see how the rights of the public are to be interfered with, if an attempt should be made to turn the stalls into a Grecian Saloon, or something of the sort, and to intersperse the enjoyment of "liquid harmony" with indulgence in liquids of a different character. We should be sorry to hear a cry of "Give your orders, gentlemen: the waiter's in the stalls;" but who knows what it is all tending to?

By the way, we may (also in common with some of our contemporaries) as well call attention to the blockade of the pit, which is one among the curious features of this establishment. The entrance to it is usually occupied by a double or treble file, through which it is difficult to force a passage to get in, and impossible to force a passage to get out again. One rush is quite enough trouble to be put to in getting into one theatre; but to encounter the same awful struggle every time one passes and repasses the back of the pit, is rather more than the entertainment is worth, whatever may be its intrinsic attraction.

A PARISIAN PÆAN.

BOU MAZA is taken, huzzah! huzzah!
BOU MAZA is taken, huzzah!
  BOU MAZA is taken,
  No longer his bacon
Can he manage to save, Hip, huzzah!

But, where's ABD-EL-KADER, I say, I say?
But, where's ABD-EL-KADER, I say?
  Eh? where's ABD-EL-KADER?
  Why, brave BUGEAUD, with ardour,
Is trying to catch him, they say.

To Paris he'll get him, some day, some day,
To Paris he'll get him some day;
  To Paris he'll get him,
  That is, if he'll let him—
For that's all that stands in the way.

We *had* an umbrella, so gay, so gay,
We *had* an umbrella, so gay;
  We *had* an umbrella,
  But a live Arab fellow
We never have had till to-day.

Then a cheer for DUC D'ISLY, huzza! huzza!
Then a cheer for DUC D'ISLY, huzza!
  A cheer for DUC D'ISLY,
  So grim and so grisly,
And a fig for the base *Albionnais!*

ROYAL HARVEST.

IT seems that grass is allowed to grow along the fortifications of Paris, and that it is cut every year.—LOUIS PHILIPPE is determined to make hay as long as the sun shines.

PUNCH'S SONGS FOR THE (THAMES) NAVY.

It is seldom that a storm on the Thames has been described with all that poetic vigour of which it is susceptible. It is true that the river is not often tossed by those terrific tornadoes which are felt in some parts of our hemisphere; but the Reach of Chelsea is a miniature Bay of Biscay, in its way, in windy weather. We have known the time when we have been obliged to scud in a lee-scupper close to the shore, all the way from Vauxhall to Battersea Bridge, and at last been compelled to throw the binnacle overboard, and bring the boiler quite taut under main-gallant reefings. Nautical men will appreciate the difficulty of the position we have described, though landsmen may not know exactly what to make of it. The following naval song will perhaps help the general reader to an understanding of the peculiar peril of a vessel in such extraordinary bearings. On more than one occasion have we been under the necessity of personally hauling the spanker jib-boom right athwart the hawsers of the main-stay, when the difference of five minutes in the luffing might have sent us all to the top of the lid of Davy Jones's locker; for happily it was not deep enough to allow us to go any lower, and we therefore could not have sunk to the bottom. However, the recollection of the whole thing is quite vivid enough to have suggested to us the following naval song, to which we have given the appropriate title of—

THE BAY OF CHELSEA, OH!

Loud roar'd the smoking funnel,
The blacks came down in showers;
The steam-pipe coughs like one ill,
The smoke above us lowers;
The mud both thick and dark
Impedes our wretched bark:
There we lay,
Half a day,
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh!

Now dashed against the gravel,
We crumble, crash, and creak;
At this rate we shan't travel
A mile within a week.
Cries of "Return the fare!"
Now rend the startled air;
"Did we pay,
Here to stay,
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh!"

At length a wished-for wherry
'Long side of us drew nigh;
The prospect made us merry,
The laugh rose loud and high;
But when, alas! we knew
'Twould not hold half our crew,
None were gay,
As they lay
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh!

A little ease to give her
(To make her float we meant),
At once into the river
Her heavy chimney 's sent.
To swim she now appears,
We give three hearty cheers,
As we scud
Off the mud,
In the Bay of Chelsea, oh!

A Delicate Attention.

A grand ballet has just been produced at the Académie Royale, in Paris, under the title of *Ozaï*. The scene is laid in "one of the islands of Oceania." The original title was *La Tahitienne*, and the scene was laid in "Papetee;" but the government interposed, for fear the *entente cordiale* might suffer from a supposed allusion to recent events in the Pacific. They anticipated a *pas seul à la* Pritchard, and a *pirouette à la* Pomare, and no doubt fancied Lord Normanby's feelings would be hurt. This little incident is beautifully characteristic of the politest people of Europe.

RATHER PERSONAL.

The Bishop of Norwich has given great offence to the Dissenters by alluding to Mr. Baines as "Somebody from Leeds." If the Anti-educationist had been called one of the "Nobodies from Leeds," perhaps his friends would have been still more dissatisfied.

EDUCATE THE SUPERIOR CLASSES.

Any one who has doubts concerning the sad want of education amongst the superior classes is requested to read the letter of the Marquis of Londonderry, to Lord John Russell, published in the *Morning Post*. It is so crowded with errors that it is evident the noble Marquis has such a contempt for the very first principles of education, that he does not even mind his letters. We think that a commission ought to be issued to inquire into the state of education of those who have to legislate upon the education of the people. The mass of evidence collected, would, we are positive, be something appalling; and if Her Majesty does not issue the commission, *Punch* certainly will.

SHAMEFUL ASSAULT ON LINDLEY MURRAY.

YOUNG IRELAND

Is so young that, like an unweaned baby, it does nothing but kick and squall, and bend its little fists, and look blue in the face; the while Britannia—placid, unmoved nurse—allows it to roar its little bellyfull. "When it 's tired, 'twill go to sleep."

Within these few days, however, Young Ireland has been very uproarious—but withal, very harmless. Mr. Charles Gavin Duffy, in the Music Hall of Dublin, a few evenings ago, said it was

"*A curious fact* that the *Macedonia*, which was coming here from America, laden with food, was at one time a British ship of war (*cheers, and cries of 'More power!'*). Did Lord John Russell not fear that Irishmen might begin to think *the only way British ships of war* could serve Ireland was *by falling into the hands of the enemies of England?* (*cheers*)."

Oh, Duffy! and would you desire that the tricolor, the stars and stripes, should fly over English oak, as "the only way to serve Ireland?" No, Duffy, you had no such thought; but you wanted to be treated to a shout, and, Duffy, you got it.

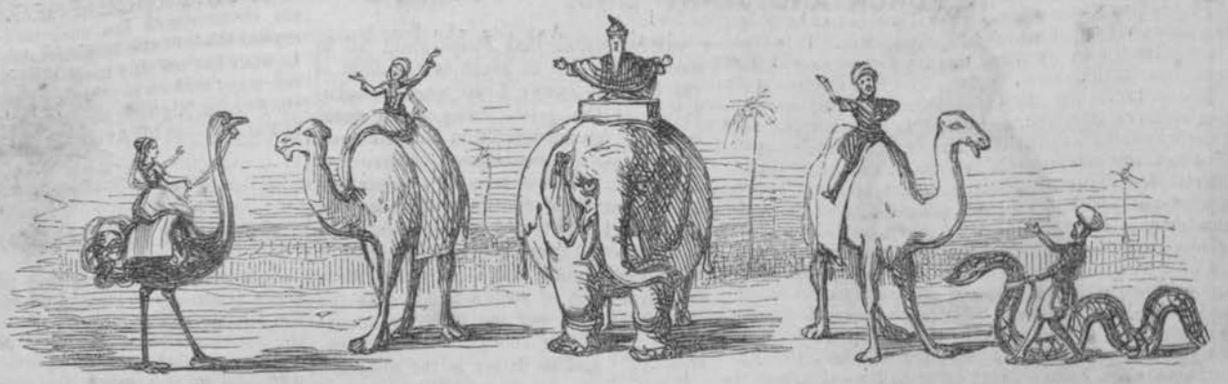
A Mr. Doheny very much desired to rescue Ireland "from her murderers." He, moreover, considered Lord Russell's head—that is, *off* his shoulders—due to Ireland. He

"Declared that many a minister had his head cut off for less criminal conduct (*cheers*), and if England *was a just nation*, the blood, the head of Lord John Russell would be offered *as a trifling expiation* of his crimes against the people of Ireland (*cheers*)."

We have seen boxes, and other nicknacks, inscribed with "A trifle from Margate;" but there is something awful, nobly great in the notion of a box, containing Lord Russell's head, shipped at Liverpool for Dublin—a box marked, "A trifle for Ireland!"

There are some idle, foolish men, whom we cannot better compliment than by disbelieving what they utter. Mr. Doheny is precisely one of these. He is a mere word-flourisher, and therefore just to be pitied. Could we think him in earnest, we should believe him a subject requiring the speedy attention of a police-officer.

THE POET BUNN'S NEXT OPERA.



The manager of Drury Lane has been so pleased with the behaviour of his new quadrupedal company, that he has it in contemplation to write an entirely new grand dramatic lyric, for the purpose of introducing the docile brutes in a manner worthy of their great abilities. The Elephant (Jenny Lind) has been heard to complain, by grunts and groans, of the insignificance of the part assigned to her in the *Desert*, and she has declared, as emphatically as a flourish of her trunk can express, that she will no longer walk on in a procession like a mere supernumerary, with the Prince of Persia on her back; and she hints that she will some day or other throw up not only her engagement but the individual she is made to carry, for she is determined that she will no longer be thus put upon.

The splendid old Camel, who, from her being continually in full blow, goes by the name of Camelia, has also turned rusty—as rusty almost as her own coat—at the very little that is made of her in a dramatic point of view: and indeed it is chiefly on account of disagreeables of this kind, that the engagement of the brutal *troupe* was so soon made to terminate. The spirited lessee has therefore made up his mind—in a very small *envelope* of course—to write a *libretto*, for the express purpose of introducing some of the leading members of the Mammoth Establishment, should he sway the destinies of old Drury next season. We have seen—in our mind's eye—a sketch of the programme, which we have much pleasure in furnishing. The piece is to be called—

THE ELEPHANT OF THE EUPHRATES;
OR, THE CAMEL OF THE CAUCASUS.

The first scene will represent a common on the borders of Abyssinia, in which a flock of Camels will enter to a gallopade, which their drivers will accompany with a chorus. *Hassan* will then come forward and sing an *Aria Buffa*, to which the Camels will furnish a refrain by the tinkling of their bells, and the whole of the brutes will be so trained as to keep their eyes on the conductor's *bâton*; the group will retire, and *Clorinda* will advance, leading her favourite Elephant with a silken string, and singing a ballad—the gem of the piece—the words of which we are happy to be able to give entire.

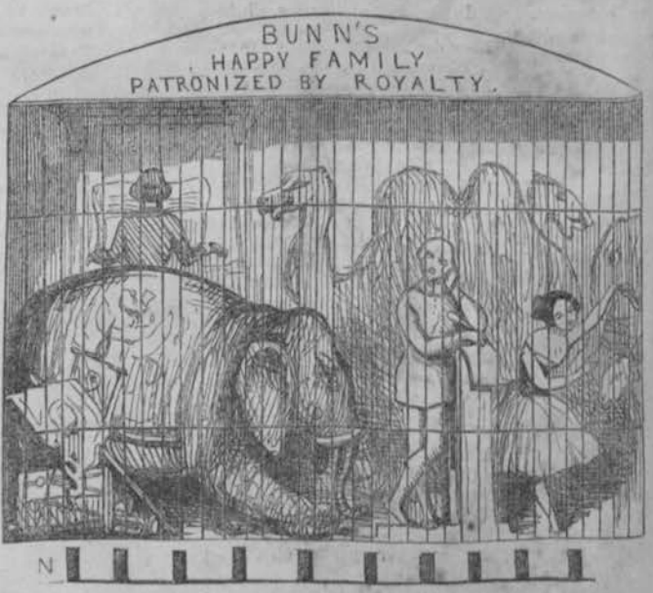
"When o'er fair Libya's barren waste,
A simple maid I stray,
Intent on joys I ne'er can taste,
Though happy others may;
I look upon thy massive form,
Thy heart is not a stone,
That beats with impulse fresh and warm,
For thou art all my own.

"Oh, wherefore should I madly trust
The fickle human heart?
For man, alas! is only dust,
Which comes but to depart;
While thou dost never glide away,
Like straw on river thrown;
Where thou art fixed, there wilt thou stay—
Yes; thou art all my own!"

[*The Elephant will dance during the symphony, and curtsey during the applause.*

[*The Elephant dances and curtsies as before, during the applause and symphony.*

The above specimen will furnish some idea of the materials of which the anticipated Opera will be composed. There will be a grand quintette, introducing two Camels, the Elephant, a Cassowary, and a Boa, with a Serpent *obligato*, the effect of which has never been surpassed in any opera, in any theatre, in any country in the world.



A Pretty Little Game
FOR PRETTY LITTLE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.

An amusing game is that of building ships, and seeing whether they will float. You must first get some oak timber and knock it into shape anyhow, till it begins to look something like a tub. Then take your ship to the seaside and see if it will float; but if it will not, you must take it out of the water and pull it to pieces again, and begin making a fresh ship. Do this until it does not sink. When this is the case, you can begin putting in your guns; but, if it should roll over, which is very probable, you had better carry away your ship before it goes to the bottom, and pull it to pieces again, and patch it and construct it on quite a new plan; but if, after all, it does nothing but roll over, you had better put it aside for firewood, and lose no more time about getting some more oak timber, and begin building another ship.

The most amusing game, however, is to build some four or five ships at the same time, as like one another as two eggs, and to launch them all together. It is great fun to watch them in the water. One will pitch, the other will toss; one will roll, and another will do nothing at all but show a strong desire, like a stone, to go to the bottom. This sport is very diverting, and never tires, no matter how often you may repeat it.

You may play at this game as often as you like, for you can come to no harm in trying the experiments, as you do not go in the ships yourselves, and have nothing to pay for the amusement. It is the stupid English nation which pays for all.

WANTED—A good Shower of Rain to wash away the blacks that are at present flying about London.

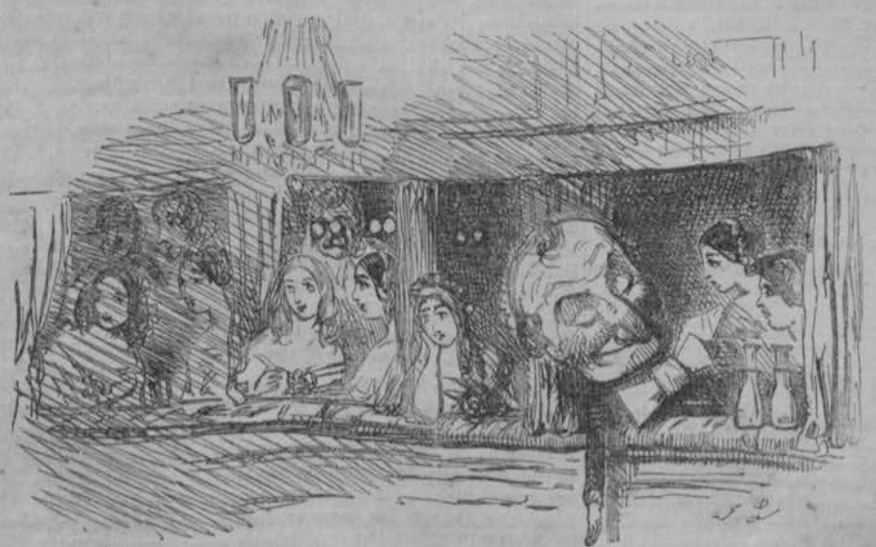
Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 8, 1847.

PUNCH AND JENNY LIND.

It was impossible that *Punch* could fail in assisting at such an event as the *début* of the veritable JENNY LIND, whose inauguration as the *prima donna* of the world will be ever memorable in the annals of the Opera. To endeavour to give any description of her charms as a singer and actress, would be as vain as to endeavour to represent the brilliance of the sun with a ha'porth of gamboge; or to produce a brick, and request the looker-on to form from it an idea of such a building as the Colosseum. To say too much is impossible; to say half enough is more impossible still; and to flatter is the most impossible of all; for we might as well send for a pot of paint in order to paint the lily, or cover a sovereign with a layer of Dutch metal, as endeavour to paint JENNY LIND's splendid achievements in their appropriate colours. From the first moment of her entrance she kept us in a state of enchantment, and it was difficult to break the spell at the conclusion of the opera. The critic of the *Times* has truly described the delight she afforded as a "new sensation," and we feel that it is a new sensation which must be repeatedly gratified; for, having once heard, we long again to listen. To those who cannot go repeatedly to Her Majesty's Theatre, we fear we ought in charity to say "Go not at all;" for once brought within the influence of the Swedish magnet, resistance will be impossible.

A little JENNY is a dangerous thing;
Hear oft, or taste not the LINDerian spring.

Expectation had indeed been raised to its highest point; but it was evident, from the first few notes she sang on her first night, that expectation had lagged far behind the exquisite reality. To call JENNY LIND the Swedish Nightingale is a compliment to the bird, which will put an additional feather in his cap—or, we should rather say, his tail—for the remainder of his existence. We need not say, that but for the prompt attendance of friends we must



have sunk under the fascination of the Syren, whose advent is the commencement of a new and splendid era in the annals of our Italian Opera. The music of *Roberto il Diavolo* is still ringing in our ears, with its splendid orchestral effects, so gloriously brought out under the directing *bâton* of BALFE, and its vocal and dramatic beauties so magnificently developed by a combination of first-rate vocalists. STAUDIGL's personation of the Fiend-father is so terrifically truthful, that every printer's devil who has persecuted us for copy since the first night of *Roberto il Diavolo* has brought that great artist to our recollection. One would imagine that STAUDIGL had been living on brimstone and treacle for a month previous to his *début*, so thoroughly did he appear "native and to the manner born" in his unearthly character. The *début* of JENNY LIND is a thing for which we have already swept out a snug little corner in our memory, where the circumstance lies enshrined under the crystal shade of the brightest reflection. MR. LUMLEY has not only made his present season, but many seasons to come, by having brought the Swedish Nightingale—no—this Song-bird of Paradise—to his Aviary in the Haymarket.

Songs for the (Thames) Navy.

It is gratifying to find that this series of lyrics is already beginning to inspire, upon the Thames and at the various wharves along the river, a sort of feeling similar to that which prevailed at our seaports during the war, and in fact saved the country. The pierman at the Temple has been seen practising private hornpipes under the money-taker's shed, and is rapidly adopting a phraseology in conformity with the good old naval character. He has twice denounced the clerk who delivers the checks as a landlubber, and has begun to drop tears of sensibility, at the rate of a pint per day, over the recollection of his pretty POLL of Parson's Green, and his friend HARRY HANDRAIL of Hampstead. This all looks as if we were going in the right direction; and if we succeed in planting a row of sentiment all the way down each bank of the Thames, we shall begin to feel that, whatever happens, we have got a Thames Navy. Hitherto our fresh-water sailors have wanted that intensity and depth which gave so much value to the British Tar in the time of NELSON; but we have every hope that we shall instil into the metropolito-nautical character a spirit that will render him finally equal in many respects, and inferior in few, to the heart of oak of our immediate ancestors.

The following short but pithy lyric touches tunefully, though mayhap mournfully, on the Thames seaman's farewell to his wherry. The original air goes by the name of "Poor Tom." We detest plagiarism, and will call our song by the name of

POOR NED.

Now, farewell, my useless wherry,
Rudder, mat, and sculls, farewell;
Never more to Bucklersbury *
Shall your EDWARD row a swell.

To the captain, quite a stranger,
On the *Bridegroom's* deck I go,
Where, not seeing there is danger,
A sloping chimney lays me low.

Then mayhap, when prostrate lying,
With the funnel 'thwart my head,
Even you my case descrying,
With a sigh may cry "Poor NED!"

Absentees.

A CARGO of Irish pigs was announced last week at Liverpool. We are positive they emigrated; they could not stand MR. MEAGHER's harangues. We do not wonder at it; it is enough to make every Irish pig blush for his country when it hears such rabid nonsense applauded as eloquence. Or perhaps the pigs emigrated from a feeling of envy, as they found it hopeless to compete with Young Ireland in the prodigious amount of gammon.

* Bucklersbury is, we fear, a little inland, but n'importe.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE TO BE SOLD.

We are requested to give insertion to the subjoined communication: a letter from New York, addressed by Mr. Barnum, the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of General Tom Thumb, to the Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon.

"TO MR. MAYOR OF STRATFORD.

"Sir,—Seeing that the critters of English have no use somever of the house of Shakspeare, and that the location is in the market for sale, I do—as a citizen of the freest nation of airth—opinionate that it might be made first chop on this side of the everlastin ocean. For, understand me, Mr. Mayor, Shakspeare is pretty well catawampussed up in his own country by all sorts of foreign sarpints; and his nose is out of jinte, and will never be set strait agin at the English Court; and therefore, you see, Mr. Mayor, we—free Americans, children of the star-spangled banner—we, who are the only people on airth who understand English in the clear grit that that 'varsal critter Shakspeare writ it—we ought to possess the location in which he fust saw the light, afore any other nation under the blue canopy. Shakspeare's house is a drug in England; but wouldn't it be a beauty, put upon wheels, and drawn through all the States?

"And so, Mr. Mayor, jist say the number of dollars that your Stratford critters want for the immortal location, and I 'll consign 'em slick; or if you 'd like—in these tarnation hard times—the vally of the house in breadstuffs, or hams, or molasses, or any other airthly fixings, I 'll swap strait ahead—I will. And as for gittin the house over here, I 've a notion that I 'd ship every crumb of it.

"I propose—to do the tarnation handsome thing to the immortal critter—that General Tom Thumb should act Shakspeare jist as he has acted Napoleon. A smartish compliment this, I think, to the ivverlastin Bard. The Gen'ral has rehearsed a lot on it, and will—or I 'll be whipped for it—be jist as much at home in Shakspeare's house as ever Shakspeare was himself. The Gen'ral has been rehearsin this last fortnit. I shall show him fust as Master Shakspeare goin to school, 'with his soapy mornin face,' as the critter himself says; and then as the lover after the gals, writin a epic to their eyebrowses; and then as the soger—in the uniform of the Columbian Flyshooters, in coorse; and so on, all the stages. And then the Gen'ral will appear writin *Hamlet*, with his eyes a rollin in fine frenzies—he does it tarnation beautiful already: and then I shall show him a plantin the mulberry-trees for future generations, and laurels on his own account.

"In a word, I have got Mr. Charles Knight's 'Life of Shakspeare,' and, as an honest citizen of the smartest nation of the airth, intend to send the Gen'ral through every one of the five hundred and forty-four pages, makin the curtain go down with the Gen'ral, sittin with a goose-quill in his hand, and floured for a marble bust at the eend.

"So, Mr. Mayor, jist name the dollars, and draw on

"Yours,

"Thomas Phineas Barnum."

"P.S. Would you ax Mr. Bunn if he 'd sell the thing off Drury Lane portico, for the Gen'ral to rehearse by?"

THE HEALTH OF THE METROPOLIS.

In answer to many inquiries about the health of the Metropolis, we are requested to state that it is "pretty bobbish," and that the Metropolis and suburbs are doing as well as can be expected for this time of the year. It is the opinion of many medical men, who have known the Metropolis for years, that its health would be considerably improved if the sanitary regulations were better observed in the City, and about Mary-le-bone and other unhealthy parts, where its circulation has been for a long time very irregular. They say that a few draughts of a bill, which is being compounded in the great laboratory for all sorts of drugs at St. Stephen's, would do those parts all the good in the world. They also report that, as soon as the fine weather will allow it, the Wellington Statue should be removed. The Metropolis, there is no doubt, would be very much relieved, and will look all the better for it, as the Statue has been, for months, a dreadful weight upon its mind, and has quite robbed it of its good looks—so much so, that many of its oldest admirers would not believe it was the same Metropolis they had seen only a year ago.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CODLINGSBY.

BY B. DE SHREWSBURY.

The noise in the old town was terrific; Great Tom was booming sullenly over the uproar; the bell of Saint Mary's was clanging with alarm; St. Giles's tocsin chimed furiously; howls, curses, flights of brickbats, stones shivering windows, groans of wounded men, cries of frightened females, cheers of either contending party as it charged the enemy from Carfax to Trumpington Street, proclaimed that the battle was at its height.

In Berlin they would have said it was a revolution, and the cuirassiers would have been charging, sabre in hand, amidst that infuriate mob. In France they would have brought down artillery, and played on it with twenty-four-pounders. In Cambridge nobody heeded the disturbance—it was a Town and Gown row.

The row arose at a boat-race. The Town boat (manned by eight stout bargees, with the redoubted Rullock for stroke) had bumped the Brazennose light oar, usually at the head of the river. High words arose regarding the dispute. After returning from Granchester, when the boats pulled back to Christchurch meadows, the disturbance between the Townsmen and the University youths—their invariable opponents—grew louder and more violent, until it broke out in open battle. Sparring and skirmishing took place along the pleasant fields that lead from the University gate down to the broad and shining waters of the Cam, and under the walls of Baliol and Sidney Sussex. The Duke of Bellamont (then a dashing young sizar at Exeter) had a couple of rounds with Billy Butt, the bow oar of the Bargee boat. Vavasour of Brazennose was engaged with a powerful butcher, a well-known champion of the Town party, when, the great University bells ringing to dinner, truce was called between the combatants, and they retired to their several colleges for refection.

During the boat-race, a gentleman pulling in a canoe, and smoking a Nargilly, had attracted no ordinary attention. He rowed about a hundred yards ahead of the boats in the race, so that he could have a good view of that curious pastime. If the eight-oars neared him, with a few rapid strokes of his flashing paddles his boat shot a furlong ahead; then he would wait, surveying the race, and sending up volumes of odour from his cool Nargilly.

"Who is he?" asked the crowds who panted along the shore, encouraging, according to Cambridge wont, the efforts of the oarsmen in the race. Town and Gown alike asked who it was, who, with an ease so provoking, in a barque so singular, with a form seemingly so slight, but a skill so prodigious, beat their best men. No answer could be given to the query, save that a gentleman in a dark travelling-chariot, preceded by six fourgons and a courier, had arrived the day before at the Hoop Inn, opposite Brazennose, and that the stranger of the canoe seemed to be the individual in question.

No wonder the boat, that all admired so, could compete with any that ever was wrought by Cambridge artificer or Putney workman. That boat—slim, shining, and shooting through the water like a pike after a small fish—was a caique from Tophana; it had distanced the Sultan's oarsmen, and the best crews of the Capitan Pasha in the Bosphorus; it was the workmanship of Toogrul-Beg, Caikjee Bashee of his Highness. The Bashee had refused fifty thousand tomauns from Count Boutenieff, the Russian Ambassador, for that little marvel. When his head was taken off, the Father of Believers presented the boat to Rafael Mendoza.

It was Rafael Mendoza that saved the Turkish Monarchy after the battle of Nezeeb. By sending three millions of piastres to the Seraskier; by bribing Colonel de St. Cornichon, the French envoy in the camp of the victorious Ibrahim, the march of the Egyptian army was stopped—the menaced empire of the Ottomans was saved from ruin; the Marchioness of Stokepogis, our Ambassador's lady, appeared in a suit of diamonds which outblazed even the Romanoff jewels, and Rafael Mendoza obtained the little caique. He never travelled without it. It was scarcely heavier than an arm-chair. Baroni, the courier, had carried it down to the Cam that morning, and Rafael had seen the singular sport which we have mentioned.

The dinner over, the young men rushed from their colleges, flushed, full-fed, and eager for battle. If the Gown was angry, the Town, too, was on the alert. From Iffley and Barnwell, from factory and mill, from wharf and warehouse, the Town poured out to meet their enemy, and the battle was soon general. From the Addenbrooke's hospital to

the Blenheim turnpike, all Cambridge was in an uproar—the College gates closed—the shops barricaded—the shopboys away in support of their brother townsmen—the battle raged, and the Gown had the worst of the fight.

A luncheon of many courses had been provided for RAFAEL MENDOZA at his inn, but he smiled at the clumsy efforts of the University cooks to entertain him, and a couple of dates and a glass of water formed his meal. In vain the discomfited landlord pressed him to partake of the slighted banquet. "A breakfast! psha!" said he. "My good man, I have nineteen cooks, at salaries rising from four hundred a-year. I can have a dinner at any hour, but a Town and Gown row (a brickbat here flying through the window, crashed the caraffe of water in MENDOZA's hand)—a Town and Gown row is a novelty to me. The Town has the best of it, clearly, though; the men outnumber the lads. Ha, a good blow! How that tall townsman went down before yonder slim young fellow in the scarlet trencher-cap."

"That is the LORD CODLINGSBY," the landlord said.

"A light weight, but a pretty fighter," MENDOZA remarked. "Well hit with your left, LORD CODLINGSBY; well parried, LORD CODLINGSBY; claret drawn, by Jupiter!"

"Our's is werry fine," the landlord said. "Will your highness have Chateau Margaux or Laffitte?"

"He never can be going to match himself against that bargeman!" RAFAEL exclaimed, as an enormous boatman—no other than RULLOCK—indeed, the most famous bruiser of Cambridge, and before whose fists the gownsmen went down like ninepins, fought his way up to the spot where, with admirable spirit and resolution, LORD CODLINGSBY and one or two of his friends were making head against a number of the Town.

The young noble faced the huge champion with the gallantry of his race, but was no match for the enemy's strength, and weight, and sinew, and went down at every round. The brutal fellow had no mercy on the lad. His savage treatment chafed MENDOZA as he viewed the unequal combat from the inn-window. "Hold your hand!" he cried to this GOLIATH; "Don't you see he 's but a boy?"

"Down he goes again!" the bargeman cried, not heeding the interruption. "Down he goes again: I likes wapping a Lord!"

"Coward!" shouted MENDOZA; and to fling open the window amidst a shower of brickbats, to vault over the balcony, to slide down one of the pillars to the ground, was an instant's work.

At the next he stood before the enormous bargeman.

* * * * * * * *

After the Coroner's Inquest, MENDOZA gave ten thousand pounds to each of the bargeman's ten children, and it was thus his first acquaintance was formed with LORD CODLINGSBY.

But we are lingering on the threshold of the house in Holywell Street. Let us go in!

JENNY-LINDEN.

A DREADFUL ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE AND THE POET BUNN.

ON LIND, when Drury's sun was low,
And bootless was the wild-beast show,
The lessee counted for a flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

But JENNY LIND, whose waken'd sight
Saw Drury in a proper light,
Refused, for any sum per night,
To sing at the Menagerie.

With rage and ire in vain display'd
Each super drew his wooden blade,
In fury half and half afraid,
For his prospective salary.

BUNN in a flaming frenzy flew,
And speedily the goosequill drew
With which he is accustomed to
Pen such a deal of poetry.

He wrote the maiden, to remind
Her of a compact she had signed,
To Drury Lane's condition blind,
And threaten'd law accordingly.

Fair as in face in nature, she
Implored the man to set her free,
Assuring him that he should be
Remunerated handsomely.

Two thousand pounds she offer'd, so
That he would only let her go:
BUNN, who would have his bond, said No!
With dogged pertinacity.

And now his action let him bring,
And try how much the law will wring
From her, to do the handsome thing,
Who had proposed so readily!

The Swedish Nightingale to cage
He fail'd; she sought a fitting stage,
And left him to digest his rage,
And seek his legal remedy.

Then shook the House with plaudits riven,
When JENNY's opening note was given,
The sweetest songstress under heaven
Forth bursting into melody.

But fainter the applause shall grow,
At waning Drury's wild-beast show,
And feebler still shall be the flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

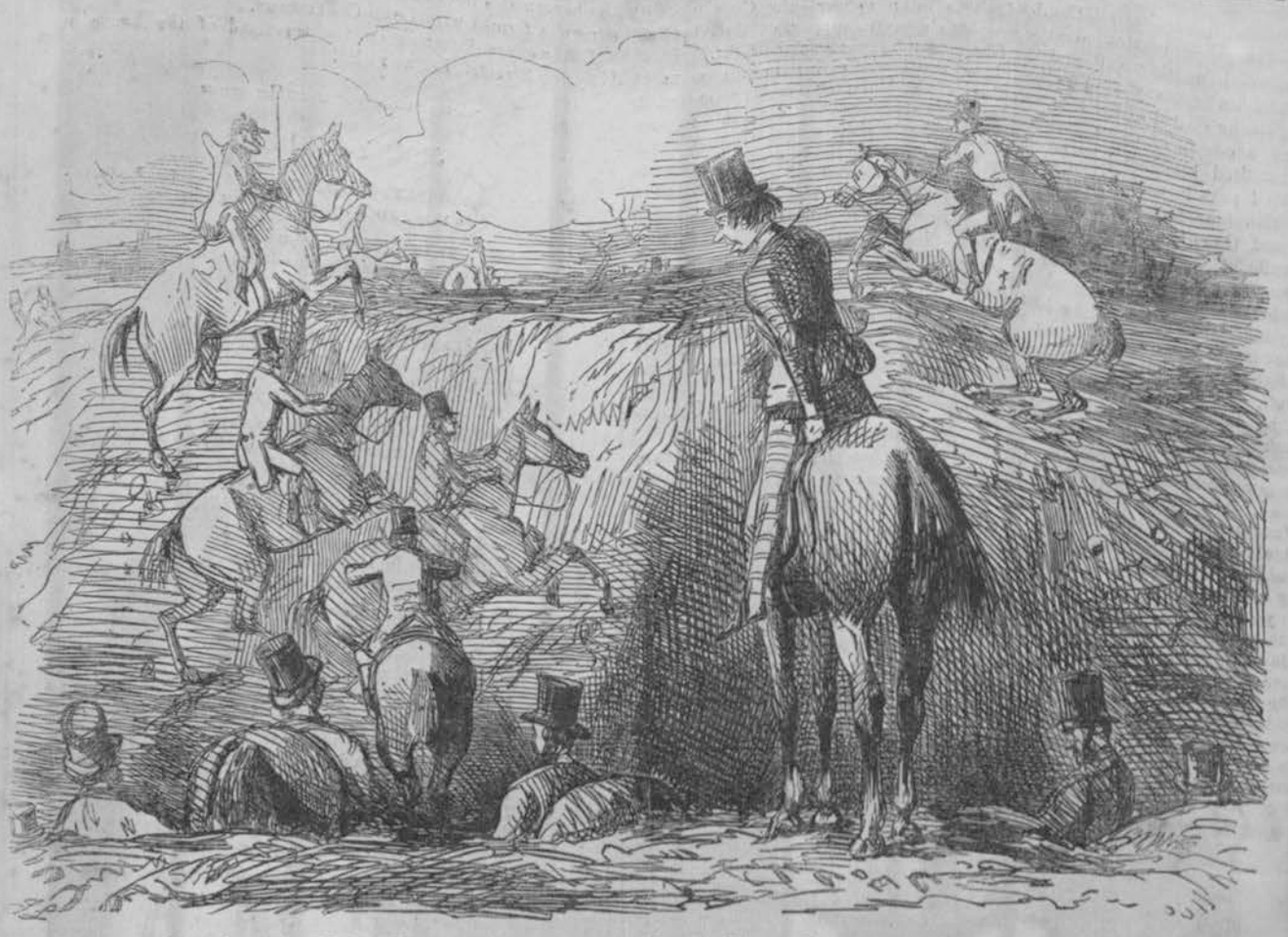
The Opera triumphs! LUMLEY brave,
Thy bacon thou shalt more than save;
Wave, London, all thy 'kerchiefs wave,
And cheer with all thy chivalry.

'Tis night; and still yon star doth run;
But all in vain for treasurer DUNN,
And MR. HUGHES, and Poet BUNN,
And quadrupeds, and company.

For Sweden's Nightingale, so sweet,
Their fellowship had been unmeet,
The sawdust underneath whose feet
Hath been the Drama's sepulchre.

Napoleon's Soup Tureen.

WE have seen this article advertised for sale as an "unredeemed pledge." We have searched in vain through all the biographies of the illustrious BUONAPARTE, without finding anything to justify the supposition that he ever took his soup tureen to the pawnbroker. NAPOLEON never shrunk from a cluster of cannon-balls, but the sign of the three does not seem to have been a resort to which necessity ever drove him.



Gentleman from Town (loq.) "OH, IF THIS IS ONE OF THE LITTLE PLACES CHARLEY SPOKE OF, I SHALL GO BACK."

CURIOSITIES OF (ADVERTISING) LITERATURE.

THE advertising literature of the day certainly demands a DISRAELI—the Elder—to embalm its numerous curiosities. The *Times* has, within even the last week, teemed with some of the choicest specimens of interesting and amusing matter, describing the wants, the offers, and the achievements of our fellow-creatures.

In the first place, we find that "a man and his wife are wanted—the man to be acquainted with the lineage and movements of the aristocracy," while the woman will be "required to clean the offices." We need not remark on the dreadfully ill-assorted match that is presumed to have been made by the parties sought for in this advertisement—a husband "acquainted with the lineage and movements of the aristocracy," (and of course, therefore, living intimately with them in their lofty circle,) with a wife who "will be required to clean the offices;" the man a confirmed and successful tuft-hunter—the woman an active searcher after cobwebs.

There are so many badly-matched couples in the world, that we should not be surprised if the man on intimate terms with the aristocracy, and his charwoman of a wife, should be speedily forthcoming. The husband's gay society out of doors is so perfectly compatible with the domestic drudgery of the wife at home, and the sort of union so often exists, that we are perhaps wrong in classing this case under the head of Curiosities of Advertising Literature.

The next specimen, however, comes fairly under this denomination; for it comprises the offer of a lady to dye hair permanently either brown, light brown, auburn, or black, and to show her own hair as a pattern of every one of these colours. This lady of the rainbow tresses must indeed be an interesting phenomenon, with her beautifully-variegated head of hair decked in parti-colours, like the dress of a harlequin. There is something extraordinary in the devotion she shows to her art, in cultivating half-a-dozen different patches of an equal number of hues on her head, and being willing to exhibit the absurdity as a specimen of her talents. Nothing but dire necessity can, we fear, have suggested such a sacrifice. We should think that, in the slack season, her exhibition of herself as the piebald lady, at sixpence the head, would prove a considerable source of revenue.

The next literary curiosity, culled from the advertising columns, is the announcement of the United Dentists' Tooth Powder. There is something rare in the fact of the dentists having forgotten all professional jealousy, in order to rally round one particular dentrifice. The United Dentists are, we know, not by any means united on general matters; but here is a dentrifice which has provided them with a sort of more than neutral ground, where they may be not simply forgetful of hostility, but positively harmonious. Had the specific been a mineral cement, we should not have wondered so much at its bringing them together; but there is something astounding in the union effected by mere Tooth Powder.

One more curiosity, and we have done. An auctioneering firm has advertised the sale of the "library of a gentleman in good condition." One naturally inquires what the condition of the gentleman can have to do with the sale of his library. Perhaps the fact is stated to show that the gentleman is not so out of condition—so thoroughly done up—as to be forced to sell his library. Nevertheless, as the name is not published, the caution appears somewhat superfluous.

Null and Void.

ONE of the securities that was offered by England for the loan advanced by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA was Ireland. The Emperor instantly declined the bargain upon any such terms, for he declared with great warmth that it was preposterous to suppose there was the slightest security in Ireland.

THE RUSSIAN VAN AMBURGH TAMING THE BRITISH LION;

SHOWING THE POWER OF AN EMPEROR'S GOLD.

THE HOOP AND "CAT" NUISANCE.

STREET NUISANCES—TIP-CAT AND IRON HOOPS.

"YOUTH is the time for enjoyment," says the sage, who was a great fool for his pains, in encouraging those juvenile sports which "sages" are sure to find dreadfully inconvenient. Far be it from us, however, to check the exuberance of youthful gaiety, to seize the hoopstick from the hand of early playfulness, or emancipate the (wooden) cat from the grasp of boyish buoyancy. Nevertheless, we think that in the public streets the pastimes of the young ought not to be allowed to endanger the shins of the aged, nor ought the iron hoop of infancy to be permitted to trundle between the decrepid legs of tottering longevity. "Crabbed age" may well earn its epithet when a wooden missile, technically called a cat, springs up into the eye moistened with the tears of old associations, or knocks off the wig, respectable through having been paid for, from the pole venerable, through having not a bit of hair upon it.

Our own feelings will not let us interfere; but the street-keeper is not under this sentimental restraint, and in his hands therefore we leave the matter.

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS.—MISS FLUKE IN FULL BRIDAL DRESS.

REMEMBERING that spasm of the heart as the door opened, we think with moderated admiration of the valour that takes a man clean up to artillery. For resolutely jumping from our natural timidity, we are sure of it, we caught a sublimer heroism than ever yet surprised the early soldier, one moment pusillanimously sick at heart, and—(the cannon thunder)—and the next the aforesaid heart burning with the blood of dragons. For—in all sobriety we ask it—what, what is a park of artillery, what twenty guns conscientiously loaded to the muzzle, to twenty young ladies charged to the mouth with the Marriage Service?

There are men—brave, fragmentary men—at Chelsea and Greenwich, who would wince at the question; would heavily shake the head at the very provocation of the comparison.

And therefore we took the liberty of crowning ourselves with a chaplet of immortal greenness when we found that we had conquered the craven within us; and stood, with only here and there a nerve vibrating—like harp-strings touched by beauty's fingers—stood, receiving the fire of forty eyes, levelled at point wedlock.

And then the hero melted in the man! Two minutes, and we had subsided from the audacity that confronted the danger, to softest, humblest admiration. We felt that we stood in the presence of twenty of the future wives of England, and our spirit bowed to them as to creatures sent into the world to make it habitable for men. What love, what tenderness, what capacity in those twenty bright ones to make this otherwise cold, bleak, dirty, sloppy world warm, and trim, and snug to man as a ring-dove's nest! Such were our harmonious thoughts—such the music that broke in our brain. And then we looked into their eyes; and then we thought—"Sweet little things! If they only knew their strength! But then, they never do!"

We say it, there were twenty marriageable young ladies all in a row. Twenty young ladies; the meanest of the twenty beautiful; the others by most delicate gradation sublimating to the angelical.

(Now it is with some confusion we confess that, in the way of description, this is all we can do for these young women. We have—as we promised—dived souse into our ink-bottle, and have despairingly groped about for every imaginable beauty;—but no; after an hour we rise to the surface, with nothing but the head ache. And yet what fairy treasures, what immortal jewels lie at the bottom of that Black Sea, and a man only knew how and where to dip for them!)

"Where is MISS FLUKE?" cried MISS GRIFFIN, with a cold, edgy voice; and no young lady would take it upon herself to answer. In a moment, we had counted the class: there were but nineteen. "Where is MISS FLUKE?" repeated MISS GRIFFIN; and, we could see it, CARRAWAYS shrank at the query as from an east wind.

At the moment the door swung open. "Here, ma'am!" cried MISS FLUKE, and that young lady bounded into the room as a kid would jump a rivulet.

MISS GRIFFIN drew herself up as though determined never to come down again. "Why, what mockery is this?"

"Mockery, ma'am!" cried MISS FLUKE, as though she ran all the syllables into one. "What mockery, ma'am?"

We may here make it known that MISS FLUKE, being the last comer, had never before attended the Marriage-Service Class. But that young lady possessed an earnestness of disposition that at once carried her into the very heart of a subject; her treatment of Veal Stuffing, before lamented by MISS GRIFFIN, always excepted. Hence, the pupil had determined to do all honour to the tuition of MR. TAMERLANE CORKS, and to appear in the fullest bridal dress that her wardrobe rendered possible. She wore a white satin gown or slip: (though why a gown should ever be confounded with a slip we cannot discover). And over this gown was another gown of lace. She had a veil, hanging in white clouds about her like a fairy in a pantomime; and tenderly clasping her head—and seeming very comfortable there—was a wreath of orange flowers. Indeed, if we except a certain audacity of sparkle in her eye, MISS FLUKE looked a bride to the life—to the tenderest and warmest life.

"MISS FLUKE," said MISS GRIFFIN, a little confounded by the saucy, rebellious demeanour of her pupil—who, with the prettiest affectation of awe, stood with her red lips wide open, and her swimming eyes as fixed as they could be, for the laughter that was breaking in them, staring at her awful governess—"MISS FLUKE, I should very much wish to know where you expect to go to?"

"To the altar, ma'am," snapped MISS FLUKE, as though she had anticipated the question.

"To the altar!" echoed MISS GRIFFIN; and then she raised her eyes to the ceiling, and, as though soliloquising, solemnly ejaculated, "Poor man—whoever he is!"

"Isn't this the sort of dress, ma'am?" asked the sparkling, unabashed MISS FLUKE. "Except the diamonds, and that the lace isn't real Valenciennes, I'm sure I've made it all up from a wedding at St. George's, in the *Morning Post*. The bride fainted, ma'am."

"And do you read newspapers, MISS FLUKE?" asked MR. CORKS, in his deep and dulcet tones.

"Yes; I like the politics—I don't care for anything else," answered FLUKE.

"Politics!" whooped CORKS.

"Yes, you know: the births, deaths, and marriages. Wouldn't give a pin for anything else," repeated the pupil.

Here MISS GRIFFIN instantly armed herself with her worst of terrors. Nobody could know what she suffered to threaten such a penalty; but, certainly, MISS FLUKE—unless she compassed complete and immediate amendment—would be ignominiously expelled from Capsicum House. And what would *then* become of her?

MISS FLUKE bore the threat with the hardihood of a confirmed criminal; for she merely brushed out her flounces with her hand, gave a twitch to her orange wreath, as though to tighten it for the ceremony, and slightly bent back her shoulders with an expression of energy and self-decision. Her whole manner said—"Let us to marriage, directly." It was clear that MISS GRIFFIN was a little appalled by the demeanour of her latest and youngest pupil; and, in momentary helplessness, turned her gaze upon MR. CORKS. That worthy man immediately lightened the dilemma. He put on his gayest look, and spoke in his most cherished falsetto.

"After all, madam," the young lady may have only responded to the promptings of her genius," said CORKS.

"Genius!" cried MISS GRIFFIN; and she shuddered, as though she had been entrapped into a forbidden expression.

"Some actors always play better after a dress rehearsal. There is a—a what is it?—a metaphysical connexion between the spangles of the wardrobe and the—the poetry of the dramatist. The brain, my dear madam, the brain feels drest when the body is characteristically habited. A wonderful piece of work is man, as the Great Creature says. I can say it, I never felt the true colour of a part until I had the rouge on."

"You!" cried MISS GRIFFIN, with piercing emphasis, and vehemently winking at the same moment.

"As my friend JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE once observed," was the adroit amendment of MR. CORKS. "And therefore MISS FLUKE may feel that the orange-flowers, and the lace, and all the bridal appointments may make the illusion of marriage more complete. Is it not so, my dear young lady?"

MISS FLUKE was about to answer; but MISS GRIFFIN rapidly lifted her hand edgewise, as though ready to chop in two any sentence that her audacious pupil might dare to venture. It was very extraordinary—MISS FLUKE was silent.

"And now, my dear madam,"—and CORKS sounded the words like a ring of bells—"now, shall we go on with the Marriage Service?" As MR. CORKS said this, he smiled very widely, and one eye half slumbered, half winked on the cheek of MISS GRIFFIN; who, all unconsciously to match the smile that opened the mouth of CORKS, smiled very widely herself.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried the sharp-eyed MISS FLUKE, laughing in every bone of her body.

"How dare you laugh?" exclaimed MISS GRIFFIN, and her cheek tingled with blood as with a nettle—"Is there to be no propriety, MISS FLUKE? What *are* you laughing at?"

"Please, ma'am," answered MISS FLUKE, laughter still bubbling from her, "please, ma'am, it's MISS PALMER tickling me."

MISS PALMER—FLUKE'S next companion—a fair, quiet girl of nineteen, with flaxen hair and blue china eyes, looked wonderingly at MISS FLUKE, and was preparing herself to meekly deny the imputation, when FLUKE, sharply nodding her head, said—"You know you did, dear; but never mind."

MISS GRIFFIN looked hopelessly upon her youngest pupil; and then, with suppressed desperation, and something like a ghastly smile, said to MR. CORKS—"It's no use; we had better go on with the Marriage Service. That *may* tame her."

Then there was a rustling sound, as the twenty pupils smoothed themselves and took close order; and we had seen enough of MISS FLUKE to feel assured, from her busy expression of face, that,

come what might, she was determined to distinguish herself. She had not endued her person with white satin, lace, and orange-flowers for nothing.

"It is not to be forgotten, ladies," said MISS GRIFFIN, with a practised air, "that, according to the most authentic returns, the population of the world is—is—it's very odd; but what is it, exactly, MR. CORKS?"

"The learned MR. PINNOCK"—said CORKS, in thorough bass, to give weight to the authority—"MR. PINNOCK, who was a patient man, and had doubtless counted heads, says eight hundred millions."

"I should say"—observed MISS FLUKE, desolately ignorant of political economy—"I should say, the more the merrier." MISS GRIFFIN would not hear the rebel, so CORKS proceeded.

"Eight hundred millions. And it is one of the many gratifying instances of the wisdom of Nature—divine goddess!—that of the millions that are every year born the numbers are equal; when I say equal, I mean so many million little boys to so many million little girls."

"That's nice!" cried MISS FLUKE.

"Nice!" shouted MISS GRIFFIN.

"I mean, ma'am, it's just as it should be," said MISS FLUKE, a little confidently.

And MISS GRIFFIN could not deny it.

A DISPUTED GENEALOGY.

"*Tugglesham Rectory, May* 5, 1847.

"SIR,

"MY family's means are limited, and we cannot buy a Peerage every year: but our own name is to be found in that volume, (see Knightage, page 976.—TUGGLES, SIR T.,) and we are interested of course in every other member of the aristocracy of the greatest country in the world.

"Not being in a position to purchase every new edition of our favourite work as it appears, I have caused an interleaved peerage to be constructed, in which it is the custom of my wife and daughters to enter, in manuscript, those changes which death or marriage may cause—are daily causing—in the ranks of the patricians of the realm.

"Yesterday MRS. TUGGLES brought me the following extract from our paper, which I confess has puzzled our family circle:—

"'On the 21st inst., at Bathwick Church, Bath, (by the REV. HENRY ROGERS, Rector of All Saints, Bristol,) LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ROBERT GYLL, late of the 15th King's Hussars, and Guard Yeoman of the Guards to his Majesty William IV., youngest son of LADY HARRIET FLEMYNG, only daughter of HAMMILTON FLEMYNG, ninth EARL OF WIGTON, and CAPTAIN WILLIAM GYLL, of the 2nd Life Guards, First Equerry to HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, only son of ALDERMAN GYLL, of the city of London, Yeovenny House, Middlesex, and Wraysbury House, Bucks; to JANE PRICE THOMASON, widow of HENRY BYFIELD THOMASON, Esq., of Peachfield, county of Worcester, only son of SIR EDWARD and LADY THOMASON, of Great Pulteney Street, Bath, and youngest daughter of SIR JOHN and LADY PINHORN, of Vingswood Park, Isle of Wight. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom returned to LADY THOMASON'S to a select breakfast, prepared for the occasion, when the happy pair left for Gloucestershire.'

"That the respected bride and bridegroom should return to a select breakfast prepared for the occasion when they left Gloucestershire, I can understand. At my own union with MRS. TUGGLES, her mother-in-law, MRS. CAPTAIN RAM, gave a morning banquet, for which she sent me in the bill, so that I well understand the cost and nature of those entertainments.

"But it is to the genealogical part of this hymeneal announcement to which I would at present refer. Are we, sir, to conclude—

"1st. That his late Majesty, WILLIAM IV., was the only son of LADY HARRIET FLEMYNG;

"2nd. That LADY HARRIET was only daughter of HAMMILTON FLEMYNG and CAPTAIN WILLIAM GYLL of the 2nd Life-Guards;

"3rd. That CAPTAIN GYLL was first equerry to the DUKE OF SUSSEX, who was the only son of ALDERMAN GYLL of London; and—

"4th. That H. B. THOMASON, Esq., was at once the only son of

Sir E. and Lady Thomason, and the youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Pinhorn?

"What, sir, I ask, are we to conclude from these astonishing statements? If true, they strike at the roots of every genealogical tree in the kingdom; if incorrect, they are likely wofully to mislead many a family of that aristocracy which I educate, and of which I am proud to write myself a member.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Brian Tuggles Tuggles.

"*To the Editor of the* Patrician, *London.*"

"OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT."

onoured Punch,

"The Ural Mountains and Siberia are—I have it upon the best authority—occasioning very great anxiety at this moment to several European Courts. The Emperor Nicholas, who has his own luck and the proverbial good fortune of another individual, is the proprietor of these Ural and Siberian regions, and is thereby placed in possession of ready cash sufficient to pay money down for the rest of the habitable globe. The Ural rivers run with gold; and gold as big as a Cossack's head is dug up in lumps, plentiful as potatoes, by the Polish patriots doomed to Siberia. This circumstance, as you may suppose, has given Lord Palmerston great uneasiness, and—I have it from a distinguished door-keeper—a Cabinet Council was held upon the subject yesterday at Buckingham Palace. The Council sat so long that Her Majesty insisted upon sending in a bottle of sherry and some Westphalia sandwiches to her exhausted Ministers. This little trait on the part of the Queen is—it must be confessed—worthy of the best times of English hospitality.

"It appears—(you will be the first to publish the secret)—that Nicholas, wishing to make a profitable investment of some of his surplus gold, has sent in a tender, offering to purchase the whole of Ireland of the mercenary Saxon. I have heard the precise sum named; but it would be premature to mention it. When, however, I inform you that a celebrated architect has been ordered to inspect the Bank cellars with a view to their enlargement, some idea may be entertained of the amount of bullion to be paid down.

"Lord Palmerston—this I *know*—will not consent to the sale of Ireland, and, it is thought, will quit the Cabinet upon the question; for Lords Russell and Grey insist upon the measure, as the means of putting England into ready money. Between ourselves, a receipt stamp, to legalise the transaction, is now in preparation at Somerset House.

"Who could have thought that 'the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea' would have ever been worn at once in the buttonhole and crown of the Emperor of Russia? This will be a great triumph to the Young Ireland party, relieved as they will be from the oppressive, inhuman, atrocious, bloodthirsty (forgive my feelings, but I write as a juvenile Irishman), avaricious, contemptible, disgusting yoke of the infamous Saxon! The Russian dove will bring the olive to the shores of Erin, and the amiable Cossack water his steed on the brink of the Liffy!

"The Emperor Nicholas has also made a very handsome offer to Louis-Philippe to purchase France; but His Majesty holds out for higher terms. Portugal, and subsequently Spain, will in due time pass to the Emperor as very cheap penn'orths. Your readers will doubtless be surprised at this intelligence; but all I can say is, if any iota of it is incorrect, blame *me.*"

"Jenny Lind has made a great sensation. She can run to Q, descending to X flat. The Queen was present on Jenny's appearance; and after the first act, sent round to her a splendid nightingale, hatched at Storr and Mortimer's—the body of chased dead gold, with diamond eyes, ruby bill, and emerald claws. Jenny appeared in the second act with the trinket in her hair, and curtseyed very significantly to the royal box."

"There is at present a great rage for amateur theatricals. A play is to be got up in the course of the month at Exeter Hall, for the purpose of obtaining funds to whitewash St. Paul's. It is a gratifying fact, that the existence of the cause has brought together, in perfect harmony, gentlemen of opposite principles. I am fortunately enabled to transmit you the names of a few of the actors. For instance, there are Sir R. H. Inglis, Mr. Bright, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Disraeli, Sir Andrew Agnew, and the Poet Bunn. Colonel Sibthorpe refuses to act, but has consented to sing *Hot Codlins* between the play and the farce. I have not yet heard the names of the pieces, inasmuch as they are not yet fixed."

"Your London Correspondent."

The National Shipbreakers.

We think the Admiralty, instead of giving their ships frightful classical names, which the sailors can never pronounce, and which mean nothing, might christen them in such an intelligible manner that their future destination and glorious career would be understood at once. For instance, they might call them "*The Piecrust*," "*The Female Promise*," or the "*Lover's Vow*," or "*The Child's Plaything*," and so on, after articles which are generally supposed to be made only to be broken up.

A DRAWN BARGAIN.

The fashion of tailors, pill-makers, quacks, and tradesmen, having their portraits painted for the Academy, in the hopes of the advertisement doing them a deal of good, has led to the practice of artists having two prices;—one in case the picture is accepted, and a much lower one in case it is refused. This has been the cause, however, of a curious dispute.—Mr. Jack Boots, a wealthy bootmaker, called upon his artist, in Brook Street, the other day, to pay for the beautiful full length there is of him in this year's Exhibition.

"But, Mr. Boots," said the astonished A.R.A., "you have made a mistake; you have only given me £40. You must recollect we agreed, if your portrait was accepted, you were to pay me £100."

"Perfectly true," replied the original, who was as oily as his portrait; "but I do not consider my portrait is in the Exhibition at all."

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the indignant artist. "Why here it is!" and he pointed to the very line in the Catalogue.

"Yes, I see, that's the Octagon Room, and for that reason I maintain my portrait has been refused; for I looked all over the place, but couldn't see it anywhere."

Nothing could induce Mr. Jack Boots to add another penny to the £40; and as the case has been put into the hands of Mr. Briefless, the question will soon be tried—whether the Octagon Room, in the light of an advertisement, is to be considered part of the Exhibition.

A READING LAMP FOR THE OCTAGON ROOM.

The Disturber of the Peace of England and Ireland.

Young Ireland has been creating a disturbance for months past, frightening quiet people, and alarming the entire kingdom. It is time now, we think, that he should be taken up, gently reprimanded, and bound over to keep the peace for a twelvemonth; but the only question is, who would be his sureties? The best thing, perhaps the most friendly act to Young Ireland, and the quickest method to restore the riotous young gentleman to reason, would be to put him under confinement for a short period, for we really cannot believe that the young fellow is in his right senses, or he would never have behaved in the mad manner he has been doing lately. It would not be a bad move for the Government to take out a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* against Young Ireland. There is more than sufficient evidence to prove how incapable he is to manage his affairs. If the commission is granted, we ask as a particular favour to be the counsel engaged on that occasion. What a case we would make out for the Jury!

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.

We cannot see why the same people who uphold Smithfield as "one of our Constitutional 'Bull-walks,'" should be the opposers of the Sanitary Regulations. Why should they object to the town being "washed," if they approve of the inhabitants being "mangled?"

THE NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

EVERY day's experience proves the important fact, that the new House of Lords is built in such fearful defiance of acoustic principles, that hearing has become a very difficult operation, instead of—as it used to be when nonsense was being talked—a very painful one. Some of the finest bursts of oratory are now doomed to become lost in the regions of space; for there is something in the construction of the building that macadamises sentences the moment they are uttered, breaking them up into little bits, and frittering them away in the fret-work of the mediæval tracery of the ceiling. If a peer raises his voice to its highest pitch, it is ten to one that his nominative case will find its way to the clock, his adjective will stick fast in the hangings of the throne, his verb will drop down upon the floor, his accusative will whiz out through the door, and nothing but his vocative will, perhaps, reach the Reporters' Gallery. As it is exceedingly undesirable that so much aristocratic eloquence should be entirely lost, some ingenious individual has it in contemplation to introduce a system of telegraphic signals, by which their Lordships may hold a debate in dumb show or pantomime. The difficulty of making any audible comment upon a speech, as it proceeds, has suggested the use of a variety of gestures, by which it will be possible to indicate the usual emotions that their Lordships are in the habit of expressing.

We furnish a few specimens for immediate use; and if they are found effective, we shall be happy to supply a more elaborate batch for general purposes. A cry of "hear" is one of the most constantly-recurring Parliamentary shouts; and this we propose to express by means of something like the accompanying attitude.

When a member would express doubt and astonishment at the remarks of another, we fancy the purpose would be easily answered by an excessive opening of both eyes, and a raising of the arms with an air of bewilderment.

The different degrees of assent might very well be exhibited by means of the umbrella, with which several of their Lordships go already provided; or, there might be an umbrella-stand for the general use of the House, to which any peer might resort on his wishing to give either a modified or an entire assent to another's proposition. The modified assent could be easily conveyed by holding the umbrella in the manner shown in the illustration; while an entire assent, or perfect opening of the mind to conviction, would require nothing more to give it expression than an unfurling of the *parapluie*, with an *abandon* proper to the sentiment of confidence.

A mere protest of a difference of opinion should be represented as coming from the heart, and a touch of indignation should be adroitly thrown into it. There would be, perhaps, a little of the "more in sorrow than in anger" in the gesture above described; but this is an improvement upon the more offensive mode of protesting that sometimes prevails among their Lordships. Dissent and defiance will perhaps require somewhat more elaborate action, but the mode of expressing the latter is perfectly obvious.

A demand for "order" would be doubtless one of the most constantly-recurring proceedings of the Upper House; and for this we propose to provide by a motion, after the fasion which the annexed engraving indicates.

We trust that some influential peer will bring our code of signals before the attention of their Lordships at the first convenient opportunity, and we have little doubt that the scheme will be adopted with general cheering and loud cries of "Bravo!"

This reminds us that our code of signals comprises none for the expression of this ecstatic delight; and we therefore conclude by offering the drawing annexed, as a design to be followed when wishing to give expression to a loud cry of—"Bravo!"

NEW MUSICAL PRODIGY.

EVERY one is tired of the Ethiopians, and we get so angry as nearly to turn black in the face whenever we hear them mentioned. Something, then, is wanted, of an entirely novel kind, to replace the void which will, we hope, be soon occasioned by the clearance of Ethiopians from the face of the town, upon which they remain at present like a dark spot that has hitherto defied the soap of injudicious praise, and the scrubbing-brush of harsher criticism. We propose, therefore, to effect a cure of the prevailing epidemic by establishing a sort of counter-irritant; and we have therefore invented a species of piano, which can be simultaneously played and danced upon by any infant prodigy who is in want of a job; and as several of them have been for some time out of work, there will be no difficulty in finding one to execute the task for which she is required. Our piano will have its keys elongated and widened to such an extent as to form a sort of stage or platform, upon which the prodigy will execute a *solo*, combining a dance and its appropriate accompaniment in the same movement.

The prodigies already performed by the fingers will be arranged for the toes, and some of the most difficult pieces of HERZ will afford ample opportunity for that activity of caper and energy of *entrechat* that the *danseuses* of the present day are so anxious to cultivate. For the benefit of the classical *virtuosi*, who love to be lulled to sleep by bits of SEBASTIAN BACH, there can be performances arranged to include selections from his fine old lugubrious Op. 86—a title suggestive of the most vigorous imagination and large clusters of masterly masses of huge scholarship. How the admirers of the Razumousky quartette in F, which sent the Musical Union into fits of passionate ecstasy lately, with its graphic bit of contrapuntal colouring in A, ten flats—how would these *dilettanti* enjoy this composition, danced deliciously off the piano we have invented! We beg leave to warn the world that we claim this invention as our own patent. It is true we do not yet know how the instrument is to be made; but the idea is ours, and if any one dares to make use of it, we will bring down upon him the power of an injunction, and the just indignation of the Right Honourable LORD COTTENHAM.

Europe's Uncle.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, in the kindest spirit, is lending money to every country whose affairs happen to be in an embarrassed state. We advise his Russian Majesty (if it is necessary to advise one who knows how to look after his own interest) to hang out in front of his palace at St. Petersburgh the emblem of his new profession—the three balls—and to write up the usual inscription, "MONEY ADVANCED TO ANY AMOUNT." We should excessively like to see one of the imperial tickets, but we suppose we shall be able to buy up one shortly for a very small figure at DERENHAM'S sales of "Unredeemed Pledges."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, MAY 15th, 1847.

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARRIAGE-SERVICE CLASS, CONCLUDED.—"I WILL."

Miss Fluke pinched meek Miss Palmer, and then whispered her to be quiet. Miss Griffin, looking down the line of girls, but loftily avoiding the eye of Miss Fluke, proceeded:—

"Now, it is particularly necessary, young ladies, that the population tables of the world should enter into your most serious thoughts. Every young woman, apt to marry"—

"'Apt,' is a very good phrase—a sweetly veiléd word," said the accentuating Corks, ringing his silvery notes upon the syllables.

Miss Griffin drooped her eyelids, smiled, jutted a little curtsey, and went on. "Every young woman apt to marry is to consider—to speak familiarly—the state of the market. Thus, before she gives away her hand, she is to remember the millions of husbands there are to pick and choose from. If ever there was a mistake in the world—if ever there was an alarming error, most injurious to the peace of respectable families—it is the Pagan superstition that people were made for one another; that they came into the world paired like pigeons, or like"—

"Hooks-and-eyes," said Miss Fluke, coming to the rescue, as Miss Griffin paused.

"Will you take my words when they're *out* of my mouth, Miss Fluke, and not before?" said the governess, very freezingly. "It is this dark mistake, ladies, that tends to enslave us. Out of our very ignorance," cried Miss Griffin, vivaciously, "do we forge our own fetters."

"Beau-ti-ful!" exclaimed Corks, applauding with the tips of his fingers; "and *so* true!"

Miss Griffin, slightly flushed with the plaudits, continued. "It is this alarming bigotry that makes thousands of young women throw themselves away every year."

"Could we come at the returns," groaned Corks, from his cavernous chest, "they would doubtless be tremendous."

"It is this benighted belief in women, that the first man who asks her for her hand is the very man sent on purpose into the world to put the question, that leaves her, so to speak, no power over herself. Poor darkened thing! She immediately thinks her time is come, and so, at the first question, rounds her lips like a wedding-ring, and says—'Yes!' Lamentable superstition!" sighed Miss Griffin.

"Strange infatuation!" groaned Mr. Corks.

"Now, this sad mistake arises from our defective education. The whole mischief,"—said Miss Griffin, emphatically—"lies in this little nutshell—We women don't think enough of ourselves."

"Oh, don't we!" cried Miss Fluke, jumping up, and coming down upon her toes.

The governess would *not* notice her pupil, but turned for comfort to Mr. Corks. "You don't, madam," said the Professor of Intonation; and we felt that, at least, an affirmative bow was required of ourselves. We paid it.

"Now, suffer me, ladies, to give you a moral and an example," said Miss Griffin. Here the pupils were very attentive. "I will suppose all of you, what is usually called, settled in life—as if a poor woman's life ever *was* settled!—But no matter. You want to purchase a pine-apple—the very best pine-apple—for a certain dessert. You ride or walk, as the husband may be, to Covent Garden Market. Well, the very first pine-apple you behold may be a very beautiful pine, indeed; nevertheless, you don't immediately buy it. Now, it should be with husbands as with pine-apples. Listen. You don't, I say, directly purchase the first pine; but you take a turn round the market, resolving, should you meet with no better bargain, to return to the first pine again."

"That 's all very well," rattled Miss Fluke—for her words seemed fighting with one another—"That 's all very well; but suppose, in the meantime, somebody else should come and take that very pine-apple away?"

Miss Griffin swelled in silence. She then burst into speech: "Miss Fluke, I don't know that we are safe under the same roof with you—I don't. For your effrontery is enough to set the house on fire."

Here gentle Miss Palmer ventured to twitch Miss Fluke's frock, and whisper—"Don't, love; you 'll make her so angry." This advice was confidentially and pleasantly acknowledged by a movement of Miss Fluke's elbow.

"Ladies," said Miss Griffin, "you know what I mean." And this liberal assumption, as in so many daily cases, saved a world of inquiry. "We now return to the population tables. Eight hundred millions, I believe, Mr. Corks?"—the Professor bowed. "Well, we 'll say we are half; that leaves four hundred to you. Four hundred millions. Half of them, we 'll say, are already married; that leaves us two hundred millions. Half of this number we must deduct for the aged and the youthful, the too old and the too young; which leaves us exactly one hundred millions of eligible men to marry with."

"One hundred millions!" cried several of the girls, with staring looks.

"How very curious!" half whispered the timid Miss Palmer.

"How very satisfactory!" exclaimed the bold Miss Pebbles.

"Never forget the number, ladies. The memory of it will be as an armour and a stay to you. Never forget it,—there are," said Miss Griffin, taking breath, "one hundred millions of eligible husbands. Perhaps more, Mr. Corks?"

"No doubt, ma'am," said Corks; "no doubt. In so vast a calculation—and permit me to say that you have certainly the finest mathematical head since Sappho—in so vast a calculation, what are a few millions of people, more or less, to play with? One hundred millions of husbands!"

"Is that counting blackamoors and cannibals?" cried the exact Miss Fluke; "or are they to go for nothing?"

"Go for nothing! Do you call yourself a Christian?" cried Miss Griffin, not knowing exactly what accusing question to put. And then she turned to the Professor. "Let us, if we can, proceed; but there 's no supporting a theory with *that* girl in the room."

"As all that we wish to arrive at in this class," said Mr. Corks, addressing himself to ourselves, "is the proper intonation of the two tremendous words 'I Will'"—

"It is the proper utterance of these words, sir," said Miss Griffin solemnly, now looking at us, and now along her line of pupils, "that once and for all fixes the position of the wife. In her pronunciation—I beg your pardon, Mr. Corks—in her intonation of those two words lies the fate of her future existence. It is impossible to overrate the value of those two astounding syllables. A woman should, at that moment, throw her whole character into them. If ever a man is softened—and, I confess it, I am ready to support any theory to the contrary"—

"Dear Madam," warbled Corks, in deprecation.

"Oh, I am," cried Miss Griffin with a little, hurried laugh. "If he is ever softened, it is at the marriage minute; and that is the time for the wife to make the impression. Thus, sir—for as I 've said before, I quite think you one of us—thus all the discipline of our present class is to arrive at the triumphant intonation of that short reply, 'I Will!'"

"Very true," we observed, breaking a long silence. "Very true. The words themselves arn't much; but it 's what they convey."

"That 's it, sir; that 's precisely it. Can't you understand the possibility of a situation where even a monosyllable properly intonated," said Corks, "may be most sublime? What is '*No!*' '*Yes!*' '*Pooh!*' '*Pshaw!*' In themselves nothing. And yet, sir, I have known an actor—who shall be nameless—who, intonating either one of those syllables, would make it sound"—here Corks slowly descended, word by word, into the depths of his voice—"sound, sir, like the knell of a broken heart!"

"Exactly—that 's it"—said Miss Griffin, and she unconsciously flourished her handkerchief. "However, if you please—now—Mr. Corks."

"Immediately, dear Madam;" and the Professor took his place at the head of the class. It was the first day of meeting since the vacation, and the eldest young lady—as in more likely danger of matrimony—headed the file. "Now, Miss Trimby, if you please—'*Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to*'—but we 'll come at once to the cue" said Corks, "which is—'*so long as ye both shall live?*'"

"'*I will,*'" answered Miss Trimby with the greatest composure.

"My dear young lady," said Corks—"that will not do. Where is your intonation? Pardon me; but you answer '*I will,*' as though you were asked to take a custard, and not a husband."

"Very flat, indeed," said Miss Griffin. "Try her again."

"You see, Miss Trimby—pardon me; but you should seem to have

a sense of the great value of what you bestow—for though only two syllables, you must remember what they give away. Eh, sir?" and Mr. Corks glanced at us.

"True, sir; very true," we said, to give poor Miss Trimby time; "they've a wonderful brevity: it's a pity conveyancers can't adopt it; 'twould save a world of parchment."

"Now, dear young lady. You are to remember the peculiar honour you are about to confer; you are not for an instant to forget that you have in the handsomest manner chosen one happy person from the whole world," said Corks.

"That is, from one hundred millions," chimed in Miss Griffin; "leaving ninety-nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand and ninety-nine men for the one selected and obliged individual standing at the altar." Here Miss Griffin took breath.

"Dear Madam!" cried Corks, "what rapidity of calculation! Oh, what a chair you ought to have filled at Cambridge!"

"Let us proceed," said Miss Griffin, deprecating praise.

"Once more, Miss Trimby. And as you are about to speak, as you are about to answer '*I will*,' you must be good enough in your mind's eye to see the ninety-nine million and—and upwards that you have rejected for the one chosen—and this will give to you an elevation of mind that will naturally impart the proper intonation of utterance. That '*I will*' ought to be struck—I should say—like two silver rivets through the husband's heart, fixing it for ever."

"Beautiful!" said Miss Griffin, rather loudly to herself.

"You will receive the cue again, if you please," said Corks. "Now then,—'*as ye both shall live?*'"

Miss Trimby, a little abashed, hesitated; whereupon, "*I will!*" like two roasted chesnuts popped from the mouth of Miss Fluke.

"*You will!*" exclaimed Miss Griffin, vehemently; and then she moderated her passion. "But I should hope—never!"

"Dear Madam," said the pacificator Corks to Miss Griffin, "I can see it; Miss Trimby is a little fluttered. Will you be kind enough to re-assure her? Will you assist her to make the response? Carraways will give the cue."

Miss Griffin meekly assented, Mr. Corks standing up as bridegroom. Carraways put the question, and Miss Griffin, tolling the words like any bell, answered "*I will.*"

Miss Fluke danced round and round, clapt her hands, and, stifling with laughter, flew from the room.

A RUSSIAN PRODIGY.

Our Russian Correspondent informs us there is at present existing in Russia, unless he has very recently been cut off by the thrush or the measles, one of the most extraordinary human curiosities under the sun.

The individual in question is a Colonel of Dragoons. He does not stand twelve inches high; in fact, he does not stand at all; although, from top to toe, he measures about a foot, or one-sixth of the average stature of the Dragoon. Although placed at the head of a regiment, he has never yet been known to give the word of command; his speech consisting of sounds which are wholly inarticulate. The Colonel is a very great favourite with the ladies, although he pays them no manner of attentions; and they pronounce him handsome, though his features are so indistinct that it is impossible to describe the shape of his nose, or to say, with any certainty, of what particular colour his eyes are. Besides, albeit that his head is almost bald, there is not on his lip the least vestige of a moustache, nor on his cheek the slightest trace of a whisker.

The brave will sometimes shed tears; but this officer is subject to paroxysms of weeping so frequent as to be extraordinary for a Colonel of Dragoons, and his grief is more noisy than that usually evinced by the soldier. Military men are often wont to drown their sorrows in drink; but those of our Colonel are most readily assuaged by food, although it is said he sometimes finds a solace in the bottle.

The Colonel's habits are as extraordinary as his person. He has never yet been known to go to bed, although he sleeps several times a day—taking his rest, like an old campaigner, when and where he can. It is always necessary to carry him to his couch; yet he has never been known to be intoxicated. He has seen no service but that of a domestic nature; nevertheless, he is almost constantly in arms: however, he has frequently smelt powder, the odour of which is to his nostrils as that of the violet. It is also reported that he has received a wound in the arm, at the hand of a vaccine lancer. Although not a veteran, he is quite toothless, and consequently cannot take animal food, but is obliged to feed either by suction or upon spoon-diet. His uniform is a cap and a sash, with Imperial purple and cambric facings. It is, indeed, one peculiar to the Infantry, in which corps, strange to say, he ranks, notwithstanding that he is a Colonel of Dragoons.

In confirmation of the above particulars, we refer the reader to the *Morning Post* of the 12th inst., which states that—

"The Emperor of Russia has nominated his last-born grandson, the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrowitch, to the command of the regiment of Dragoons of the Guard."

We trust that our friend Nicholas will officer all his forces in a similar manner, and that henceforth the world will hear nothing of the Russian artillery but the rattle.

Punch's Ode to the Swedish Nightingale.

Jenny, before thy feet the dust I munch;
Despise me not, although there grows
Between my shoulders a prodigious hunch;
Because I have a crooked nose,
And in a head of monstrous size,
Carry a pair of goggle eyes;—
Yes, Jenny, thou hast fairly vanquish'd *Punch*.

Full many are the warblers I have heard,
Whose song has won my approbation;
But still it always seemed to me absurd
To pay them aught like adoration;
For I esteem'd that it would be
Unworthy of my dignity
By that extreme emotion to be stirr'd.

But, Jenny Lind, I candidly avow
Thou hast bereft me of my wits;
Before thee I am not ashamed to bow.
What sparrows, wagtails, and tomtits,
To thee, sweet Nightingale of Sweden,
Meet songstress for the bowers of Eden,
Compared, appear all other song-birds now!

It is not, Jenny, for thy peerless art
That I adore thee—for the sake
Of sweetest pleasure which thy tones impart,
Or wondrous quaver, trill, or shake,
Nor yet because, with vocal strength,
Thou hold'st a note of certain length:
It is because thou singest to the heart.

And further, why thou charm'st this heart of wood,
Delightful Jenny, wouldst thou know?
Because thou look'st so gentle and so good,
And all accounts declare thee so;
Thy acting shows a sense of duty,
An earnest love of truth and beauty,
An aim to make thine author understood.

To thee should Genius, burning to outpour
Its lofty soul in song, intrust
Its inspirations; and once more
The mighty masters, laid in dust,
On earth appear; and Beethoven,
Mozart, and Weber, come again,
And task for thee their spirits' richest lore.

Not oft I give a sentimental squeak,
Nor deal in homage; but thou hast,
Fair maid, drawn wooden tears down *Punch's* cheek,
And that is an achievement vast:
Thus, therefore, doth he bare his crown,
And throw him at thy footstool down,
Hoping that thou wilt smile on him this week.

THE CITY MISERS.

The Directors of the Bank may be called philanthropists to a fault—for no men ever had so much at heart the "love of their *species*."

NORTH-AMERICAN BOOK-MEN.

HIS will, doubtless, prove one of the most extraordinary exhibitions ever seen in Europe. The North-American Book-men are natives of Nooyorck; landed in Liverpool by the brig *Whole Hog*, Captain Go-a-head; and will be exhibited for the first time next week at the Royal Institution. They are two men, two women, and a baby—of the Book-men tribe from the Brordweigh; and are the first that, from their unprincipled and thievish habits, could ever be induced to visit a place of civilisation. This opportunity of gratifying the English author, and the student of English letters, has only been obtained by a party of gentlemen (connected with the Literary Fund) who have brought the Book-men to England at an immense outlay of capital, with the Christian view of enlightening the minds of these North-American savages, and if possible, of reclaiming them from their degrading and disgusting habits. On the passage to Europe the baby was born at sea. Now, had the baby (it is a boy) been born in the Brordweigh, there is but little doubt that, bred to the customs of these forlorn Book-men—who do not know another man's property from their own—the poor child would have been as morally lost as its unhappy parents; but there is now every hope that the child will be placed in Paternoster Row, and brought up in the respect of good men's good works.

These people are called Book-men, from their custom of living upon leaves of every kind. Indeed, they will gobble any substance upon which anything can be written or printed; the leaves of the talipot, properly sauced with printer's ink—the bulrush, whereof was made the ancient papyrus, bark, parchment, anything soever that is printed upon—these Book-men will greedily devour. But there must be ink—printer's ink—English ink—enshrining the brains of English authors, their brains, and heart, and blood—to make it particularly palatable to these benighted Book-men, who are sometimes known under the compound name of *Amer-ic-anp-ubl-is-hers*. As an instance of the ravenousness of the tribe for this kind of nutriment, we may inform the reader that the baby of these Book-men lived upon a number of *Dombey and Son*, rolled into something like a sugar-stick, half the voyage.

The following is from a modern author's work on *The North-American Book-men*:—

"Miserable Bookman! Thy hand has been against every one! For generations past thou hast hunted the English author like the beaver or the civet-cat; thou hast followed him like the wild ostrich, and not caring to meet his eye, hast robbed him of many a *Tale*. Depriving the British author of what Nature made his own—(but what the Congress of the freest nation upon airth opinionates he has a just right to be robbed of)—thou hast become cruel, fierce, insolent, and—in short, a nuisance."

(For particulars and habits of these Book-men see reprints of English books).

We are happy to state that several worthy Christians in and about Paternoster Row—with other good men at the West End—evince the greatest interest in the amelioration of the condition of these people; and will spare no pains to teach them the simple lesson of *meum* and *tuum*.

We, moreover, understand that MESSRS. LONGMAN have—with their characteristic benevolence and liberality—offered to take the poor baby Book-man, and bring him up, decently and honestly, in their own house. We trust they will be permitted to do this; otherwise, there is every fear that the child, on returning to Nooyorck, will join the pestilent tribe of *Amer-ic-anp-ubl-is-hers;* a race more brutal than the Cherokees, more ferocious than the Iroquois.

Dreadful Complaint.

THE prevalent complaint, in the City, is that the BANK is labouring under a severe tightness across its money-chest. If something is not speedily done to relieve the old lady, there is no knowing what the consequences will be. TRADE and COMMERCE (who are dependent for their daily support, and are generally fed by the BANK with a gold and silver spoon) are completely paralysed for the want of their usual food. Persons who know their cases the best, declare that TRADE and COMMERCE must certainly die of inanition if the BANK does not immediately give "a little bullion," or something nourishing, just to keep them alive.

THE BATTLE OF THE ARCADE.

THE traveller who has lately perforated the recesses of Exeter Arcade, must have remarked that the southern chain of that interesting pass is thoroughly depopulated. On making inquiry into the circumstances, we have found that the barbarian horde of a brutal bailiff has fallen upon the primitive inhabitants of that peaceful nook, which has been the scene of the most heart-rending and window-smashing struggles.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the dwellers in this secluded fissure of the nook which divides the plains of Catherine and North Wellington, have hitherto led a life of rural indolence; and, indeed, their Arcadian simplicity in taking shops in this Arcade must at once be recognised. The mild and patriarchal beadle had all along exercised a kind of parental despotism over the little family, and they might often be seen, at the close of day, drinking together the beer of urbanity from the pot of social intercourse. One afternoon lately, ere the simple Arcadians had retired to the fastnesses of their respective huts, a savage, armed with a writ, came to spread terror in their hearts, and furniture all over their pavement. The ruffian, aided by another of his unfeeling class, had got a *fi. fa.*, and, with a shout like that of—

"FI FA FO FEE fum,
I smell the goods of an Englishman,"

he pounced upon the "little all" of an artificer of fancy slippers. Wild shrieks instantly rent the air of that little inclosure—the Vaucluse, or Val Chiuso of the British Metropolis. The good old beadle, startled from his post-matutinal dose, was instantly on his legs, and, grasping instinctively his official staff, approached the scene whence the cry of distress had arisen. There he found a table, evidently on its last legs, giving creaks of agony as it was being torn away from the spot; while its affectionate owner, folding its flaps to his bosom—like the green leaves of hope—clung to its claws with passionate energy.

From the room above a cruel attempt was being made to let down a sort of sofa; while a frantic voice screamed out, "Ye shall not lay low the ottoman!" The beadle had only time to mutter to himself—"Woman in distress!" before he was at the scene of confusion; and, throwing himself into a majestic attitude, with upraised staff, before the shop-door, his sentiments formed themselves into blank verse without any effort:—

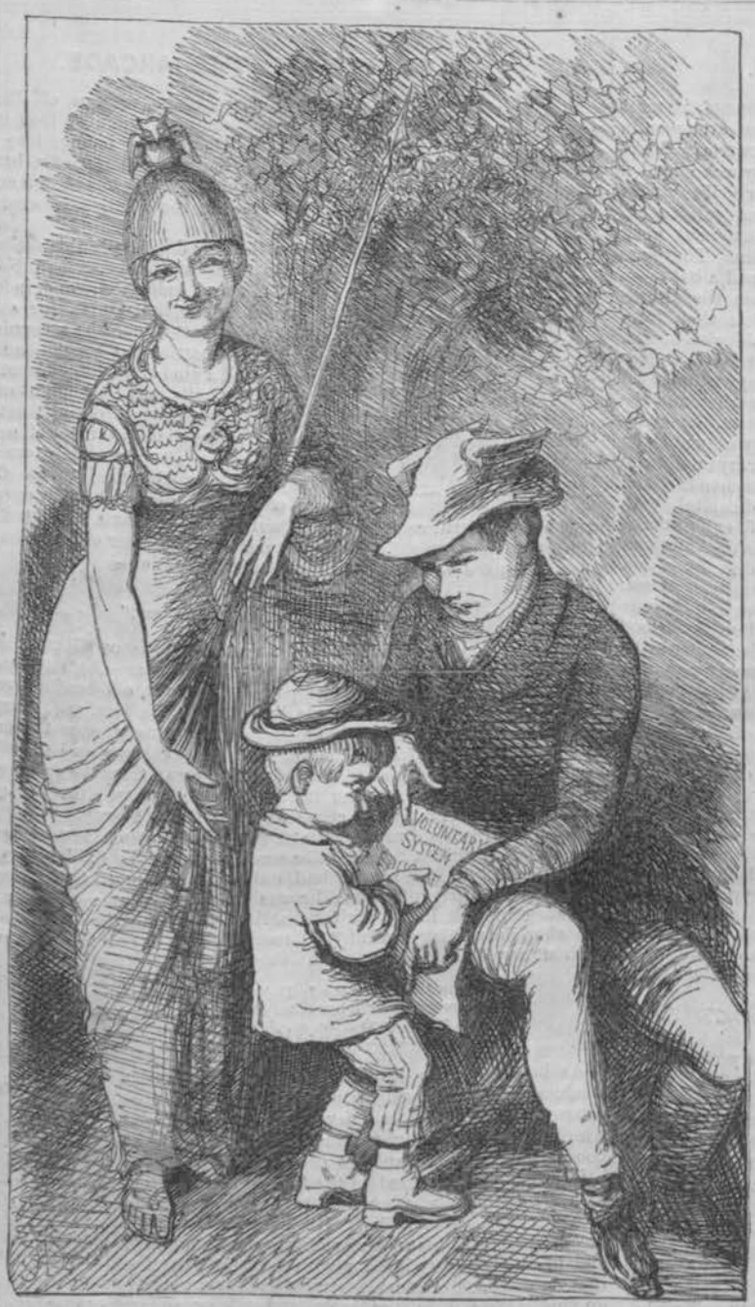
"How now! What 's this? Hallo there! Who are you?
Come, come! You 'll leave that chair alone, young man.
A writ, pooh! pooh! so, so, if that 's the dodge,
You 'll please to look at this, and this, and this."

As he spoke the last line, he suited the action to the word, by producing three several distresses for three distinct quarters' rents which had never been enforced, and which he contended gave him a prior claim to the goods that were the subject of the struggle. The bailiff barbarian sneered in the face of the good old man, who suddenly, from a mere lamb, sprang up into a semblance of a lion. His eyes flashing with recent double X, his nostrils dilating with dignity, and his whiskers twinkling with electric fire, like that on the back of a cat, when its back is regularly up, he sprang upon the table, and taking an attitude of defiance, defied the bailiff to

"touch it, with but a look."

The man of law was for a moment abashed; but renewing the struggle, he had nearly succeeded in carrying off his prize, when the beadle, knowing the geography of the place, bounded off towards the western postern, which he secured by lock and key, his wife having already taken the hint, and barricaded the eastern frontier. The result was a parley, and it ended in the bailiff being obliged to march out with the honours—and raps on the knuckles—of war, leaving the beadle sole master of the field; upon which, after the first excitement had passed, he "cried like a child," and buried his head in a small basket of toys, to conceal his emotion.

It is true victory crowned the efforts of the Arcadians; but the *chaumière* had been desecrated; and as the Eastern yellow-hammer never returns to the nest once looked upon by human eye, the debtor no longer finds repose in the dwelling that has fallen under the falcon glance of his creditor. In either case the twig must be for ever hopped; and such has been the result of the scene we have been describing.



BAINES, *THE LEEDS MERCURY*, INSTRUCTING YOUNG ENGLAND.

After CORREGIO'S *Picture of "Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus."*

The Literary Fund and the Gentlemen of the Press.

THE authorities of the Literary Fund Society are evidently actuated by a fine spirit of patronage towards literary men, if we are to judge by the manner in which the representatives of the Press were received at the recent dinner. We find from the reports—or rather from the non-reports—of the morning journals, that the gentlemen deputed to attend on behalf of the newspapers were placed at the very end of the hall, opposite to a continually-opening door, and out of the hearing of everything. It is certainly very becoming in the managers of a Literary Society to intimate, as strongly as possible, their opinion that "persons belonging to the Press ought to be kept at a distance." It is quite true that the Literary Fund Society is instituted to pension literature, but not to honour it; and it was therefore considered perhaps quite allowable to treat the humble individuals belonging to the literary fraternity with indignity. The poor devils got a dinner; and, what more could they be justified in looking for?

It seems certainly a little ungracious to treat the Press in this manner, the very year after the *Times* journal gave to the fund the handsome donation of a hundred guineas —a sum that we think might have purchased some consideration for even the humblest members of the journalist community. Of course, however, amidst the number of Bishops, Right Honourables, and Baronets, whom it was thought expedient to honour by the best places and the politest attention, it was impossible to think about a set of diurnal scribblers, who ought to have been satisfied with getting a meal where and how they could, without presuming to look for anything further. If any authors of eminence were present, we suppose they were left to squeeze themselves in at any side-table where there happened to be a vacant place, for the aristocracy of birth was, we find, accommodated very extensively, though we find mention of very few names belonging to the aristocracy of talent. It is, however, as we have said already, a charity for literary men, and they have no right to expect any better treatment on such an occasion than is awarded to mendicants. Perhaps next year some of the representatives of the literary class may be called upon to attend, for the purpose of walking round the room and bowing to the guests, for the purpose of acknowledging the subscriptions.

TESTIMONIAL TO CAXTON.

THE REV. H. MILMAN has written a letter to LORD MORPETH, proposing the erection of a monument to the memory of CAXTON; and his Lordship, like the Captain in the romance of *Billy Taylor*, "has werry much applauded wot he has done." It is needless to say that we concur cordially in LORD MORPETH'S approval of the REV. MR. MILMAN'S suggestion.

We need not enlarge upon the immense obligations under which every civilised person lies to CAXTON. From the child with his *horn-book* to the scholar with his *Homer*, from the peasant with his *Penny Magazine* to the philosopher with his *Plato*, the name of CAXTON must be universally venerated. The statesman for his statistics, the politician for his paper, must bless the memory of CAXTON. The little milliner has CAXTON to thank for her *St. Clair of the Isles*, the school-boy for his *Robinson Crusoe*; indeed, to CAXTON we owe everything in literature, from *Jack the Giant Killer* up to *Hamlet*; from the poetry of BYRON down to that of BUNN; from the minstrelsy of MOORE to that of MOSES AND SON.

But of all and sundry who are bounden to the great CAXTON, his deepest debtor remains yet to be mentioned —one whose pages have penetrated into every abode, from the palace to the cottage—the perusal of whose writings is more than co-extensive with the distribution of the Anglo-Saxon race. Well, therefore, may that individual appeal to his readers (more numerous than farthings in the national debt) to come forward with their subscription to CAXTON'S monument. And thus "like KATTERFELTO, with his hair on end," wondering at his own wonders, astonished at his own tremendous circulation, and proportionally grateful for it to the inventor of printing, does *Punch* swell the cry for a testimonial to CAXTON.

Something Incredible.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, when he was told of the scarcity of money in the City, exclaimed, "Money scarce! Pooh! can't believe it! I never have difficulty in getting money. Fiddlesticks! Money can't be scarce. Ridiculous! Never heard of such a thing! Pooh! stuff-a-nonsense!" and his Royal Highness laughed at the notion — as he did at the scarcity of potatoes—as "the best joke he had heard for a long time."

"ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT ADDITION."

MADAME TUSSAUD is in treaty for the six houses adjoining her Exhibition, in Baker Street. This increase of room, it is said, is required to do proper justice to the growing importance of the Group of the Royal Family.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand MR. BEALE is about to bring out an English Opera, in which MADAME VIARDOT and HERR PISCHEK (who are now studying the English language for the purpose) will be the principal singers. We suppose this will, by way of distinction, be called "the Broken-English Opera."

THE CURRENCY QUESTION;

OR, THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUT FOR THE DAY.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN, THINGS ARE DEUCED BAD IN THE CITY!"—*Brown.* "THEN I'M DEUCED GLAD I'M AT EPSOM!"

PREACHER PRISON AND SAINT SCHOOL.

THAT every stone has its sermon,
One SHAKSPEARE ventured to tell us ;
But e'en bricks and mortar
(Could they find a reporter)
Might make some pulpit-orators jealous.

And, for two famous specimens
Of these brick-and-mortar preachers,
Take School and Prison,
Who 've lately arisen
As opposition teachers.

Preacher Prison, that frowns so gloomy
On poor society's errors,
Holds the kind of discourse
Whose heavenward force
Springs all from torments and terrors.

Besides that such means are simple,
Efficacious 'tis said you 'll find 'em ;
As in Ireland we know,
To make post-horses go,
They clap lighted wisps behind 'em.

So Prison says, "Hark ye, rascals!"
(And what sermon can be terser ?)
"Just behave as you should—
You 'd better be good ;
If you 're bad, I 'll make you worser !

"That nouns must be, do, or suffer,
Into schoolboys schoolmasters hammer.
You 've been and done,
So now suffer each one :
That 's good sense as well as grammar."

But Saint School hath a milder aspect,
And preaches a gentler lesson ;
Still making sweet,
To the wayfarer's feet,
The road she would have them press on.

So, as on to stern Preacher Prison
The young congregation journey,
Saint School stops the crowd,
While Prison, aloud,
Invokes Jury, Judge, and Attorney.

"Let them pass to me, old woman—
I preach stern truth : why scotch it ?
There 's nothing like Law ;
Education—Pshaw !
Stuff ! nonsense ! crazy crotchet !

"Crime listens but to my preaching,
And laughs at thy soft story ;
The more thou dost ply,
The fuller am I ;
'Tis remarked by SIR PETER LAURIE."

"Nay, good Preacher Prison," answered
Saint School, with a gentle patience ;
"Thine ire is hot—
Here 's enough, God wot,
For both our congregations.

"Thou art older than I, and richer ;
But just consider a minute,
(Ere thou ventur'st to boast,)
That thy chapel, thou know'st,
Had till late all the free-seats in it.

"Want and Ignorance were thy beadles,
(From a time no chronology *can* date,)
And their goal was thy steeple,
To which all stray young people
Were whipped in by parochial mandate.

"But no mite of aid, till lately,
Have I had from Bench or Beadle ;
Thou couldst bluster and swear
In thy big iron chair,
Whilst poor I must cringe or wheedle.

"And before my face by thousands,
I saw young things, pale and wizen,
Pass stumbling along
The blind paths of wrong,
To sit under Preacher Prison.

"I was helpless and had no patron,
And they passed my door with laughter ;
And I sat dismayed,
And I wept and prayed,
Like thee to be followed after.

"But at last I am growing the fashion,
Despite the scoffers and sneerers ;
So look to your shop,
For I don't mean to stop
Till I 've drained it of two-thirds your hearers."

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CODLINGSBY.

GODFREY and RAFAEL passed from the street into the outer shop of the old mansion in Holywell Street. It was a masquerade warehouse, to all appearance. A dark-eyed damsel of the nation was standing at the dark and grimy counter, strewed with old feathers, old yellow boots, old stage mantles, painted masks, blind and yet gazing at you with a look of sad death-like intelligence from the vacancy behind their sockets.

A medical student was trying one of the doublets of orange-tawney and silver, slashed with dirty light blue. He was going to a masquerade that night. He thought POLLY PATTENS would admire him in the dress—POLLY PATTENS, the fairest of maids-of-all-work—the Borough VENUS, adored by half the youth of GUY'S.

"You look like a Prince in it, MR. LINT," pretty RACHAEL said, coaxing him with her beady black eyes.

"It *is* the cheese," replied MR. LINT ; "it ain't the dress that don't suit, my rose of Sharon ; it 's the *figure*. Hullo, RAFAEL, is that you, my lad of sealing-wax ? Come and intercede for me with this wild gazelle ; she says I can't have it under fifteen bob for the night. And it 's too much : cuss me if it 's not too much, unless you 'll take my little bill at two months, RAFAEL."

"There 's a sweet pretty brigand's dress you may have for half de monish," RAFAEL replied ; "there 's a splendid clown for eight bob ; but for dat Spanish dress, selp ma MOSHESH, MISHTER LINT, ve'd ask a guinea of any but you. Here 's a gentlemansh just come to look at it. Look ear, MR. BROWNSH, did you ever shee a nisher ting dan dat ?" So saying, RAFAEL turned to LORD CODLINGSBY with the utmost gravity, and displayed to him the garment about which the young Medicus was haggling.

"Cheap at the money," CODLINGSBY replied ; "if you won't make up your mind, sir, I should like to engage it myself." But the thought that another should appear before POLLY PATTENS in that costume was too much for MR. LINT : he agreed to pay the fifteen shillings for the garment. And RAFAEL, pocketing the money with perfect simplicity, said "Dis vay, MR. BROWNSH ; dere 's someting vill shoot you in the next shop."

LORD CODLINGSBY followed him, wondering.

"You are surprised at our system," said RAFAEL, marking the evident bewilderment of his friend. "Confess you would call it meanness—my huxtering with yonder young fool. I call it simplicity. Why throw away a shilling without need? Our race never did. A shilling is four men's bread: shall I disdain to defile my fingers by holding them out relief in their necessity? It is you who are mean—you Normans—not we of the ancient race. You have your vulgar measurement for great things and small. You call a thousand pounds respectable, and a shekel despicable. Psha, my CODLINGSBY! One is as the other. I trade in pennies and in millions. I am above or below neither."

They were passing through a second shop, smelling strongly of cedar, and, in fact, piled up with bales of those pencils which the young Hebrews are in the habit of vending through the streets. "I have sold bundles and bundles of these," said RAFAEL. "My little brother is now out with oranges in Piccadilly. I am bringing him up to be head of our house at Amsterdam. We all do it. I had myself to see ROTHSCHILD in Eaton Place, this morning, about the Irish loan, of which I have taken three millions; and as I wanted to walk, I carried the bag.

"You should have seen the astonishment of LAUDA LATYMER, the ARCHBISHOP OF CROYDON'S daughter, as she was passing to St. Bennet's, Knightsbridge, and as she fancied she recognised in the man who was crying old clothes the gentleman with whom she had talked at the COUNT DE SAINT AULAIRE'S the night before." Something like a blush flushed over the pale features of MENDOZA as he mentioned the LADY LAUDA'S name. "Come on," said he. They passed through various warehouses—the orange room, the sealing-wax room, the six-bladed-knife department, and finally came to an old baize door. RAFAEL opened the baize door by some secret contrivance, and they were in a black passage, with a curtain at the end.

He clapped his hands; the curtain at the end of the passage drew back, and a flood of golden light streamed on the Hebrew and his visitor.

CHAP. XXIV.

They entered a moderate-sized apartment—indeed, Holywell Street is not above a hundred yards long, and this chamber was not more than half that length—and fitted up with the simple taste of its owner.

The carpet was of white velvet—(laid over several webs of Aubusson, Ispahan, and Axminster, so that your foot gave no more sound as it trod upon the yielding plain than the shadow did which followed you)—of white velvet, painted with flowers, arabesques, and classic figures, by SIR WILLIAM ROSS, J. M. TURNER, R. A., MRS. MEE, and PAUL DELAROCHE. The edges were wrought with seed-pearls, and fringed with Valenciennes lace and bullion. The walls were hung with cloth of silver, embroidered with gold figures, over which were worked pomegranates, polyanthuses, and passion-flowers, in ruby, amethyst, and smaragd. The drops of dew which the artificer had sprinkled on the flowers were diamonds. The hangings were overhung by pictures yet more costly. GIORGIONE the gorgeous, TITIAN the golden, RUBENS the ruddy and pulpy (the PAN of Painting), some of MURILLO'S beatified shepherdesses, who smile on you out of darkness like a star; a few score first-class LEONARDOS, and fifty of the masterpieces of the patron of JULIUS and LEO, the Imperial genius of URBINO, covered the walls of the little chamber. Divans of carved amber covered with ermine went round the room, and in the midst was a fountain, pattering and babbling with jets of double-distilled otto of roses.

"Pipes, GOLIATH!" RAFAEL said gaily to a little negro with a silver collar (he spoke to him in his native tongue of Dongola); "and welcome to our snuggery, my CODLINGSBY. We are quieter here than in the front of the house, and I wanted to show you a picture. I'm proud of my pictures: That LEONARDO came from Genoa, and was a gift to our father from my cousin, MARSHAL MANASSEH; that MURILLO was pawned to my uncle by MARIE ANTOINETTE before the flight to Varennes—the poor lady could not redeem the pledge, you know, and the picture remains with us. As for the RAFAEL, I suppose you are aware that he was one of our people. But what are you gazing at? O! my sister—I forgot—MIRIAM! this is the LORD CODLINGSBY."

She had been seated at an ivory piano-forte on a mother-of-pearl music-stool, trying a sonata of HERZ. She rose when thus apostrophised. MIRIAM DE MENDOZA rose and greeted the stranger.

The Talmud relates that ADAM had two wives—ZILLAH the dark beauty; EVA the fair one. The ringlets of ZILLAH were black; those of EVA were golden. The eyes of ZILLAH were night; those of EVA were morning. CODLINGSBY was fair—of the fair Saxon race of HENGIST and HORSA—they called him MISS CODLINGSBY at school: but how much fairer was MIRIAM the Hebrew!

Her hair had that deep glowing tinge in it which has been the delight of all painters, and which, therefore, the vulgar sneer at. It was of burning auburn. Meandering over her fairest shoulders in twenty thousand minute ringlets, it hung to her waist and below it. A light blue velvet fillet clasped with a diamond aigrette, (valued at two hundred thousand tomauns, and bought from LIEUTENANT VICOVICH, who had received it from DOST MAHOMED,) with a simple bird of paradise formed her headgear. A sea-green cymar with short sleeves, displayed her exquisitely moulded arms to perfection, and was fastened by a girdle of emeralds over a yellow satin frock. Pink gauze trowsers spangled with silver, and slippers of the same colour as the band which clapsed her ringlets (but so covered with pearls that the original hue of the charming little papoosh disappeared entirely) completed her costume. She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a Princess—her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned.

As MIRIAM DE MENDOZA greeted the stranger, turning upon him the solemn welcome of her eyes, CODLINGSBY swooned almost in the brightness of her beauty. It was well she spoke; the sweet kind voice restored him to consciousness. Muttering a few words of incoherent recognition, he sank upon a sandal-wood settee, as GOLIATH, the little slave, brought aromatic coffee in cups of opal, and alabaster spittoons, and pipes of the fragrant Gibelly.

"My lord's pipe is out," said MIRIAM with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest—who in truth forgot to smoke—and taking up a thousand pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper and proceeded to re-illume the extinguished chibouk of LORD CODLINGSBY.

IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BE CONSIDERED GENTLEMEN.

HAVE your portrait painted for the Academy, and for four months you will be universally looked upon (in the Catalogue) as the picture of "A Gentleman."

PUNCH'S FINANCIAL PROPOSITION.

PERHAPS it is not generally known that *Punch* has had an interview with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, for the purpose of laying before the Government a proposition to release the country from its present pecuniary embarrassment. *Punch* was received—of course—very graciously by the Minister; and, having been asked to take a seat in the Cabinet of that clever official, he proceeded with the statement, of which the following is an outline:—"There is," said *Mr. Punch*, "I understand, a great pressure for money, or, as it is technically termed, a tightness, though I confess I do not feel it; I can do very well without money, if other people would only be satisfied and not ask me for it. It is true that my tradesmen talk to me of the difficulty they have in getting in their accounts; but I say to them, very naturally, What right have you to embark in business at all, if you have not the requisite capital to bear the brunt of it? Don't talk to me about settling my little bill; go, sir, and pay your own debts, but pray don't bother me about matters of this kind, for I have more important affairs to occupy my attention."

Mr. Punch here explained to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, that this part of his observations related only to the general state of existing circumstances between debtor and creditor, but had no direct bearing on his great financial proposition. The Minister expressed his anxiety to come at this as speedily as possible, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Mr. Punch. Now tell me, in a word, what is the evil for which you require a remedy?

Chancellor of the Exchequer. The fact is, that the circulating medium is all locked up or out of the country, and we must either release it or find a substitute.

Mr. Punch. That is exactly my point. Would an unlimited issue of paper restore the circulation?

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Most assuredly it would.

Mr. Punch. Then here you have it. This paper (*producing a number of* Punch) has already an unlimited issue, and it is recognised as a circulating medium all over the world. Now, you have been talking of putting an interest on Exchequer Bills: do what you will with them, they will never carry half the interest that attaches to the paper I now hold in my hand; and I propose that a number of *Punch*, which is nominally valued at threepence, should be declared a legal tender for one pound—about its real worth—and thus you have an issue of one pound notes at once, without the expense or risk of interfering with the Bank of England arrangements.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. There seems to be something in your suggestion; but when do you propose to make your paper circulation payable?

Mr. Punch. On demand, of course, just like a bank note. I propose to make every number payable at the Office in Fleet Street, on the receipt of a nominal discount of threepence, which will entitle the applicant to an exchange—or rather a renewal of his paper supply;—and thus there will be kept up a constant succession of fresh issues, without any drain upon the coffers of anybody.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER expressed himself greatly pleased with the suggestion, and promised to give it his very earliest attention.

A NEW PILLAR OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

EVERY one must approve of the resolution come to by HER MAJESTY, to practise the most rigid economy in the royal household. There is something novel in the notion of putting the palace on short commons; but an example of saving in such a high quarter is of infinite value, and will have the best effect upon all classes of society. Even the royal dinner-table is, we believe, set out with a limited number of "breads," and the attendants have instructions to prevent even the most illustrious of visitors from exceeding the pound, to which each individual is limited. If LORD JOHN RUSSELL and his Lady should be on a visit to the QUEEN, a half-quartern loaf would be placed outside the Premier's door with his shaving-water, and an intimation that the loaf must last all day would be respectfully given. It was delightful to hear his Lordship, at the recent City dinner to the Ministers, holding forth on the subject of economy in every article of food; but unfortunately for the effect of his eloquence, this particular part of his speech fell side by side in the report with the bill of fare of the banquet, which was set forth in the adjoining column. We cannot resist the temptation of placing the paragraphs to which we allude in juxtaposition, for there is something very striking in the contrast between what LORD JOHN RUSSELL was saying and what he was eating. There is a wondrous difference between what fell from his mouth and what we may presume was passing into it.

'Look on this picture.'

"I mean that, while on the one hand we ought to favour as much as possible a free admission of the greatest quantity of food into the country, so likewise it is the duty of every master of a household to economise as much as possible the food we have. (*Cheers.*) While the labouring classes and the poorer orders of society have the greatest difficulty in providing for the daily subsistence of themselves and their families, it is the duty, I say, of every master of a household to do what in him lies that that calamity shall not be aggravated by his own waste. (*Cheers.*) And while I state that to be a general duty, I am happy to say that the highest head of a household in this kingdom—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN—has directed that in her own household the utmost economy should be used in the consumption of every article of food. (*Loud Cheers.*)"

And on this:

"The dinner, which did great credit to the caterers, was provided by MESSRS. RING AND BRYMER, of Cornhill.

"The following was the bill of fare:—

"Turtle and iced punch.

"Salmon, turbot, fried fish, &c.

"Side-board.—Petits Pâtés.

"Chickens, capons, turkey poults, larded; hams and tongues, ornamented; ribs lamb, raised ornamented pies, lobster salads, prawns, Chantilly biscuits, ornamented trifles, noyeau and maraschino jellies, pine, strawberry, and Italian creams; Genvoise pastry, Swiss and Venice merangs, Chantilly tartlets, creamed tarts, Nesselrode puddings, plovers' eggs, &c.

"Removes.—Haunch mutton, chine mutton, sirloin beef, currant jelly, &c.; ducklings, goslings, leverets, turkey poults, pea fowl.

"Dessert.—Hothouse grapes, apples, strawberries, oranges, pears, dried fruits, Savoy and almond cakes, mixed cakes, brandy cherries, preserved ginger.

"Ices.—Pine, raspberry, strawberry, orange, millefruit, &c."

We do not call attention spitefully or ill-naturedly to this little contradiction, and we give LORD JOHN RUSSELL full credit for the sincerity of all he said, notwithstanding all he may have eaten; but the coincidence is rather unfortunate. When a Minister is talking of the necessity for the utmost economy in the consumption of every article of food, it is awkward that he should give any one the opportunity of throwing in his face a lot of "Turkey poults," "Genvoise pastry," "Swiss and Venice merangs," or enable any ill-disposed person to stop his economy-preaching mouth with "Plovers' eggs," "Chantilly tartlets," and "Nesselrode puddings." It must have struck every one at table, who heard LORD JOHN RUSSELL's speech, that they had all been doing very wrong in partaking of so many superfluous luxuries; but happily the speech came "after dinner" instead of before, and an alarmed conscience was not permitted to destroy the appetite. We wonder if LORD JOHN RUSSELL would have been quite as eloquent on the subject of abstemiousness before the cloth was removed as he became afterwards. We suspect his speech would not have been half so acceptable while the good things enumerated in the bill of fare were under discussion, as it became when the whole of the dainties had been disposed of.

We sincerely hope that heads of families will carry out the principle so properly laid down in the royal household. Let them all look sharply after the waste and robbery committed by their servants, who by dishonesty and extravagance give an impetus to the trade in marine stores, or put some pet policeman upon an extra diet. With such a precedent as the Queen most wisely affords, no mistress of a house need suffer herself to be bullied by her menials out of a rigid supervision of her household affairs, or from a fear of being called mean, fail in the moral courage to act with prudence.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

A DAILY paper says "Things on the Exchange are very tight." We confess, when we look at the Royal Exchange, that it seems very TITE—TITE all over. We only wish that the National Gallery and other buildings about town were equally "right and TITE."

THE WANDERING MINSTREL FOR WESTMINSTER.

COCHRANES COMMITTEE SITS AT NATHANS
COCHRANE AT THE BAR
THE TROUBADOUR MEMBER FOR
VOTE FOR THE MINSTREL
RUSH TO THE POLL
I HOPE I DONT INTRUDE
HERE'S A LARK COCHRANE FOR STMINSTER

PERHAPS MR. COCHRANE'S assumption of the character, or rather of the name of a Spanish Minstrel, is not by any means such a piece of bold personation as his attempted impersonation of Member for Westminster. He may represent or misrepresent whom and what he pleases; but the Parliamentary representation of a place like Westminster is a flight to which he must not aspire. MR. COCHRANE has been from his youth fond of disguises; but his masquerading is really too absurd, when he attempts to disguise himself as a politician, a patriot, or a friend of the people. He cannot expect to go round the City of Westminster picking up votes as easily as in his vagabondising tour he picked up coppers. He may impose upon a few soft-headed people by talking sentiment, and persuading them that he is their attached and devoted slave, as he succeeded in humbugging the publicans' daughters on his tour of musical mendicancy; and as he ridiculed his female dupes in his published book, he may afterwards laugh at the electors who may have supported him.

It is to be hoped that his Committee will be constituted in the same masquerading spirit that seems to pervade the conduct of this exceedingly liberal candidate. Disguises and fancy dresses ought to be the distinguishing mark of those who associate to conduct the election of one who is chiefly, if not entirely known for having perambulated the country in the garb of a Spanish Minstrel. We feel that PAUL PRY, BILLY WATERS, SCARAMOUCH, and other worthies of that class, should be the people to "rally round" COCHRANE at the coming struggle. The indefatigable *costumier* NATHAN, of Tichbourne Street, will, we should think, gladly throw open his warehouse as a committee-room for supporting the cause of one who has done his utmost to promote the wearing of character-dresses, by adopting the guise of a Spaniard to follow the calling of a mendicant. It is said that misfortune makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows, and it is a fact that a general election brings us into contact with strange candidates. This theory may account for the appearance of COCHRANE in the field; which may also be attributed to that love of aspiring to be what he is not, which was developed in the portion of his career by which he became notorious.

SMITHFIELD MARKET AND THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

SINCE it seems to be the conviction of the civic authorities that driving bullocks through the metropolis is a mere bugbear, of which none but the weak-minded ought to be afraid, we hope that at the new Lord Mayor's Show, there will be no objection to having the state carriage drawn by these animals. If the public ought not to be afraid to trust themselves in front of the Smithfield cattle passing through the crowded thoroughfares, surely the LORD MAYOR cannot object to the comparatively safer position of riding behind them. The employment of bullocks in the procession on Lord Mayor's Day, will add a good deal of life—though perhaps at the expense of a few deaths—to the civic pageant. We may imagine what the scene would be when the animals are under the control of coachmen and postilions, which is not the case on market-days, when of course the frolicsome brutes are likely to indulge in gambols rather more eccentric than they could do if they were restrained by harness. The annexed drawing furnishes a modified picture of what might be expected in the event of our suggestion being carried out; and it will be seen that the representation is not by any means so fearful as the reality which—thanks to Smithfield Market—we are now so frequently favoured with.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 86, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY MAY 22, 1847.

PROTEST AGAINST THE IRISH POOR BILL.

We have seen a document thus headed in the columns of some of our contemporaries, but not believing in the correctness of their report, we have been at some pains to procure the following, which may be relied upon for its authenticity :—

DISSENTIENT.

1. Because the law, giving to the destitute a claim for relief, encourages a notion that it is the duty of somebody to provide for them ; and extravagant hopes will inevitably lead to extravagance.

2. Because the Irish people are constitutionally given to starvation, and an interference with national habits cannot be desirable.

3. Because the tendency of the Bill is to increase the distress of the landlords while attempting to relieve the distress of the whole people.

4. Because the Bill, having been framed under an urgent necessity, was framed in a hurry ; and as nothing done in a hurry is done well, nothing ought to be done when an urgent necessity demands it.

5. Because it will ruin the independence of the poor in Ireland, by giving them something to depend upon.

RADNOR. MONTEAGLE OF BRANDON. FITZWILLIAM.

INE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

WARMED into life by sunny showers,
The forest trees their buds unfold ;
The meadows gleam with cuckoo-flowers,
And bright marsh-marigold :
And the daisy springeth up
With its sister buttercup.

On hyacinth and cowslip wild
Feeds daintily the honey-bee ;
In thicket and in grove the child
Plucks the anemone.
Bloom and verdure everywhere,
Cheer the eye with pictures fair.

'Mid all that 's beautiful and bright
Around us, not a vision sweet
Can match that truly charming sight,
The growing crop of wheat.
Talk not of the flowery dell !
Wheat, my bucks, is looking well.

Fair is thy prospect, blooming May,
This rather late, but lovely spring ;
Fairer the prospects of the hay—
A more important thing.
How the mangel-wurzel grows !
Never mind the opening rose.

The young and tender turnips see—
(Oh ! how delicious are their greens !)
They are as healthy as can be :
Behold yon thriving beans,
Fields of clover, oats, and peas,
What are spangled meads to these ?

The Money Market may be tight ;
But gazing Nature's beauties o'er,
I feel that all will soon be right ;
The rate of discount lower ;
Coupled with improving rents,
Scrip, Bank Stock, and Three per Cents.

The fond conjecture I will risk
That business will again, ere long,
Become, like vegetation, brisk,
Or yonder skylark's song ;
And my hope has found these props
In the Weather and the Crops.

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS—ENGLISH AUTHORS.

MR. PUTNAM, American bookseller, while "passing through England for New York," has written a rather affecting letter to the *Times* on the matter of American book-stealing. A part of his defence is,—English publishers rob Americans. No doubt they do ; nevertheless, because a robbery is committed on either side of the Atlantic, the act is no less a theft. A BARRINGTON in New York is not rendered decent and respectable by the existence of a BARRINGTON in London. We are, however, happy to learn, on the authority of MR. PUTNAM, that—"American publishers would prefer to pay English authors ;" and, implies MR. P., they would have done so but for "the unjust and intemperate abuse" of English writers, whose hard words have delayed "an international arrangement." Thus, call a pirate a pirate, and the water-rat continues in the wickedness of his ways. Speak him fairly as the pink of honesty, and the soft flattery makes him a gentleman complete. Therefore, let us not brand American publishers as the snappers-up of English volumes ; but give them all honour as men delicately mindful of the property of others, and always insisting upon money down for its usufruct. Let us henceforth borrow some of MR. SLICK'S "soft sawder :" well applied, it may turn petty larceny into punctilious probity.

MR. PUTNAM—on his own showing—has done good service for the honour of the American name. "More than four years ago," he informs us, he "procured personally the signatures of ninety-seven American publishers and printers" to a petition for international copyright :—

"This petition was referred to a Select Committee in both houses of Congress ; but the exciting controversies about Oregon, &c., unfortunately intervened just as success *became probable*."

MR. PUTNAM avows that he has paid English authors a proportion of the profits of their reprints. We are delighted to make known to our readers so honourable an exception to the general custom ; and beg to point to MR. PUTNAM as an example to be followed by "the FAGINS of letters" (for MR. PUTNAM uses *Punch's* words) on both sides of the Atlantic. MR. PUTNAM further declares, that "the American publishers as a body would prefer to pay English authors for a copyright in their books." This is unexpected news.

MR. PUTNAM is about to sail for New York. Fair winds go with him ! And when he arrives there, let him perfect the good work broken by the threatened great guns of Oregon. Let him gather about him all the American publishers, that they may again petition Congress to do an act of honesty ; whilst at the same time the American Ambassador in England—himself a distinguished man of letters—shall be instructed to move the British Government to the like fair dealing. We think we can promise American authors the fullest and heartiest co-operation of English writers. For, brethren of America, whilst we seek to refine and elevate the rest of the world, why should we neglect—as we have so long neglected—the benighted booksellers ?

An Arch Suggestion.

EVERYBODY is inquiring what is the reason of the scaffolding being still left round about the arch at Hyde Park Corner ? The fact is, that nobody will go to the expense of taking it down ; but we understand that a few raw recruits have offered to undertake the job, for the sake of being able to say that they once served under the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

PUNCH'S REVIEW.

The Post Office Directory for 1847.

THERE is a good deal of pleasant light reading in the pages of this extensively circulated periodical. There can be no doubt that each annual volume furnishes a vast addition to our stock of modern letters. There are several works on the same principle as the *Post Office Directory*, but we do not know of one that combines, in so convenient a degree, the delightful peculiarities of business and playfulness. The mixture of fun and fact is quite extraordinary, and in every page we find a series of puzzles, which render the work a sort of comprehensive collection of "Nuts to Crack," for the library, the office, and the counting-house.

As a Christmas book, we know of nothing that we should recommend so earnestly as we should the *Post Office Directory*. A Twelfth-night party might amuse themselves for hours over the riddles contained in the entertaining volume. Even in its earliest pages the fun begins, for we find opposite to the name of ADNAM the ingenious piece of perplexing hieroglyphic comprehended in the following syllables, "*Who. spiced. old Swan la. Upper Thames St.*" Surely there is an hour's amusement at least to be derived from the attempted solution of this strange enigma. Who would ever imagine that these fragmentary exclamations, or whatever else they may be called, are intended to signify "Wholesale Spice Dealers, Old Swan Lane, Upper Thames Street."

In a portion of the work a little further on, we are struck with the interesting announcement of "*Who. Button Wa.*," which causes us to inquire who does what? and how can buttons have any thing to do with it? An hour or two's industry will, however, reveal the fact, that "Who. Button Wa." means nothing more nor less than Wholesale Button Warehouse.

It will be seen from the specimens we have given, that endless amusement may be derived from the *Post-Office London Directory*. There cannot be the slightest doubt in the world, that any one who reads it regularly through will rise from the perusal, if not a wiser and a sadder, at least a puzzleder and mithereder man.

THE QUEEN'S PLATE.

A PRINT-PUBLISHER, whose shop is in an open umbrella in Tottenham Court Road, writes to say, that it is rather unfair that ALDERMAN MOON should have the exclusive privilege of soliciting subscriptions for his engravings in the Royal palaces. A picture of the Royal Family is exhibited at Buckingham Palace, and the admiring visitor is gently pulled aside by a gentleman who informs him, very politely, that "a proof is only £10 10*s*.—shall he have the pleasure of putting your name down?" That attentive gentleman is an agent of ALDERMAN MOON, and his object is to coax a subscription out of everybody who enters the palace. The Print-publisher above contends, that if the palace is turned into a print-selling establishment, it ought to be thrown open equally, and without favour, to the entire profession, and not limited exclusively to one enterprising member. He says he should like to attend with his umbrella, and he knows several publishers in the New Cut who would be rejoiced to establish agents in the Royal drawing-rooms, for the disposal of their *al fresco* stock, consisting of pictorial alphabets, "price only one penny," and a rich assortment of illuminated chimney-sweeps. We must say our correspondent writes as if he were a little jealous of ALDERMAN MOON.

A CHANCE FOR HIGH ART.

"SIR,

"EVERYBODY complains that High Art is at a discount in this country. I am a living proof of the fact. I find it quite impossible to live by ideal creations, and am at this moment (with a heart entirely devoted to the Umbrian School, and a hand which I am convinced only wants the fostering aid of a LEO, or a CHIGI, to equal FRA BARTOLOMEO) obtaining a precarious support from a portrait club, held at the 'Goose and Gridiron,' Clare Market.

"Sir, I need not say there is something wrong here. Government patronage will not set it right. The new House of Lords offers a fine field; but look at MR. DYCE'S fresco. Between ourselves, we must, with whatever reluctance, confess that it is muffish to the last degree. Now, sir, I have deeply meditated on this subject. I have read *Vasari* (in a translation), *Burnet on Effect*, *Mr. Ruskin's Modern Painters*, *Lemprière's Dictionary*, *Goldsmith's History of England*, ditto *Greece and Rome*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gil Blas*, and *Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses*. These studies, aided by an examination of the finest pictures, have, I think, led me to a discovery which contains the true secret why the old masters were what they were, and why we remain so far below them.

"The old masters looked at their subjects as realities. Now realities, *i. e.* men and women, wear clothes. Accordingly the old masters painted their personages in the costumes they saw around them. GUIDO puts Swiss guards at the funeral pile of DIDO, and REMBRANDT (I believe) paints ABRAHAM as about to dispatch ISAAC with a blunderbuss. The young men in RAFAEL'S *Marriage of the Virgin* wear Italian dresses of the fifteenth century.

"They thus actualised the ideal, if I may be allowed the expression, (which a party at the 'Goose and Gridiron,' on Tuesday last, declared to be 'stuff a' nonsense'—and this was one of my critics!) because they felt the subject as a reality; and the impress of this feeling is upon their works. Why should not our painters do the same? If we can't paint a life-like CÆSAR in a *toga* and *paludamentum*, (see *Adams's Antiquities*,) we may still succeed with one in a tail-coat or paletot. This is a sketch which I made at our weekly meeting in illustration of my principle. It was much relished. The subject is the assassination of JULIUS CÆSAR, (see *Goldsmith's History of Rome*).

"Again, look at the *Judgment of Paris*, by RUBENS, in our National Gallery. The ladies are his two wives and a third party, who seems to have been a common model; and the PARIS is obviously a young Flemish gent of the seventeenth Century. I would treat the subject thus:—

where the realities of the nineteenth century (in which we live) bring out the notion much more strongly than it could be developed

with the worn-out attributes of JUNO, MINERVA, and VENUS; while a nude young man in a Phrygian cap is offensive to modern delicacy. I shall be happy to execute either of the above subjects, on my new principle, on the most moderate terms, which may be ascertained at the bar of the G. and G.

"Respectfully yours,

"CIMABUE POTTS."

"SIR,

"I AM a surveyor and a practical man. Visiting the Exhibition of the Royal Academy the other day, I was astonished and disgusted to find that MR. ETTY had grossly violated proportion and probability in his *Joan of Arc*. He says that he has studied the localities for twenty years; but I beg you to compare the gate in his centre compartment with the female on horseback, (JOAN OF ARC, I suppose), and you will at once see that she could only have passed through the gate in this manner—

unless indeed she got over the difficulty thus—

If she did, it ought to have been mentioned in the Catalogue.

"I remain, sir, yours,

"P. PLUMMET."

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.

(CONTRIBUTED BY THE OLDEST INHABITANT.)

"DEAR MR. PUNCH, "*Stratford-upon-Avon, May* 26.

"YOUR goodness in printing my last letter has made me bold to trouble you with a second. I do assure you, sir, that since I appeared in your pages, I am become very famous in this my native place. Old as I am, sir, people did not think I had so much printer's ink in me. And now folks look at my head—bare and shining, sir, as a billiard-ball—as much as to say, 'sure there's something more in it that must go to paper.' And they are right, sir; and here it is.

"Though an old man, sir, I am not given to nurse signs and omens into points of faith. Nevertheless, sir, when the martlets this year failed to mend and take possession of their clay nests under the eaves of SHAKSPEARE'S house, I did, despite of myself, forbode some mischance. I may be wrong; but I think I have known the birds, from year to year, down I can hardly count how many generations.

"'This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woolngly here.'

"And SHAKSPEARE'S martlets—but it's no doubt a fancy, sir—always seemed to me gentler and prettier than any beside. It is seventy years and upwards, sir, since I well remember watching 'em under SHAKSPEARE'S eaves. As a tiny boy, I can remember the bills of the little ones opening like opening scissors, and their small white throats thrust out of their nests to swallow gnats and flies brought with a thought, and away again, by cock and hen. Well, sir, the season is past—I have watched and watched—and this spring not a bird has returned. The nests, cracked by frost and wind, and wet, are crumbling away, and never a winged mason is there to mend them. SHAKSPEARE'S house is deserted by the martlets, for—I can hardly write the words—it is, I learn, deserted by men.

"SHAKSPEARE'S house—the world's temple, sir—is, as I hear, to be sold. The owners of that glorious hut are, as I am told, about to turn it into hard cash, as though it were a stack of firewood. A foreign gentleman, as I understand, has offered money for the wondrous building, to turn it into a show somewhere across the seas. And when the wonder is past as a show, I further learn that the same gentleman intends to manufacture the timber into boot-jacks and clothes-pegs. A London playhouse master—I forget his name, MUNN or GUNN, or something like it—has, as I hear, bespoke a horse-trough to be made from SHAKSPEARE'S roof tree.

"Well, I confess all these reports—coupled with the keeping away of the martlets—did at first make my heart sink like a dead thing. Another minute, and I was all restored; for I recollected the visit of my Gracious QUEEN, and amiable Prince, and darling children, to the house of SHAKSPEARE; and I knew—I was sure of it—that the memory of that house was a sacred thing in the bosom of Gracious Majesty. SHAKSPEARE grew his laurels under an ELIZABETH, and a VICTORIA would protect them! And I said so; but—I almost blush for the unbelief of some people—I was laughed at for so saying.

"Nevertheless, I have heard from a neighbour just come from London—who would not have his name known—that the QUEEN is so much pleased with her visit to SHAKSPEARE'S house, that she has ordered a picture to be painted of it; and that the picture may be done properly, the QUEEN has ordered a foreign painter—of the name, I think, of WINTERHALTER—to paint it. The picture, as I am told—but of course, sir, you know better than I do—will bring in the PRINCE OF WALES in the QUEEN'S lap, signing his name in SHAKSPEARE'S birth-room, PRINCE ALBERT and the two little girls looking on. It must, of course, sir, be a beautiful thing when done; and I only hope that all the people will be allowed to see it—they will so love our darling QUEEN for her honour of SHAKSPEARE.

"However, sir, it seems the Poet's house is really to be sold. Now, as I am informed that your paper—printed in golden letters, they tell me, and on white satin—is laid upon the QUEEN'S breakfast-table, with camellias, and azalias, and heliotropes, and other beautiful and fragrant things, every Thursday morning, I humbly write the following lines, in the fearful hope that they may catch the starry and vouchsafing eye of condescending Majesty.

"I do, then, humbly propose—to save the nation from a blistering shame—that the house of SHAKSPEARE be purchased by the State.—And further, that there be a poetic guardian, or—as I believe it is called, custode—of the premises, with a gentlemanly and sufficing in-coming. His title might be the Poet-Laureate of Stratford; and, crowned with poetic wreath—it is a pity that mulberry doth not leaf so early—he might deliver an ode, or sing a song, as his voice might be, on every anniversary of SHAKSPEARE'S birth-day. This gentleman—in his own poetic right—should do the honours of SHAKSPEARE'S house on certain ceremonious occasions. For, of course, the Literary Fund (if I am not wrong in the name) would now and then, after visiting the house, keep festival in Stratford; and, no doubt, the SHAKSPEARE Society would occasionally take an early train, and hold a solemn sitting under the roof of SHAKSPEARE. MR. PAYNE COLLIER—(we have his edition of the Poet in sweet-smelling Russia, also CHARLES KNIGHT'S, lustrous with pictures, at the Falcon)—would pen a right merry chronicle of such a gathering. And on these occasions, as I have said, the custode should be, so to say it, master of the ceremonies. And this custode I would have some dramatist; and, to begin with, say MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, a man who hath done good service, and faithfully earned his future ease.

"And, sir,—if the State and the QUEEN be too poor to save the house of SHAKSPEARE; if they be all too straitened to purchase the premises, and keep them in due honour,—permit me to suggest the present as an opportunity well worthy of the attention of the affluent desirous of compassing a lasting renown, and at the same time fulfilling a debt of gratitude to him, who hath made all men, of all nations and all times, his largest creditors. Yours, sir,

"THE OLDEST INHABITANT."

THE BEST ADVICE; OR, THE MODERN ABERNETHY.

John Bull. "Such a tightness in my chest."
Mr. Punch. "Tightness in your chest. Oh! Pooh, Pooh! Read my book!

TALES OF THE TELEGRAPHS.

The traveller to Epsom on the Derby-Day was probably struck by the fitful and fantastic working of the old-fashioned telegraph on the old furze-furnished Common of Wimbledon. Since the adoption of the electric principle, the occupation of the old original telegraph is gone, as far as any useful purpose is concerned; but the change has had such an effect on the minds of several of the old workers of these obsolete machines, that it has been found absolutely necessary to indulge the poor creatures, by permitting them to send nonsense messages backwards and forwards from all the stations between the Admiralty and Portsmouth. It was a lamentable thing, on the Derby-Day, to see the Wimbledon telegraph at work, or rather at play, in the delivery of a set of incoherent signals.

We admire the humane spirit in which the old workers of these perfectly *passé* concerns are permitted to continue their former pursuit, and indulge a sort of garrulity through the medium of those signals, which are antcipated like lightning by the principle of elecitricity. The scene on Wimbledon Common was touching in the extreme, and reminded us of the affecting incident of Masaniello singing snatches of his favourite baccarole after reason had abdicated its throne, and given place to the establishment of a thoroughly republican bewilderment in the brain of the Neapolitan fisherman.

CHEAP PROVISIONS.

A contented mind is a continual feast. What a pity the Irish cannot be made contented!

The Obstruction in Threadneedle Street.

Yesterday, Mrs. Banke, well known in the City as the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," came before the Lord Mayor to complain of an obstruction which had been laid at her door by a person of the name of Peel. The Court inquired whether she, in return, laid the obstruction at Peel's door? The old lady hoped that the Court would not make fun of her. It was no joke.

The Lord Mayor asked what was the nature of the obstruction complained of?

Mrs. Banke said that it was a heap of rubbish which prevented her from getting into her cellar. She had upwards of nine millions of bullion in that cellar, of which she was unable to get at a mite or morsel; whilst, owing to the badness of the times, she was actually at her wits' end for a sovereign.

The Lord Mayor desired to know how long the obstruction complained of had existed?

Mrs. Banke replied, ever since 1844. The rubbish had been shot before her cellar-door in that year, and had remained there ever since. Till lately, she had not so much minded the inconvenience, because she had only to put her hand in her pocket to answer all calls upon her. But now her pocket was empty, and she could not get into her cellar.

The Lord Mayor wished to know the nature of the rubbish, which, as she alleged, had been shot at her cellar-door by Peel.

The old lady said it was a parcel of stuff which was called Bank Charter. The rubbish had been carted at her door by Peel, at a time when he was the Government head-carter.

The Lord Mayor suggested that Mrs. Banke should apply to the present driver of the Government cart.

Mrs. Banke said that she had done so, but to no purpose. The one was as bad as the other; there was not a pin to choose between them; for what this one said, that one stuck to. She would be glad if his lordship would order Peel to take his rubbish away.

The Lord Mayor regretted, that though he was the sovereign of the City he was not an absolute monarch: he had no power to remove an obstruction which was sanctioned by Act of Parliament.

Mrs. Banke said that it was a sin and a shame, when here she was in trouble and difficulty herself, and with all sorts of people depending upon her, and going to rack and ruin for want of her help, whereas she had ample means of relieving them in her cellar.

The Lord Mayor perfectly agreed with the complainant. He would try what could be done. Mrs. Banke thanked his lordship, and withdrew.

THE ONE NAME BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Jenny Lind excites in the public mind an enthusiasm which now amounts to actual delirium, interrupted only by a few lucid intervals, when the attention is awakened by some very urgent necessity of life. In pity to her admirers, she should exert her fascinations less powerfully, for she is beginning to cause people to neglect their affairs, and leave the most important business unattended to.

Even in the Money Market, notwithstanding its tightness, it is common to hear Jenny Lind quoted instead of the rate of Exchange. Those who want their bills discounted ask you to cash them notes of Jenny Lind. The name of Lind is uttered when the proper word should have been Consols, scrip, or Venezuela bonds. It is to be feared that the "glorious simplicity of the Three per Cents." will soon be rendered one mass of confusion through being mixed up with Jenny Lind.

But if the City is wandering on the subject of Jenny Lind, the West End, as might be expected, is actually raving upon it. Ladies at Swan and Edgar's, speaking of a new silk, inquire, What is that Jenny Lind a yard? A gentleman, in presenting the object of his affections with a bouquet, begs that she will allow him to offer her a Jenny Lind; and a rose, it appears, will not only smell as sweet by this other name, but much sweeter. In the smoking-rooms at the Clubs, men talk of a prime cigar as a Jenny Lind, and request the pleasure of a glass of Jenny Lind with you, or desire you to pass the Jenny Lind this way. At all *conversaziones*, her name is mingled with the discussion; and but the other day, a lecturer at the Royal Institution, forgetting what he was about, said Jenny Lind when he meant hydrogen.

In short, the Swedish Nightingale has kindled a "blaze of triumph," which has produced the general effect of a *coup de soleil*.

"ROBERT THE [redacted]" PARALYSING JOHN BULL WITH HIS MYSTIC BRANCH.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

CODLINGSBY.

BY B. DE SHREWSBURY.

When Miriam, returning to the mother-of-pearl music-stool, at a signal from her brother, touched the silver and enamelled keys of the ivory piano, and began to sing, Lord Codlingsby felt as if he were listening at the gates of Paradise, or were hearing Jenny Lind.

"Lind is a name of the Hebrew race; so is Mendelsohn, the Son of Almonds; so is Rosenthal, the Valley of the Roses; so is Löwe or Lewis or Lyons or Lion—the beautiful and the brave alike give cognizances to the ancient people—you Saxons call yourselves Brown, or Smith, or Rodgers," Rafael observed to his friend; and drawing the instrument from his pocket, he accompanied his sister, in the most ravishing manner, on a little gold and jewelled harp of the kind peculiar to his nation.

All the airs which the Hebrew maid selected were written by composers of her race; it was either a hymn by Rossini, a polacca by Braham, a delicious romance by Sloman, or a melody by Weber, that, thrilling on the strings of the instrument, wakened a harmony on the fibres of the heart; but she sang no other than the songs of her nation.

"Beautiful one! sing ever, sing always," Codlingsby thought. "I could sit at thy feet as under a green palm-tree, and fancy that Paradise-birds were singing in the boughs."

Rafael read his thoughts. "We have Saxon blood too in our veins," he said. "You smile; but it is even so. An ancestress of ours made a *mésalliance* in the reign of your King John. Her name was Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, and she married in Spain, whither she had fled to the Court of King Boabdil, Sir Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, then a widower by the demise of his first lady Rowena. The match was deemed a cruel insult amongst our people; but Wilfrid conformed, and was a Rabbi of some note at the synagogue at Cordova. We are descended from him lineally. It is the only blot upon the escutcheon of the Mendozas."

As they sate talking together, the music finished, and Miriam having retired (though her song and her beauty were still present to the soul of the stranger) at a signal from Mendoza, various messengers from the outer apartments came in to transact business with him.

First it was Mr. Aminadab, who kissed his foot, and brought papers to sign. "How is the house in Grosvenor Square, Aminadab; and is your son tired of his yacht yet?" Mendoza asked. "That is my twenty-fourth cashier," said Rafael to Codlingsby, when the obsequious clerk went away. "He is fond of display, and all my people may have what money they like."

Entered presently the Lord Bareacres, on the affair of his mortgage. The Lord Bareacres, strutting into the apartment with a haughty air, shrank back, nevertheless, with surprise on beholding the magnificence around him. "Little Mordecai," said Rafael to a little orange-boy who came in at the heels of the noble, "take this gentleman out and let him have ten thousand pounds. I can't do more for you, my lord, than this—I'm busy. Good bye!" and Rafael waved his hand to the peer, and fell to smoking his Nargilly.

A man with a square face, cat-like eyes, and a yellow moustache, came next. He had an hour-glass of a waist, and walked uneasily upon his high-heeled boots. "Tell your master that he shall have two millions more, but not another shilling," Rafael said. "That story about the five-and-twenty millions of ready money at Cronstadt is all bosh. They won't believe it in Europe. You understand me, Count Grogomoffski?"

"But his Imperial Majesty said four millions, and I shall get the knout unless—"

"Go and speak to Mr. Shadrach, in room Z 94, the fourth Court," said Mendoza good-naturedly. "Leave me at peace, Count; don't you see it is Friday, and almost sunset?" The Calmuck envoy retired cringing, and left an odour of musk and candle-grease behind him.

An orange-man; an emissary from Lola Montes; a dealer in piping bullfinches; and a Cardinal in disguise, with a proposal for a new loan for the Pope, were heard by turns, and each, after a rapid colloquy in his own language, was dismissed by Rafael.

"The Queen must come back from Aranjuez, or that king must be disposed of," Rafael exclaimed, as a yellow-faced ambassador from Spain, General the Duke of Olla Podrida, left him. "Which shall it be, my Codlingsby?" Codlingsby was about laughingly to answer, for indeed he was amazed to find all the affairs of the world represented here, and Holywell Street the centre of Europe, when three knocks of a peculiar nature were heard, and Mendoza, starting up, said, "Ha! there are only four men in the world who know that signal." At once, and with a reverence quite distinct from his former *nonchalant* manner, he advanced towards the new comer.

He was an old man—an old man evidently, too, of the Hebrew race—the light of his eyes was unfathomable—about his mouth there played an inscrutable smile. He had a cotton umbrella, and old trowsers, and old boots, and an old wig, curling at the top like a rotten old pear.

He sate down as if tired, in the first seat at hand, as Rafael made him the lowliest reverence.

"I am tired," says he; "I have come in fifteen hours. I am ill at Neuilly," he added with a grin. "Get me some *eau sucrée*, and tell me the news, Prince de Mendoza. These bread rows; this unpopularity of Guizot; this odious Spanish conspiracy against my darling Montpensier and daughter; this ferocity of Palmerston against Coletti, make me quite ill. Give me your opinion, my dear duke. But ha! whom have we here?"

The august individual who had spoken, had used the Hebrew language to address Mendoza, and the Lord Codlingsby might easily have pleaded ignorance of that tongue. But he had been at Cambridge, where all the youth acquire it perfectly.

"*Sire*," said he, "I will not disguise from you that I know the ancient tongue in which you speak. There are probably secrets between Mendoza and your Maj—"

"Hush!" said Rafael, leading him from the room: "*Au revoir*, dear Codlingsby. His Majesty is one of *us*," he whispered at the door; "so is the Pope of Rome; so is * * *"—a whisper concealed the rest.

"Gracious powers! is it so?" said Codlingsby, musing. He entered into Holywell Street. The sun was sinking.

"It is time," said he, "to go and fetch Fifine to the Olympic."

MUSINGS ON MUMMY-PAPER.

"It has been proposed to MEHEMET ALI to convert into paper the cloth of the mummies, of which it is calculated 420,000,000 must be deposited in the pits of Egypt."
—*Spettatore Egiziano.*

OH, Shade of MEMNON!
CHEOPS and RAMESES, shake in your cere-cloths!
Save smoke-dried Pashas of true Eastern phlegm, none
Can read, unmoved, the end of all your glory,
Announced in the Grand Cairo *Spettatore:*
How, in the place of mere cloths
Of woollen, linen, cotton,
More or less rotten,
As made at Manchester, and sold by every draper,
They 're going to take the bier-cloths
That wrap the sons and daughters of old Nile,
From gilded kings to rough-dressed rank and file,
And turn them into paper!

We're not told, in the *Egyptian Spectator*,
What daring speculator
Conceived the notion; but I'd make a bet he grew
Up to the thought from watching DR. PETTIGREW,
At some *soirée* or *conversazione*,
Midst talk of YOUNG, CHAMPOLLION, or BELZONI,
And such hieroglyphic twaddle,
Unwinding nimbly, swaddle after swaddle,
The wrappings aromatic
Of some aristocratic
Dandy, of hundred-gated Thebes or Heliopolis,
Consigned to our mushroom of a metropolis
Per last Peninsular and Oriental packet;
And from the hush of his Necropolis—
So deep and drear—
Tumbled ashore, midst the unholy racket
Of the Southampton Pier.

Heaven only knows what acreage of mummy-hood
Is resting in its thousand-year-old dummy hood
Under the desert sands;
Nor what miles upon miles of linen bands
Are rotting in the bosom of the lands
Which MEHMET commands.
But these are times when not e'en mummies
Can longer rest as dummies;
And as the grains of wheat found at their side
Were sown, have grown, and now grow far and wide,
So must old Egypt's gentlemen and ladies,
To the disgust of each old-fashioned ghost,
Give up their cerements to the hand whose trade is
To turn them into Foolscap or Bath-post,
To fly round all creation,
In tongues of every nation,
Spreading (at least we 'll hope it) useful information.

But yet, methinks, the venerable sheets
In which have slept, their long, millennial night,
Those who once trod Theban or Memphian streets,
Should not receive the vulgar black and white,
Impressed by common types on common reams;
No—mummy-paper should record the dreams
Of those who 'd have society rolled back
Into the track
Which the world left five hundred years ago—
The lovers of the stony *statu quo*—
"Standers in the old ways," whom nothing stirs,
To whom "the wisdom of our ancestors"
Is wisdom yesterday, to-day, for ever;
Who, midst a world of change, boast, blind, of changing never.

On mummy-paper a LORD GEORGE might find
Fit place for utterance of his "stable mind;"
On mummy-paper GLADSTONE should dilate
On old-world theories of Church and State;
Let mummy-paper bear our penal laws
'Gainst those who hold a different faith or cause;
On mummy-paper print the outworn story,
And useless Shibboleths of Whig and Tory—
Watch-words that rouse no cry—exploded shams—
"Our glorious Constitution," and such flams:
In short, print on it (we 'll lend aid most hearty)
A Library for next year's "Country Party."

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS GRIFFIN'S SECRET.—THE GREY MARE.

Now, could MISS GRIFFIN have screwed herself to the Amazonian pitch—could she have risen to her own ideal of feminine firmness—sure we are she would have sacrificed MISS FLUKE upon the spot, by denouncing her as the expelled one! But for the milkiness of human nature seething in the bosom of the Mistress of Capsicum, the forlorn MISS FLUKE—with all her boxes!—would have been sent forth into the wide world, to travel onward to an obscure grave, a rejected GRIFFIN. This judgment, though deserved by the offender, was too terrible to be pronounced by the mistress; who, it may be, thought also of the scandal that might fly-spot the white fame of Capsicum. And therefore, mingled motives of benignity and profit made MISS GRIFFIN tolerant of the audacious FLUKE; who, by the laughing wilfulness of seventeen, confounded and governed a spinster of middle age—supposing the usual number of spinster years to be ninety.

As MISS FLUKE whisked from the room, carried out of it by the unchecked vigour of her laughter, an infectious gaiety fell upon the remainder nineteen young ladies. Mirth ran from face to face, like a line of sudden light. Eyes, black and blue, were dissolving with the fun that shone within them; and lips put themselves into all shapes and contrivances to repress the laughter that—like heart-delighting wine—gently whizzed and oozed at the corners, ready to burst in sparkling foam for man's sweet intoxication. Nineteen pair of lips, some in little red lumps, some growing redder beneath the biting pearl, some tightly pressed, some involving one another, and all vainly trying to imprison and slay the god of mirth, that, engendered in the heart, at length burst forth upon the air with a silvery shout.

And MISS GRIFFIN, for the first time, knew she had a secret, at the moment she felt it was discovered. Those nineteen melodious voices were so many accusing spirits, taking all shapes and sounds. Now they tinkled in her ears like a chain of wedding-rings; and now, like the softest and most honied notes of a church organ, they accompanied the hymeneal cherubim—all heads and voices—chanting "I WILL!"

In that prophetic flash did MISS GRIFFIN see MR. TAMERLANE CORKS in a new blue coat and white watered satin waistcoat. (She saw no more). He held the ring; and she felt a cold shiver run to the root of her third finger. CORKS smiled and—to her thought—

looked like CUPID as a bird-catcher, the picture of her earliest valentine. In that lightening moment MISS GRIFFIN felt her marriage minute was come! All things sympathised with the time. THE pigeons without cooed loudly down the chimney; the orange-buds no doubt broke in the conservatory; and, in the garden, as singeth PLANCHE, the lyrist—

"The lily of the valley rang her peal of silver bells."

And all this, credulous reader, all this came into the mind of MISS GRIFFIN, struck there by the leading laugh of MISS FLUKE, conscientiously followed by all her nineteen schoolfellows.

But MISS GRIFFIN—shaking her feelings as partlet shakes her rumpled feathers—became calm, solemnly calm. "The Marriage-Class is dismissed," she said, with a stern serenity; as though with the words she turned away HYMEN from her own heart, like an importunate linkman whose services were by no means required. "The Marriage-Class is dismissed," she repeated; and the young ladies, demurely as kittens bent on mischief, walked as with velvet feet from the room, every one of them carrying about her lips the beginning of another laugh, to be duly finished up stairs.

"What will become of *that* MISS FLUKE," said the GRIFFIN, still avoiding the eye of CORKS, as though it were a bullet, "who can tell?—It is not pleasant to ruin a young lady for life—

"No," said the sepulchral CORKS.

"Otherwise," continued the Governess, "I would send her with a penny-post letter home. However, I am afraid that, go when she will from this house, she will never leave it with the grey mare."

"The grey mare!" we cried. "What of the grey mare?"

"Oh, a symbol—merely a symbol," answered MISS GRIFFIN. We gracefully pressed for an explanation. "Well, then, you must understand," said the Governess, "that when a young lady, fitted with all the acquirements of a wife and a housekeeper—a young lady, educated at Capsicum House, to guide her husband as MINERVA guides her peacock, with reins unfelt, unseen—mere reins of moonshine,"—

"Sunshine," we suggested, as an improved material for conjugal harness.

"Say sunshine," consented MISS GRIFFIN. "When she quits this place, duly furnished for the altar, the dining room and the pantry, she is always taken to her home by the grey mare. When married—if she remain a true Capsicum, and I am proud to say I have known but few backsliders,—when married, sir, she is carried to the home of her husband by four grey mares. For in a grey mare, sir,—you shall by-and-bye see our own darling in the paddock—in a grey mare, as you ought to know, there is a proverb and a symbol."

We bowed to the existence of the proverb; and then—for we marked that MISS GRIFFIN desired to talk—and then we observed, "The saying is very ancient. Yes; the grey mare is old—doubtless very old?"

"I am assured, sir, by DOCTOR PUMPUS," answered MISS GRIFFIN, "that she came out of NOAH'S ark with NOAH'S wife and NOAH'S sons' wives."

"No doubt of it," sounded CORKS. "I have somewhere read that the Amazons—we have few such women now," and CORKS looked at MISS GRIFFIN—"the Amazons always strung their bows from a grey mare; and I believe it is not saying too much of those distinguished ladies to assert, that their arrow never missed their man, and their bow never wanted a string. Happy women!"

"The world was worth living in then," said MISS GRIFFIN with a sigh.

"It is for you, madam," said CORKS, "to roll back that world. As for the Grey Mare, her history—I mean her domestic history—is yet to be developed. I have no doubt she is a—a myth——" finished CORKS, looking somewhat appealingly for an explanation of the syllable he had ventured.

"It has just struck me, MR. CORKS, that as we have the Order of the Sheep, the Order of the Elephant—if I am right," ventured MISS GRIFFIN, "the Order of the Lion, and the Order of the Bear (an excellent Order), for men,—that it would be an admirable institution, to have the Order of the Grey Mare, for women?"

"Splen—did!" shouted CORKS. "Why not found the Order yourself, dearest madam, and hold your first chapter—if I am not wrong—here in Capsicum House?"

"I almost feel it is my mission," said MISS GRIFFIN. "Nevertheless, society is hardly ripe for it. To be sure, until the proper time shall come, the sisterhood might be one of secrecy. Every wife found worthy of the Order of the Grey Mare need not show it."

"At least, not before company," we ventured to remark.

And then MISS GRIFFIN shook her head and cried—"My dear sir, on second thoughts, only think of the temptation!"

"Very true," we answered; "no: it is not to be expected. 'Twould be like wearing diamonds under a nightcap."

"MR. CORKS!" exclaimed MISS GRIFFIN, as though she looked to him for protection; and then, with cold composure, she said, "if you please, as we are upon the subject, and the school is up for the day, we will walk to the paddock."

MR. CORKS, bending his arm like the bow of CUPID, offered it to MISS GRIFFIN, who just laid her five fingers on the proffered limb, as though playfully afraid of it.

We descended into the garden, and turning zig-zag right and left, came into the poultry-yard. Suddenly MISS GRIFFIN stopped, and pointing to a gander that stood motionless beside a small, low shed, observed, "Look there! The goose has been four weeks last Tuesday on her eggs; and except to eat a bit, and now and then to wash himself, that faithful bird, her mate, has never left that spot."

CORKS moved his head up and down in solemn admiration; and then, with his searching eye upon the gander, slowly remarked, "Philoprogenitiveness very large."

Feeling that some word was required of us, we said, "Such tenderness in an irrational creature, madam, is a touching sight."

"Oh, sir," cried MISS GRIFFIN, and pathetically, too, "Oh, sir, when I sometimes read the newspapers, and think of the faithfulness of the birds of the air, I confess it, I blush for a part of my species."

"It is very kind of you, MISS GRIFFIN," said we.

"Not but what I sometimes think we wrong poor animals. Now, geese, MR. CORKS,"—and suddenly the Professor of Intonation looked quite alive to the subject—"I think geese very much slandered. I am convinced of it, geese have great judgment."

"Well, madam, I must say it—my experience as an actor cannot wholly deny it," and CORKS feebly smiled.

"And do the young ladies," we inquired, "pursue their studies here? Have you a Poultry-Class?"

"Most certainly," answered MISS GRIFFIN, as she walked on. "How defective is the education of a woman who cannot detect a chicken from a maternal hen; a duckling from the grandmother of ducks; a young stubble goose from a goose grown grey with years! Reflect, sir, for a moment on the domestic acerbity likely to be occasioned by old poultry brought to table. I have known, sir, men of the best tempers—with tough poultry to carve—turned into demons. Now here, sir, the pullet is watched, I may say, from the egg to the spit; and thus the serenity of the future husband is unruffled by drum-sticks. But here," said MISS GRIFFIN, "here is the paddock with the Grey Mare."

Legal Intelligence.

IT may be as well that the Profession should be made acquainted with the state of the engagements of our learned friend MR. BRIEFLESS, who, amongst his numerous retainers, finds none so agreeable as the pleasant recollection he always retains of the confidence of his clients. We find in our forensic friend's list of business for the Term, the following important items:—

1. Case for opinion. This is an interesting case of excellent Champagne, of which his opinion is desired at his earliest convenience.

2. Draft to settle. This is a pipe of admirable draft Cyder, which has been left with MR. BRIEFLESS to settle before the long vacation.

3. Bill with instructions to draw. This turns out to be an accommodation bill, which a friend has instructed the learned gentleman to draw; but MR. BRIEFLESS, with becoming caution, has declined entering into the transaction.

Besides the above list, there is in our learned friend's chambers a case of DOE on the demise of ROE, which turns out to be a preserved Mackarel with bread-stuffing, and which, we believe, he intends leaving over altogether as a *remanet*. We find nothing in the peremptory paper way but a letter from the learned gentleman's tailor, which will take him to Court on the first opportunity.

THE BILLSTICKERS' EXHIBITION.

Among the earliest exhibitions of the present season, that of the Bill Stickers stands exceedingly high, and is replete with a truly charming variety. The pictorial placard has opened out quite a new style of art, and we shall not be surprised to find some of the first painters of the age devoting their genius to the composition of broadsides. One of the earliest efforts in this direction was the celebrated "Ha! ha! Cured in an instant!" which will be found in the collection of Professor Holloway, who was certainly a greater Professor—looking at his Professions—than any of his contemporaries. It will be remembered that his ointment was warranted to pull out teeth, extract corns, demolish bunions, remove baldness, get rid of gout, produce whiskers, cure indigestion, give an appetite, take away freckles, soften the hands, prolong life, arch the eyebrows, support the knees, eradicate chaps from the lips, and promote activity in the muscles. The Earl of Aldborough is no doubt the nobleman whose portrait is exhibited in the celebrated "Ha! ha!" *tableau*, for the aristocratic patient is continually sending up to the Professor the details of some astonishing cure, which has been produced by the marvellous ointment.

The Earl of Aldborough must be a wonderful man to have gone through so many dangers, and the wonderful ointment is worthy of the noble who appears to live upon it. We cannot deny to the Professor the credit of having been one of the first to associate the fine arts with advertising hand-bills, and thus to lay the foundation for those exhibitions of puffing pictures which give new life to all the dead walls in and about the metropolis.

The present season is exceedingly rich in these pictorial embellishments, and the exterior of the old Fleet Prison offers just now a very powerful counter-attraction to those exhibitions which are already open, or are on the point of opening. We think it would be worth the while of some enterprising publisher to print a daily catalogue of the wall of the Fleet, for the convenience and instruction of amateurs and the public in general.

THE 'CAXTON MONUMENT.

Doctor Milman has received the subjoined letter from Viscount Morpeth. It will be remembered that, on a late occasion, Her Majesty's Ministers declined to interfere in the matter of the preservation of the house of Shakspeare. Possibly, they were influenced in their determination by the *Court Circular*, that chronicles so many royal visits to the Italian Opera and the French Plays, but rarely one to an English theatre. Shakspeare being considered a bore at Court, is scarcely to be respected by the Cabinet. We are sure that Lord Morpeth must have felt a twinge as he penned the subjoined :—

"My dear Doctor Milman,—All that you have written about a monument to Caxton is charming—very charming, indeed. The idea is truly that of a poet. A fountain by day, and a jet of light by night! Thirst assuaged, and darkness conquered! Extremely pertinent this; and very typical of the art of the printer, as developed in the publication of the morning and evening papers. Nevertheless, Her Majesty's Government considers that the fame of Caxton is more the general property of the nation than of the Ministry; who, indeed, violate a standing order of Parliament when they suffer the printer to enter either the Lords or Commons. And then, for the proposed fountain and light, permit me to observe that the locality you have suggested for the Caxton monument is, I am given to understand on the very best authority, already blest with a pump and gas. These the exercise of a moderate degree of popular imagination may easily regard as the Fountain and Light you propose—and the expense of the monument be saved. Besides, when we have to lay out so much money upon Buckingham Palace, how can we—in these hard times—spare a shilling for the monument of a man, whose art, by the way, has not always been a matter of comfort or admiration to the sovereigns of England?

"I remain, my dear Doctor Milman,
"Your's faithfully,
"Morpeth."

"P.S. Should the monument arise from private funds, I shall feel myself honoured by being placed among the subscribers."

Classical Pantomime Quartettes.

A delightful series of Pantomime Quartettes has recently been commenced by four of our first executants in that most captivating branch of art, and we hope to see the experiment perfectly successful. These charming unions have originated in the taste and genius of the veteran Southby, who conceived the happy idea of holding meetings for the effective rendering of some of those exquisite pantomimic *morceaux* that have been bequeathed to us by the great Grimaldi and other old masters. The programme for last Monday was exceedingly attractive, and comprised the delicious wheelbarrow movement, Op. 926, together with "Tippitywitchet," and a variety of other favourite compositions. The wheelbarrow movement created the most intense interest among the numerous *dilettanti* and *virtuosi* who thronged the room. Southby's firmness and breadth give a steadiness and body which are essential to the perfect rendering of this great work of art, and his grasp of his subject was splendidly displayed in the handling of the wood which forms the wheel of the wheelbarrow. Howell made an admirable second in this display of pantomimic learning; and though he had little more to do than support Southby, the hand of the master was apparent in every movement. "Tippitywitchet" gave Mathews an opportunity of coming forward more independently in the solo hits, where his scholarship came out with great freshness and force; while the *tuttis* at the end of each verse enabled every executant to display some peculiarity for which he is illustrious. In the sneeze, the freedom and finish of Mathews told exceedingly well; while he never allowed his gushing buoyancy to go beyond that delicate nicety which marks the true artist. Howell did efficient service in the yawn, and carried his audience with him in a most astonishing manner.

The *dilettanti* expressed the most unmeasured delight at the whole performance, and evidently take great interest in the success of these pantomimic unions. We understand that "Hot Codlings" is the next great work the executants will take in hand, but they do not mean to present it to the *virtuosi* until it can be given in that state of perfection which is due to a composition of such rare magnitude.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, May 29th, 1847.

LOVE-SONGS OF THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

THE GHAZUL, OR ORIENTAL LOVE-SONG.

LYRICAL composition of almost every kind has been tried by our F. F., and it cannot be supposed that he should have practised so much without essaying the Oriental style of verse. Here are three specimens of his Eastern poems, from a large collection called by their gifted author, "Draughts of Sherbet."

His own account of the verses is as follows :—

1, THE ROCKS. This song is anterior to the times of Antar, and almost as popular among the tribes of the Lebanon as any chronicle of the indomitable lover of Ibla. I learned it in the Seven Towers, Constantinople, from young BUKSHEESH BEY, a prisoner there along with his uncle, the ill-fated EMEER BESHEER. Sung to a guzla, and to a wild and plaintive air, the Antelope never failed to bring tears into the eyes of the Emeer's attendants. I regret not having noted the music.

2. THE MERRY BARD is the celebrated or rather notorious little KARA GUROO, the cobbler, philosopher and bell-ringer at the mosque of SULTAN ACHMET. His *mots* are repeated all over Constantinople, and he is to be found at the Greek wine-houses, pretty regularly of an evening, with a dulcimer and a jar of wine beside him, tippling and singing verses of an epicurean and amatory tendency. "The Little Brown Bulbul" is the name by which he is known in his quarter, where I was introduced to him by another delightful poet—I mean M. DE TITOFF, of the Russian Embassy.

3. THE CAICJKEE. This is a favourite song of His Highness ABD-UL-MEDJEED. I composed it (in the Turkish language, with which I am pretty familiar) on a melancholy occasion, of which I forbear to speak. The fate of the LEILAH of the song is well known. The REVEREND G—E BR—N, of the American Mission at Pera, has in his possession the sack in which the lovely and unfortunate Georgian girl was found floating in the Bosphorus. I have never been the same man since.

Such is our friend's explanation ; not one word of which, it gives us great pain to say, do we believe.

THE ROCKS.

I was a timid little antelope ;
My home was in the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I saw the hunters scouring on the plain ;
I lived among the rocks, the lonely rocks.

I was a-thirsty in the summer-heat ;
I ventured to the tents beneath the rocks.

ZULEIKAH brought me water from the well ;
Since then I have been faithless to the rocks.

I saw her face reflected in the well ;
Her camels since have marched into the rocks.

I look to see her image in the well ;
I only see my eyes, my own sad eyes.
My mother is alone among the rocks.

THE MERRY BARD.

ZULEIKAH ! The young Agas in the bazaar are slim-waisted and wear yellow slippers. I am old and hideous. One of my eyes is out, and the hairs of my beard are mostly grey. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.

There is a bird upon the terrace of the Emir's chief wife. Praise be to Allah ! He has emeralds on his neck, and a ruby tail. I am a merry bard. He deafens me with his diabolical screaming.

There is a little brown bird in the basket-maker's cage. Praise be to Allah ! He ravishes my soul in the moonlight. I am a merry bard.

The peacock is an Aga, but the little bird is a Bulbul.

I am a little brown Bulbul. Come and listen in the moonlight. Praise be to Allah ! I am a merry bard.

THE CAIQUE.

Yonder to the kiosk, beside the creek,
Paddle the swift caique.
Thou brawny oarsman with the sun-burnt cheek,
Quick ! for it soothes my heart to hear the Bulbul speak !

Ferry me quickly to the Asian shores,
Swift bending to your oars.
Beneath the melancholy sycamores,
Hark ! what a ravishing note the love-lorn Bulbul pours.

Behold, the boughs seem quivering with delight,
The stars themselves more bright,
As mid the waving branches out of sight
The Lover of the Rose sits singing through the night.

Under the boughs I sat and listened still,
I could not have my fill.
"How comes," I said, "such music to his bill ?
Tell me for whom he sings so beautiful a trill."

"Once I was dumb," then did the Bird disclose,
"But looked upon the Rose ;
And in the garden where the loved-one grows,
I straightway did begin sweet music to compose."

"O bird of song, there 's one in this caique
The Rose would also seek,
So he might learn like you to love and speak."
Then answered me the bird of dusky beak,
"The Rose, the Rose of Love blushes on LEILAH's cheek."

MULTUM IN PARVO.

AMONG the novelties in dress that ingenuity has lately brought forth, is a garment consisting of collar, cravat, shirt-front, and waistcoat, all in one. It is said to be "a saving of time, money, and material, in dress ;" but this is an economy that can be just as well achieved with an ordinary waistcoat, by buttoning it closely up, and omitting all the other articles by which it is usually accompanied. We have known several ingenious gentlemen who have anticipated the inventor of the costume described, by making one item of dress do the duty of half-a-dozen. In this way we have known a boot serve the additional purpose of a stocking ; and other portions of costume have been put upon double or treble duty, in the manner we have hinted at.

ATTORNEYS' GOWNS.

THE attorneys are getting up an agitation in favour of their wearing a gown; and the great Bombazine Question is likely to become a leading topic with the legal fraternity. An antiquarian member of the craft has discovered that the gown was formerly a part of the attorney's costume, and there is a loud cry for its resumption. The reasons by which this movement is supported are now before us in a printed circular.

"1st, That, on being sworn attorneys, they are invested with it as a distinguishing garb and characteristic of the profession."

There is not much in reason number one; for it does not follow that because a piece of masquerading mummery marks the initiation of an attorney into his professional career, he is to keep up the tom-foolery to the end of his practice.

"2ndly, That it is the simple and efficient means of avoiding the inconvenience of obtaining admission into crowded courts of justice, &c."

If their wish is only to make their way easily through a crowd, a harlequin's dress would be the most fitting costume we could recommend to them. But it is absurd to suppose that an attorney requires anything of the kind to enable him to force his way, for most of the class are such pushing fellows, that the difficulty is to keep them out instead of facilitating their entrance.

"3rdly, When admitted to the body of the court, of obtaining access to counsel and retaining possession of the seats appropriated to attorneys, a matter which every attorney knows is now often an impossibility, the seats being usually crowded at the opening of the courts by the idle and curious, in consequence of which, the attorney is often obliged to *fling* his brief to counsel, without an opportunity of making any of those suggestions, or answering any of those questions in the progress of the cause, (civil or criminal,) which his detailed knowledge would render so useful and convenient to the advocate."

We certainly sympathise more with the counsel who have the briefs flung at them, than with the attorneys who complain that they are put to the trouble of flinging. It is perhaps rather objectionable that every attorney should have his fling in court; but if it is the only way of throwing out a suggestion, it is an inconvenience that we must learn to tolerate.

"And lastly, That it would give a professional character, and attach respect, by raising the respectability of our order in the eyes of the public. The barrister does not forsake his wig and gown; why should the attorney relinquish the outward and visible sign of his belonging to the same learned profession?"

This last reason is the one which seems after all to be the most plausible. Still it is one that cannot stand; for if an attorney relies upon a gown to give him a professional character, he will not find it wear to his satisfaction. The respectable practitioner is, "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most;" but as to the scamp—

"You may gown, you may toga the Gent. as you will,
But the pettifog odour will stick to him still."

It is true enough that the barrister does not forsake his wig and gown; but the attorney has already parted with the object of his affection, and long separation must have so accustomed him to the change, that a re-union would only be awkward and embarrassing.

The circular now before us, after commencing with all the pretension of an appeal to professional dignity, sinks down, towards the end, into a regular begging letter. The following paragraph is full of purpose:—

"As this course is necessarily attended with expenses in printing, postages, &c., it is proposed to defray it by a subscription, not exceeding 5*s.* each, which may be forwarded to me in penny postage stamps."

The moderation and delicacy with which the subscription is limited to five shillings each, cannot be too highly commended. The restraint thus imposed will act, we dare say, as a most wholesome check on exuberant generosity. The farce of "Lend me Five Shillings" cannot be richer than this little incident of the application for that sum in postage stamps. The following concluding paragraph of the epistle from which we have been quoting, is rather more curious than satisfactory.

"Should the list of adherents appear sufficiently numerous, counsel will bring the subject before the Judges of the superior courts, or such other proceedings will be taken to carry the plan generally into execution as may be deemed advisable."

If there are enough adherents—if a sufficient number should hang on by the gown of the attorneys—the subject will perhaps be brought before the courts, and the five shillings will be applied for the benefit of the subscribers. If the great body of attorneys should think the gown all stuff, what is to become of the enormous accumulation of Queen's heads, upon which the promoters calculate? To this query, Echo—or its substitute—answers, "You had better make your inquiries of the parties concerned, for I can give you no information."

RICHARDSON'S GHOST'S COMPLAINT.

(Picked up at Greenwich Fair.)

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
London town I left forlorn:
To increase a showman's treasures,
In a jolting waggon borne.

Men with whiting came and chalked me,
Round me did a sheet enfold;
Into playing ghosts they talked me—
Oh, how sadly I was sold!

Still in thought as free as ever,
Who has got the right, I ask,
Me from better parts to sever?
Acting ghosts my daily task.

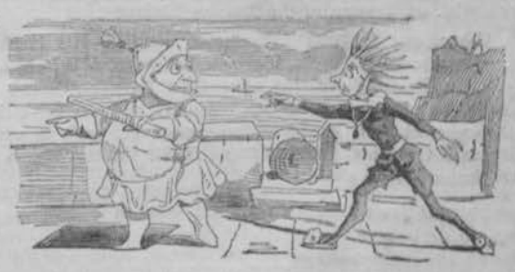
Cotton night-caps, chalk complexion,
Cannot forfeit talent's claim;
Dress may differ, but reflection
Tells me Genius is the same.

Why did melodrama writers
Make the parts in which I toil?
Of my hopes they are the blighters:
Any acting they would spoil.

Think ye, authors, leaden-headed,
Writing for the showman's boards,
How much genius lies embedded,
In the Ghost your pen affords.

By my energies all wasted,
In a tablecloth and chain;
By the chalk that I have tasted,
Pouring down my cheeks like rain;

By my sufferings since ye brought me
Down to this degrading part,
But sustained because it taught me
Something of the actor's art;



Let me play the ghosts no longer
Than a substitute ye find;
Give me business rather stronger,
Business that gives scope for mind.

Managers, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your noble boasts,
Just consider people's feelings,
Ere you make them play the ghosts.

Musical Arrangements.

HERR SCHWARTZ is in town for the season, with his celebrated brass band, and purposes taking a series of musical excursions to Rosherville and other parts during the summer weather. He has just finished the Limehouse Quadrilles, which he will play on board the Red Rover to Herne Bay, in a few days; and he has arranged a series of passages, ascending and descending, to harmonise with the alternate going up and down of the vessel. HERR SCHWARTZ is also busy upon the Blackwall Polka, and White Bait Waltz, which will be played, for the first time, on the 15th of July, in commemoration of the taking of Rosherville.

IN VINO VERITAS.

A QUARTER of an ounce of sugar of lead was lately found in a bottle of champagne. We are afraid that some of our novelists have been drinking this wine, which has got into their heads, and produced those fearful results that any peruser of "all the new works" must have long ago discovered.

THE RUINS OF REGENT STREET ARCADE.

What would George the Fourth say if he could see at present the Regent Street Arcade! It has scarcely a roof to its head. The rain pours in upon it from a thousand holes; the winds whistle through the broken skylights; the lath and plaster hang from the ragged ceiling in dreary festoons of wretchedness; and the mortar repeatedly comes down in a pelting shower, which makes the stoutest umbrella tremble under it. There is a Chancery look about the place; the pillars seem of the I.O.U. order of architecture; litigation and the dry rot are evidently doing their best to undermine the haughty Arcade and reduce it into a state of premature decay. In a few months more, unless the holes are filled up—for a hole in time may save nine—the entire colonnade must inevitably tumble from its proud estate, and the ruins will be numbered with those of Nineveh and Carthage. We can imagine the beadle—the mere shadow of his former greatness—the very Peter Schlemell of a beadle—sitting amongst the broken pillars and lamenting their fall, which has caused his own, and looking

back with regret to those days when carriages loved to bask in the sun of the fashionable highway, and silk-stockinged footmen delighted to repose in the peaceful shades of the Arcade. The sun bakes the pavement; and the rural seats outside Howell and James's, where John met Thomas in friendly intercourse, and exchanged the secrets of each others' pantry, are deserted for the feverish benches of the nearest public. And the carriages—where are they? They are disporting outside other Arcades, where ladies who get out in confidence, can get in again in safety.

These melancholy forebodings are not unlikely to be realised. We beg the reader who has a taste for the wild and wretched to visit the Arcade. He will agree with us, that there is not in the whole collection of "Nash's Exteriors" a roof which could have more fretting about it than the one which is allowed to be shamefully suspended by a solitary hog's-bristle, as it were, over the devoted beadle's head. To prevent accidents, we really think a board ought to be put up marked "Dangerous," or a whisp of straw suspended at each entrance, with the warning "No thoroughfare."

Peel's Coming!

The *Morning Herald* has read a terrible warning to all Peeresses with sons. If the affectionate mothers would preserve their children from a political ogre, they are to beware of the ex-Premier. For—asks the *Herald*, in a passion of grief—for "what hope have youth and amiability in the unscrupulous hands of Sir Robert Peel?" This feeling is now so generally acknowledged, that at Harrow and Eton the masters, when they would send the naughty boys to bed, have only to exclaim—"Peel 's coming!" and the thing 's done.

MARK LANE, MARK!

The speculators in grain who are desirous of holding, should transfer their tenacity from corn to rice, since there is classical authority for the latter proceeding in the celebrated expression, "*Risum* teneatis amici."

PUNCH'S ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Our advices from Oxford are somewhat ambiguous; our local correspondent in that quarter sends us facts to the 28th ultimo, and jokes to the 31st, from the latest of which we make a selection. The name of Mr. Round, one of the candidates, has put us in possession of puns, one of which has just arrived by electric telegraph. We need not say that we have been severely shocked, but whether by the wit or the wires, we have not yet been able to determine. The following are the particulars:—

"The chairman of Mr. Round's Committee has been trying to set him square with the electors; but the general impression is, that the attempt will not end in a successful quadrature of the circle."

We understand that Mr. Round's Committee instantly met for the purpose of getting up an opposition pun upon the name of Mr. Cardwell; but though several rumours are afloat, no joke has been set forth with the weight of official acknowledgment. A vague allusion to "playing his Card-well," and not being "a trump card," was in circulation for a short time; but an indignant disclaimer has since been put forth by an influential member of Mr. Round's Committee. It is understood that if the election seems likely to depend ultimately on a play upon words, an experienced punster will be offered a thousand guineas to come down from London expressly to pun Mr. Cardwell completely out of the field, which the much-respected wag to whom we allude, has undertaken to accomplish, if his services should be required.

Our correspondent at Aberdeen writes to us, entreating us to send down a candidate to oppose Mr. Bannerman; for, that any one knowing how to work the point about fighting under the standard of Freedom instead of the humiliating banner of Bannerman, would be sure of an enthusiastic reception among the electors. It certainly seems a pity that a subject so suggestive of electioneering squibs should be lost for want of an opposition.

In Greenock, Lord John Hay's friends have been canvassing, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, and they have secured several votes by asking the electors to make Hay while the sun shines.

In Bristol, the Hon. T. H. Berkeley is opposed by Mr. Fripp. We need not say that placards, with No Frippery upon them, are now covering the walls of the city.

At Bath, Mr. Roebuck has been undergoing a severe cross-questioning from his constituents. They complain of his exceeding bitterness, and his very bad taste; on account of which some of the electors declare they can no longer swallow him.

In Westminster, the Wandering Minstrel has had pretty broad hints that he had better "move on;" for wherever he strikes up, he is regarded as a nuisance by the electors.

Coming to a Proper Conclusion.

There was a paragraph at the conclusion of the King of Prussia's speech at the opening of the Diet which has been omitted, somehow, in all the published reports. The paragraph runs as follows:—"My brave spirits of Fatherland, you have my speech. I beg of you now to put it in your much-to-be-admired-and-beautifully-coloured pipes, and to smoke it." The Germans are proverbially slow, but we believe that a great number of them have already come to the above conclusion. But the speech is so dry that it takes them a long time to get through it.

"AS YOU MAKE YOUR BED," &c.

A bed of oysters has lately been discovered at Lochgoil, in Scotland This will afford to the lovers of that secluded fish a really fine opening.

"Are you going to Hascot, Bill?"
"Why, yes, Ime going to chaperong this young female down by the rail."

THE PIP AMONG THE GROUSE.

"We regret," says a Scotch newspaper, "to learn that the young birds on the moors are dying in great numbers." We participate in the regret of our Caledonian contemporary. We wish the poor grouse could live to be killed and eaten—to die in due season by the Manton, instead of falling prematurely by the pip, and to afford sport and recreation to our overworked members of Parliament. The grouse, too, is an innocent bird, a creature that harms nobody. It is not, like the rapacious pheasant, the destructive hare and rabbit, the banes of the peasant and the scourges of the farmer. We wish we could get the epidemic to quit the grouse and attack these mischievous animals. For every one of them destroyed there would be corn and turnips the more—poachers and prisoners the less. We should be glad if his Majesty King Death, instead of sporting on the moors, would amuse himself by shooting over the preserves. But Death, unfortunately, is too much interested in the preservation of Game and the Game Laws.

Joseph Ady and Prince Albert.

Sir Peter Laurie has stated at the Mansion House, that Joseph Ady endeavours to levy his contributions on foreigners, by sending round circulars "with the head of Prince Albert lithographed at the top, as a security for their genuineness." The Albert head, carrying as it does the Albert hat, in most cases frightens the victims into a composition.

REJOICINGS IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

From an early hour in the morning the inhabitants of London were enlivened by a constant ringing of bells, whose merry peals prevented them from hearing a word that was spoken; and as, in the present "tightness," no very agreeable conversation is to be had, the effect was altogether very delightful. The firing of the guns supplied a most acceptable boon to the riders in omnibuses, for by startling the horses, the constant discharges of artillery accelerated the speed of the animals, who might otherwise have fallen, from the heat of the weather, into a pace of uncomfortable sluggishness.

The rejoicings in the metropolitan eating-houses were on the usual scale of festive liberality. The various joints were observed to be in excellent "cut" up to a late hour of the day, and several parties took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded them of assisting at the rejoicings on the occasion of her Majesty's Birth-day. In the evening the hilarity was kept up by the illuminations provided at the expense of the clubs and tradesmen of the metropolis, whose liberality seemed to give general satisfaction to every one but the moon, who was visibly affected by the superior brilliance that surrounded her.

John Bull's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of poor old John Bull,
Whose quartern loaf a shilling costs, or more,
Whilst there are warehouses of grain chock-full:
Cheapen your corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

These falling funds my poverty bespeak,
This worthless scrip proclaims my want of cash;
And many a rise in bread, from week to week,
Has been the prelude to an awful smash.

That granary on yon corn-factor's ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For there is wheat in plenty to be found,
Sack upon sack heap'd up, and load on load.

Harden'd his heart unto its inmost core:
There—whilst my all I offer'd for his wheat—
The pamper'd factor drove me from his door,
And here am I without a crust to eat!

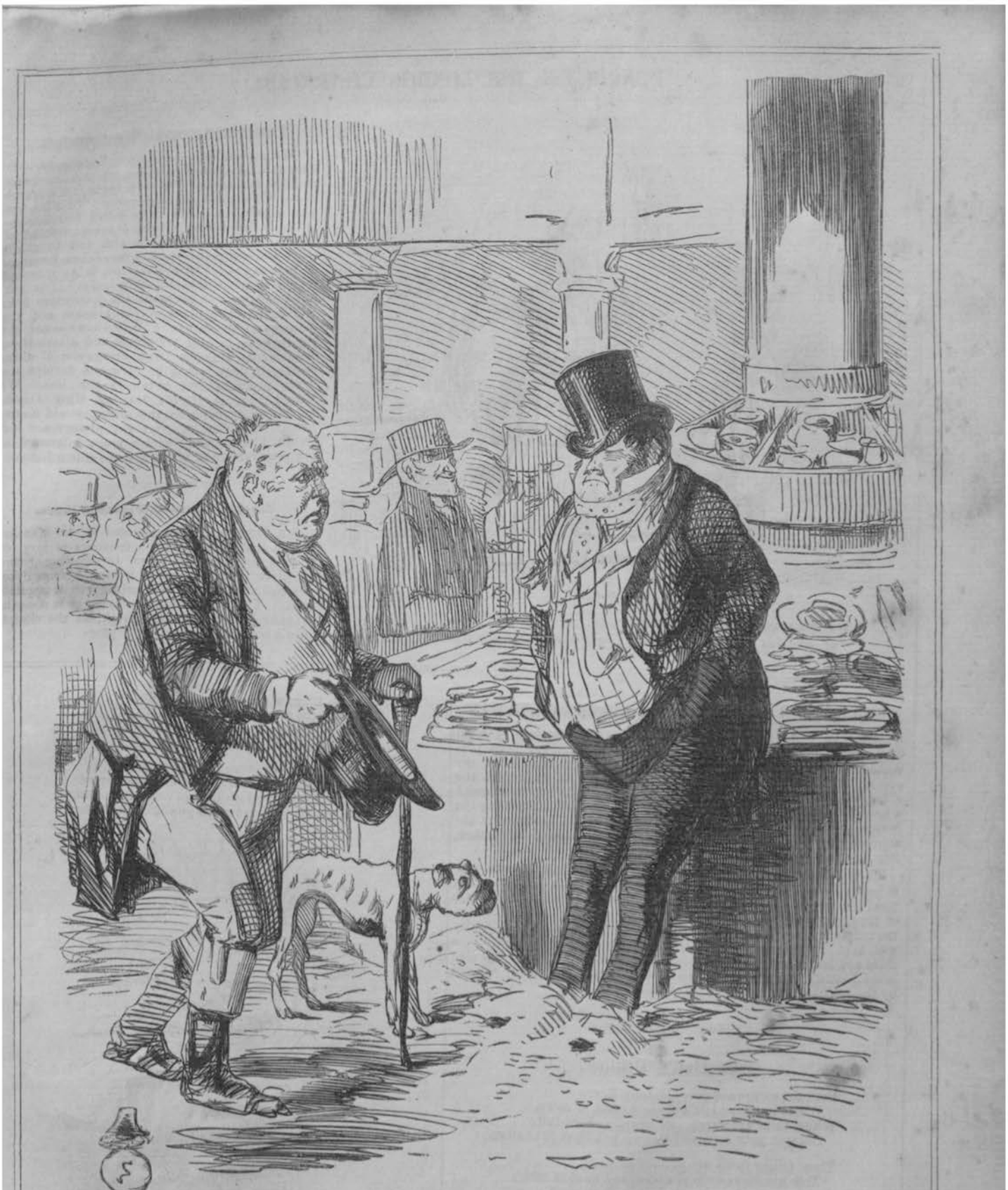
My bank, till now my refuge at a pinch,
Struck with a panic at my threatening ills,
And by its Charter bound, can't stir an inch,
And is unable to discount my bills.

Pity the sorrows of poor old John Bull,
Whose quartern loaf a shilling costs, or more!
And oh! ye rogues, with bags of corn chock-full,
Shell out the hoarded grain you keep in store.

The True Friend of the People.

FORWARDNESS OF THE SEASON.

In Mr. Lumley's garden, at the Haymarket, we have had the pleasure of seeing the greatest Swedish turn-up that was ever known. The flavour is delicious, and a more exquisite treat has never, at any time, been afforded to the lovers of the beautiful in Nature and Art.

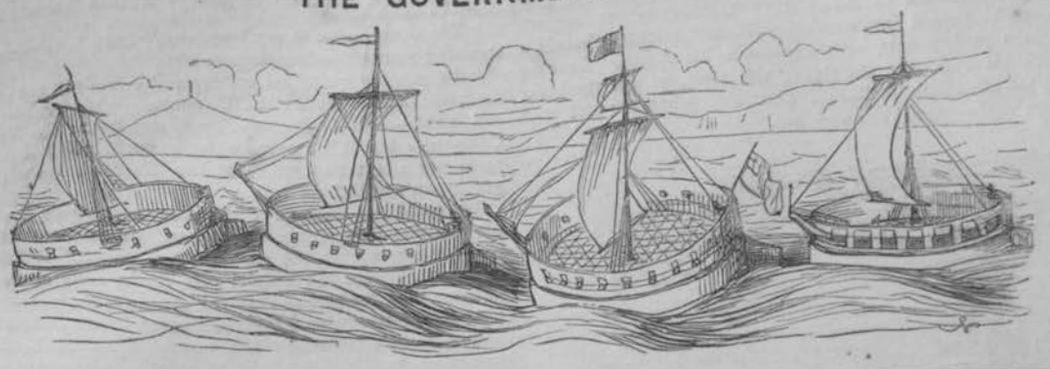


JOHN BULL AND THE PAMPERED CORN-FACTOR.

THAT granary on yon corn-factor's ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For there is wheat in plenty to be found,
Sack upon sack heap'd up, and load on load.

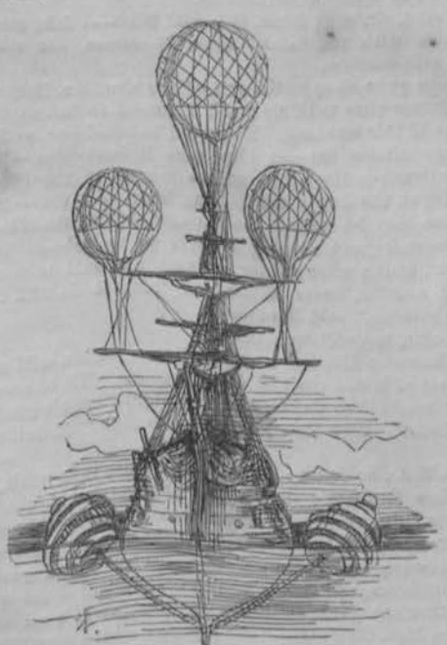
Harden'd his heart unto its inmost core:
There—whilst my all I offered for his wheat—
The pamper'd factor drove me from his door,
And here am I without a crust to eat!

THE GOVERNMENT SHIPS.



THE extraordinary freaks of the ships built for the government, have been exciting the most serious attention, for every man-of-war goes rolling about the ocean in a state of top-heaviness that is regarded with alarm by all who are anxious to maintain our naval supremacy. The extreme weight of the guns has caused such a determination of lead to the head, that unless something can be done to relieve the overcharged vessels, a sort of apoplexy among the ships will become general. Several of them have been already suffering under a sort of paralytic attack, which deprives them of the use of their sides, and all the support that can be given by the aid of stays has been found ineffectual.

We believe that a sort of cold-water cure has been seriously recommended, which it is proposed to put in force by constructing some ships on the principle of the common sieve, permitting a current of water to flow continually in, and thus steady the ship by the introduction of a sort of aquatic ballast. The only objection to this is, that when you let in any water at all, you cannot exactly say where it will stop; but it is proposed to obviate this difficulty by attaching balloons to the masts, which, it is thought, will effectually prevent any vessel from sinking. We hope the plans hinted at will, at all events, be tried, for they cannot prove greater failures than those which have been already put in practice.



SUBSTITUTE FOR THE TREADMILL.

THE *Times* informs us that at a meeting of Middlesex Magistrates, the other day, a motion was made by MR. HOTCH, "That it be referred to a committee to consider whether some better system of hard labour cannot be substituted for the treadwheel in the prisons of the County of Middlesex."—A better species of hard labour than the treadwheel would be the task of making out a modern Act of Parliament.

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER VII.

MISS FLUKE RIDES THE GREY MARE. THE "DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

"STAY, madam," we observed; "we may disturb the young ladies.' Saying this, we shrank behind a tree, and MISS GRIFFIN, gently pressed by MR. CORKS, felt herself squeezed aside from the gate she was about to open. At a glimpse we saw that all the school was assembled in a corner of the paddock, gathered about the Grey Mare, whose keen, proud, handsome head—bearing a garland of bachelors'-buttons, jump-up-and-kiss-me's, and Venus's-looking-glass, selected and woven, as we afterwards learned, by MISS FLUKE—rose above the talking, laughing crowd that with white, small, tender hands patted the Mare's satin skin, or braided her silken mane, or offered her delicate grass or newest hay. "Dear young ladies!" we cried; "they seem very fond of the creature."

"It is a part of their education, sir," said MISS GRIFFIN, "always to remember what is due to the Grey Mare. It is always"—

Here MISS GRIFFIN was interrupted by a loud musical shouting, and clapping of hands; and the crowd of girls breaking apart, the Grey Mare, throwing up her head, as though proud of its beauty, leapt forth like a hound, MISS GRIFFIN—with beautiful presence of mind—killing a ready scream by plugging her mouth with her pocket-handkerchief. "It 's *that* MISS FLUKE," she cried at length, in a smothered voice, at the same time unconsciously pinching the arm of CORKS, to relieve her feelings.

It *was* MISS FLUKE. And without saddle or bridle—her little hand buried in the creature's mane—she sat the Grey Mare as easily and as smilingly as though she sat upon a cushion. And as the Mare broke into a gallop, MISS FLUKE now waved a green branch over her head, and now laid it on the Mare's neck; and the young lady's big, black curls shook merrily about her glowing face; whilst her gleaming eyes seemed to dally with danger, as though she loved it. It was noon; and sure we are that APOLLO, with his eye for beauty, must have pulled up his horses for one little point of time to admire MISS FLUKE upon the Grey Mare.

"FLUKE"—"FLUKE, dear"—"FLUKE, love, don't," cried and shouted the girls, as the Mare galloped faster and faster; the young lady mightily enjoying the fun, and waving a graceful bravado with her green branch.

"She 'll break her neck," cried MISS GRIFFIN with solemn resignation. The next minute the Grey Mare leapt the five-barred gate like a cat, coming down close at the feet of MISS GRIFFIN, pulled up by the rider.

MISS GRIFFIN screamed. "I said I 'd do it, and PALMER 's lost the gloves!" cried MISS FLUKE, as, in a second, she subsided from the Mare to the earth, shook her curls, dropt a curtsey, and bounded like a ball out of sight.

"Dear Madam," said the sonorous CORKS, "if she can only ride the Grey Mare in that fashion all her life, what a GRIFFIN she 'll make—what a glory she 'll shed upon Capsicum House!"

MISS GRIFFIN smiled a flurried smile, and begged for some minutes to be excused. She must follow *that* rebel. MR. CORKS could not suffer her to cross the Poultry-Yard alone; and left us to open the gate for the re-admission of the Mare into her paddock. This done, we sauntered with premeditated leisure—not to interfere with the

Professor of Intonation—back to the garden. We entered a walk, and were musing, now on the hopes and vanities of life, and now on the bursting buds of peonies, when we heard a sharp, short sound, that revealed the near presence of soda-water. Guided by our ear, we turned with our best speed into another walk, and instantly beheld a man, seated in a garden-chair, with a goblet to his mouth. Looking full at us with his eyes over the rim of the glass, he undisturbedly drank; took the glass from his lips; fetched a deep breath; and, with a ragged voice, said—"Good morning, sir."

THE FRIGHTFUL EXAMPLE.

"Good morning. A nice cool draught that," we answered.

"Ha, sir! They 're all very well, these nice cool draughts," cried the stranger; "very well in their way; but oh, dear sir, what a pleasant thing brandy-and-water would be, if there was no to-morrow morning in it!"

The man had a loose, potable look. It was plain that his face, like hot-house fruit, had ripened under a glass. It seemed to us very strange that such a man should be found in such a place of floral purity and sweetness. We had as soon looked for distilled juniper in the cups of tulips.

The man looked heavily at us, and without another word put his hand to his head as though remembrances of last night—like hammers—were beating there.

"Pray, sir," we said with our best politeness, "do you belong to Capsicum House?"

"Not yet: I 'm only here on trial; and I 'm a little afeard I shan't quite answer. They tell me I ain't half quarrelsome enough. I 'm sorry for it; and nobody can say more. I 'm sorry for it," he repeated emphatically.

Finding him so far communicative we proceeded. "What, sir, may be your profession here?"

"Oh, I 'm on liking for the Drunken Husband," answered the stranger, and we stared very widely. "Oh, I am, as sure as my name is Blossoms. But, as I said, I 'm afeard I shan't answer—I 'm too peaceable by half."

"The man is intoxicated," we thought; and immediately Mr. Blossoms divined our opinion, for he very knowingly shook his head, and cried, "No, I ain't; not a bit on it."

"The Drunken Husband!" we exclaimed. "And is it possible that Miss Griffin can entertain, even in fiction, so horrid an animal?"

"Miss Griffin," replied Mr. Blossoms, "is a lady of the world; and though I may not be fort'nate enough to suit her—though I may be too peaceable for the average run, as she says—I won't hear a word agin her. Last night, you see, was my night for coming home very drunk indeed, and I 'm suffering for it. But then, it 's all in the way of bus'ness, and a man must live. Finding ourselves in this world—dust and ashes as we all are—we must make the best of it. Still, my mind tells me that I don't answer; I 'm too peaceable in my liquor. If I could only remember to break a few windows, I should begin to have hopes."

"You never mean to say," we cried, "that it is your sole business to addict yourself to drunkenness?"

"No, not my principal employment, certainly not; it's only a job for over hours," replied Mr. Blossoms. "My reg'lar business, you see, is this—I 'm a collector of the Water Rate; the Nymph and Lily Company; but it 's a poor matter by itself. Now if I can only add to it, for a certainty, the Drunken Husband, I shall feel myself a gentleman for life."

We could not distinguish the true meaning of the man through his haziness of speech. We confess that we were not prepared for such attachment on the part of Miss Griffin to first principles—though they were the especial pets of the Lady of Capsicum—as to imagine that, for hire and reward, she engaged the representative of a bacchanal husband as a necessary agent in the complete education of young British ladies for the future Wives of England. In our ignorance, as it will be shown, we greatly undervalued the enthusiasm of a devoted woman.

"You say, Mr. Blossoms," we continued, "that last night was your night for coming home drunk? You do not mean to infer that Capsicum House is your home?"

"Most undeniably, sir, I do," replied Blossoms boldly. "Look here, sir, and understand me if you can." We bowed. "Miss Griffin—who knows the heart of man as she knows the A, B, C, and can put together and spell all sorts of feelings—Miss Griffin takes it upon herself to be mother to so many young women for so much a year—and hard work it must be, take my word for it. She teaches 'em life, as I may say, in a gallantee-show, afore they 're called upon, poor little things! to go and squeeze for themselves. Every young lady here is brought up for a wife. Now, sir, Miss Griffin says that the whole philosophy—yes, I think that's it—the whole philosophy of a good deal of wedlock is to make the best of an early misfortin."

"Humph! a sad employment," we observed.

"Picking oakum 's nothing to it," said Blossoms, a little softened. "Well, sir, it can't be denied—and Miss Griffin, as a woman of the world, knows it—drunkenness is a good deal about."

We nodded in mournful affirmation.

"A husband, sir, with drink, is a wild beast—a lion coming home to lay down with the lamb," cried Blossoms, his eyes slightly twinkling with emotion.

"You seem quite alive to the evil of the vice, Mr. Blossoms?"

"I 'm all over alive to it, sir; and I intend to 'bolish it. That 's why I 'm so ill this morning. You see, I 'm hired—or, as Miss Griffin says, my mission here at Capsicum House is this,—to take the part of the Drunken Husband; and to do it so to the life—to make such a noise at the door when I come home o' nights—and such a hubbub when they let me into the passage—and to shout and sing and sit upon the stairs, and swear I 'll never go to bed—so that all the young ladies, seeing what a tipsy husband is, should take the pledge one among another, never to have anything to do with the animal. That 's my mission," said Blossoms.

"Very noble, indeed," we observed.

"Only the worst of it is," urged Blossoms, with a mild melancholy—"the worst of it is, I can't be violent enough. To be sure, they tell me that I would kiss Carraways last night; that 's getting a little better; a little." And Blossoms wanly smiled with self-encouragement.

"Oh you 'll do, no doubt: and then the cause is so noble," we said.

"It 's Miss Griffin's notion, and she carries it out beautiful. Every young lady, wrapt up in three shawls, with short candles, takes it in turn to sit up till three in the morning, to see what a wretch I am. Carraways lets me in; and when I 've had a good wrangle with the bannisters, and shown what a brute a lord o' the creation can be,—why then the gardener leads me to bed. It 's all in Virtue's cause," says Miss Griffin,—"but just now what a precious headache Virtue 's give me."

Scotch Pleasantry.

A Scotch paper, the *Glasgow Constitutional*, in describing a funeral, says, "Mr. C———, and his son, were dressed in the full Highland garb, and looked remarkably well." This criticism of the appearance of the mourners at a burial is in the happiest vein of Caledonian good taste; for it is the distinguishing feature of Scotch gaiety, that it is brought in at solemnities, where it is of course most wanted.

QUEEN CHRISTINA ON VESUVIUS.

HER feline Majesty CHRISTINA—ex-queen of Spain, and connubial blessing of the DUKE DE RIANZARES—has by this time reached her destination. It is not generally known that she is about to pass the summer on Mount Vesuvius. At a consultation of the Faculty—affectionately ordered by LOUIS-PHILIPPE—it was concluded that the atmosphere of Paris was much too cold for Her Majesty; who was thereupon advised to try a sulphur air, as more congenial with her ardent temperament. Having successfully lived through so many Spanish intrigues, it was thought that Vesuvius alone would be of enduring service to Her Majesty. Whereupon, LOUIS-PHILIPPE—only too happy to carry out the advice of the physicians—immediately sent an order to Birmingham for the construction of an iron house, to be screwed together and put up on the volcano, for the residence of her salamandrine Majesty. The tenement was manufactured with that despatch which characterizes the men of Birmingham; and—according to last advices from our correspondent—was carried, piecemeal, on the backs of mules, to the selected site, and immediately erected. Its site is as near as is possible to the brim of the great crater; so that Her Majesty may have the lulling sound of the ashes and pumice falling upon the roof of her abode, and also enjoy that brimstone atmosphere which her long political life has made so essential to her daily comfort. Volcanoes, however, are apt to be deficient in courtesy even to crowned heads: for we are told, that no sooner was it known throughout the depths of the fiery regions, that CHRISTINA of Spain was about to become his lodger, than old VESUVIUS grumbled amazingly. He was doubtless afraid that his own brimstone would be no match for the article of QUEEN CHRISTINA.

ENGLISH AUTHORS—AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS.

"VISCOUNT PALMERSTON TO THE RIGHT HON. R. PAKENHAM,
English Ambassador to the United States.

"SIR,—In your relation with the United States of America, you are to consider yourself directed to urge upon the Government the claims of English authors and English artists upon the American people. Her Britannic Majesty, as mother of the British nation, and nurse of letters and arts, has for some years contemplated, with considerable pain, the manifold wrongs endured by her faithful subjects at the hands of their transatlantic Saxon brethren. Various American periodicals have been brought under HER MAJESTY'S notice, purporting to have for their object the robbery of her faithful subjects; and this, in utter violation of the spirit of international law as established among civilized nations.

"You will be pleased to urge upon the American Cabinet, that whereas pirates issuing from American ports, and professedly American subjects, would—if captured in their attempt to seize the vessels of British subjects—be hanged forthwith; so should a like condign punishment be visited upon the pirate behind the counter—"the land rat," who seizes upon the venture of the British author. Indeed, piracy by sea is, as it appears to HER MAJESTY, a somewhat less iniquitous practice than the buccaneering of booksellers. Sailing with 'a trade wind,' and no ingenuous flag—a Death's-head and cross-bones proper, in a field of black—they mercilessly rob miserable men of their brains, remorselessly putting them all to the dollar. You will, therefore, be pleased to urge upon the American Government that this practice—so scandalous to the boasted civilization of the age—can no longer be endured by HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY; who justly considers such an offence, committed by the American people on their own kindred, speaking the like mother tongue, as an additional outrage on the principles of common honesty.—CAIN added atrocity to his crime when the victim was his brother.

"If—as it may be urged by the American Government—it shall be pleaded that the custom of stealing English letters and English art is so long established that it is looked upon as one of the dearest privileges of the American people,—you are then instructed temperately, but firmly to decline all further correspondence with the American Cabinet, and to immediately repair on board the *Chesapeake* frigate, that carries out this despatch.

"No less than six engravings—six different portraits of PRINCE ALBERT—have been pirated by American printsellers, to the great pain of HER MAJESTY, and of PRINCE ALBERT in particular; who has failed to recognise, in the pirated prints, that heroic look and true military bearing that have endeared him to the country, as one of her best-painted, and best-engraved, Field-Marshals.

"In conclusion, you are to energetically urge upon the Government the opinion of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY, that all pacific relations between America and England must cease, unless the pirated plates aforesaid (with all the impressions of H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT, Field-Marshal, Chancellor of Cambridge, Hat-maker to the Horse-Guards, Beadle of Windsor Park, Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, and one of the Chief Justices in Eyre,) be forthwith delivered into your hands, preparatory to the passing of an international law of copyright. And these shall be your instructions.

"Receive the assurance of my consideration,

"PALMERSTON."

"To the RT. HON. R. PAKENHAM."

AMERICAN BOOKMAN SCALPING AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

The Serpentine Bathers and the Superior Classes.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"I OBSERVE that an individual has written a letter to the *Times*, to complain that people are not allowed to bathe in the Serpentine until after the hour of eight in the evening. I want to know why they should go to bathe in the Serpentine: why do they not go to some hotel for their baths; for instance, to the Old Hummums? Oh! but perhaps I shall be told that such persons cannot afford to go to the Old Hummums, and that the Serpentine is the only place they have to bathe in. That may be; and I grant that there is danger in going into cold water late in the evening. But what is to be done? The writer in the *Times* recommends, in plain terms, that the frequenters of the Ring should go away earlier. Yes; but he forgets that this arrangement would interfere with our dinner hours.

"It may be inconvenient to the populace to bathe after sunset, but so it is to us to dine by daylight. Perhaps bathing in the Serpentine might be permitted in the morning until twelve or one o'clock. But this would incommode some of us whose medical attendants have prescribed early rising. On the whole, *Mr. Punch*, I think, after all, that the wisest course would be to prevent the people from bathing in the Serpentine altogether—by providing baths and wash-houses for the labouring classes. I never before saw the wit of your advocacy of those institutions, but I now agree with you decidedly.

"Your occasional admirer,

"MAY FAIR."

The Open Sea Blocked Up.

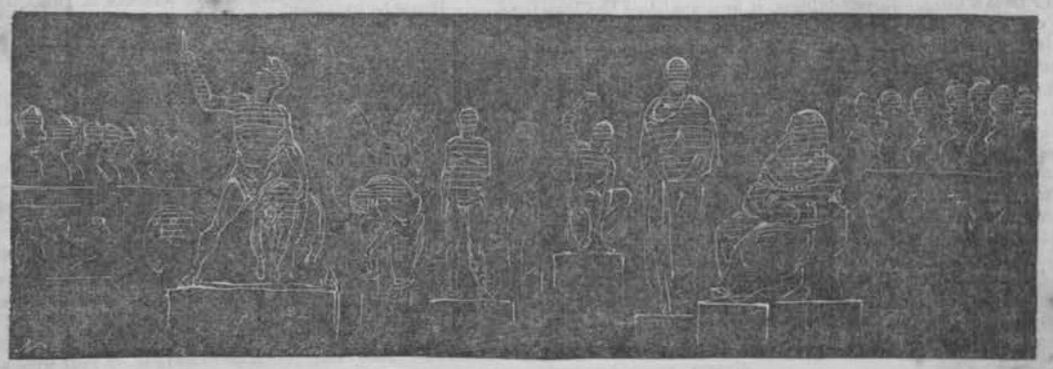
THE number of ships going to the Black Sea to load with corn, is said to be so great that it is quite difficult to get along the Archipelago, in consequence of the crowd of vessels. The Sea of Marmora has all the appearance of Fleet Street at four o'clock in the afternoon; and the marine police have as much as they can do to prevent obstruction to the oceanic thoroughfare. Rules, we believe, have been laid down, that in taking up, figure-heads are to be turned towards Russia, and ships are then to drive off in the direction of the Dardanelles.

SAINT NAPOLEON.

THE Corsican—say the French papers—is to be promoted to the Calendar. Of course he will be canonized by—forty-two pounders.

THE SCULPTURE-ROOM AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE treatment of the pieces of sculpture at the Royal Academy is sufficient to make the very stone—of which they are composed—rise up in mutiny. What have VIRGINIUS and his daughter done that they should be crowded together with EURYDICE, SIR N. C. TINDAL, CAMILLA's father, an Ancient Briton, and a hundred others, in a space as dark and limited as the Black Hole in Calcutta! One would think that the academicians were all stone-blind to the beauties of a statue. There is something quite sepulchral in the effect of the sculpture room at the National Gallery, which reminds us strongly of the last scene of *Roberto Il Diavolo*. We are expecting, every moment, to see the white figures floating round about us in a mystic procession, through the dim twilight which pervades the apartment or vaulted cloister in which they are congregated. We understand the sculptors complain of having been cruelly chiselled by the Royal Academy authorities; and one of them has thrown off the following touching allusion to the harsh treatment of which he and his brother chips of the block are victims :—



"A sculpture department," observed the Committee,
"We needs must make room for,—or what will they say?"
The sculpture was brought, and they now only wanted
A little apartment to stow it away.

They flew to a cellar, and set out the sculpture,
The fairest and best that the art could invent;
But the place was so dark, that the baffled spectator
Could never discern what the artists all meant.

"Oh, how," said GOOD TASTE, "could you think of enshrouding
Such statues as these in a cellar so dim?
But yonder R.A., round whose work all are crowding,
We 'll make, if you please Sir, a victim of him."

The bargain was struck; with a LANDSEER now laden,
They rapidly flew to the vault underground:
"Hollo!" cried the artist, "you must not degrade one!"
And henceforth a room for the sculpture was found.

FINE ARTS AND FINE LINEN.

THE shirt is beginning to open out a fine field to the artist, and we never unfold one of these articles of costume that does not unfold to us some new beauty. We hear complaints on all sides against the injustice of making an under garment of that which, from the talent employed in its illustration, deserves to be worn in the most conspicuous manner. We wish some true friend to the Fine Arts would set the fashion, during the summer season, of making an external article of dress of the shirt, by wearing it *en blouse*, and thus preventing the concealment of those exquisite productions of the artist's pencil which give to the linen the lineaments of some favourite *danseuse* or *cantatrice*. The modern shirt is becoming quite a picture, and we hope to see one take its proper place in next year's Exhibition. The "Portrait of a Gentleman" is admitted, however little there may be to command attention, either in his physiognomy or in the style of its treatment; then why should the "Portrait of a Gentleman's Shirt" be invidiously excluded? Where is ECHO? He is the only individual who can answer everything; but if he answer that, we will eat him—that is to say, we will eat our own words—instantly.

The Health of Towns Bill.

WE understand LORD MORPETH has been waited on by a deputation of the principal Metropolitan Odours, who have all protested against their threatened abolition. We fear his Lordship has allowed himself to be led by the nose, which is the more to be regretted as he seemed to have got upon the right scent in the first instance.

CURIOSITIES OF COSTUME.

SOME of our fashionable contemporaries have favoured us with powerful articles, four or five columns in length, describing the dresses worn at HER MAJESTY'S Drawing-Room. The number of diamonds that sparkle through the descriptions to which we allude, make them altogether very brilliant productions. For our own parts, we shrink back overpowered at the mere contemplation of so much blonde and *barège*, such mountains of tulles and taffetas. Sometimes, however, a bit of homely description comes in, that is quite refreshing; and it is truly delightful to arrive at a paragraph which informs us that one of the ladies was present at Court "in that simple" garment [illegible] corded petticoat." Her appearance must have afforded a quiet contrast to the silks and satins around, which must have been delightful to look upon.

Some of the costumes of the gentlemen must have been rather embarrassing. For instance, a Viscount, we are told, "wore the triple collars of the Orders of the Bath, Guelph, and the Tower and Sword." Considering that the day was almost a dog-day, the Viscount in three collars, "one a-top o' t'other," like the successive layers of colds caught by the hackney coachman, must have been fearfully embarrassing. It is a pity that one of the three collars could not have been made into a BYRON tie for the occasion. The Chief Judges of each of the three Courts wore "a portcullis about their necks, in addition to their gold collars of SS," which must have given them a stiff-necked appearance, highly conducive to an aspect of dignity.

The GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE OF RUSSIA wore his Russia ducks, and PRINCE ALBERT held a chapter of the (Shower) Bath, to prepare him for the fatigue of assisting in the reception held by HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY. *Punch* was present with his Field Marshal's baton, and he wore his uniform good humour on the auspicious occasion.

BAD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.

THERE will be no less than 324 attorneys added to the Roll during the present Trinity Term. Considering how many attorneys there are already on the Roll, the question is, how the Roll can possibly furnish bread for one half of them?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1847.

PUNCH IN NEWGATE!

It is well to be prepared for the worst: this is, in truth, a part of the divine philosophy of *Punch;* hence, on Wednesday last, we took a turn in Newgate—and, we must confess it, were most courteously received by the authorities—that we might view the premises with a view to our probable tarrying there. It seems that the magnanimous King of Prussia has complained to the Senate of the free town of Hamburgh—the free town, mind ye—of "a little satirical journal" there published, and called *Mephistopheles*, which dared to ridicule the late speech of Prussia's king. Royal dulness, it appears, does not love a jest; hence, on the royal complaint, the writers of *Mephistopheles* were fined 150 francs, and sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

We do not feel ourselves safe. At this very moment, for aught we know, the Chevalier Bunsen may be closeted with Lord Palmerston, insisting upon the imprisonment of *Punch* for having treated the Prussian Eagle with no more respect than if it were a piece of common poultry—a mere dunghill cock. We have looked at our lodging in Newgate, which, after it has been made classic stone by our tenancy, will be worth at least five hundred a-year in fees to the exhibiting turnkey. Shutting our eyes for a moment upon the present century, and opening them to look at the year 2000, what a troop of pilgrims from all corners of the world do we behold, entering Newgate to behold the prison of *Punch!* Archbishops weep; Foreign Prime Ministers, to subdue their emotion, wildly blow their noses! We sit prepared. We have our carpet-bag in readiness, and are screwed up for the worst.

We have, with our best condolence, sent a proof of the above to our suffering brethren of the *Mephistopheles*.

PUNCH'S FUTURE PARLIAMENT.

The eve of an election suggests to us, as it probably does to many others, the necessity of a further reform in Parliament. Our project is this. Let the representation be entirely re-modelled. Let it be placed on a perfectly novel basis, which will secure for the country legislators who understand the feelings and wishes of their constituents; or, in other words, know what they are about. Instead, therefore, of mere members for counties and boroughs, let each borough and each county return members for classes. For instance, let there be members for workmen and members for masters; members for agriculturists, and members for landlords; members for clergymen, and members for dissenters; members for professional people, and members for tradesmen; members for soldiers, and members for sailors. Of course, there should be members for literary men; or, at least, one member—it is not for *Punch* to indicate the fit and proper person. The ladies, also, ought by all means to have a representative. Some, perhaps, to secure universal representation, would have even members for convicts. We will not go quite so far as that; but we will be so bold as to propose members for paupers; aware as we are that we shall thus shock the feelings of many persons of respectability. The great thing for the country, we are convinced, will be class legislation—legislating equally for all classes.

A Walking Diocese.

A Correspondent of the *Times* states, that the Rev. Mr. Hale is Archdeacon of Middlesex, Canon of St. Paul's, Vicar of Cripplegate, and Master of the Charter House. Really, Mr. Hale combines in his own person such a number of clergymen, that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners ought to erect him into a diocese, and give him a Bishop all to himself.

PORT IN PERIL.

Mr. Punch has been commissioned to present the subjoined Petition to Parliament:—

> To the Houses of Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled: The humble Petition of the Resident Fellows, Tutors, and Heads of Houses of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, of the Beneficed Clergy, of the Inns of Court, and of the Merchants, Bankers, and Traders of the City of London, Humbly Sheweth—

That your Petitioners view with great alarm and apprehension the present very unsatisfactory state of affairs in Portugal:

That the wine produced by Oporto is that which is commonly called Port; and that this said liquor, Port wine, is indispensable to the comfort and well-being of your Petitioners:

That, in the abstract, your Petitioners approve of the principle of non-intervention in foreign politics, and that as long as they were able to get their Port wine they had no objection to its being acted upon; but now that their supply of the necessary beverage is endangered, they conceive that interference in the affairs of Portugal is imperative:

Your Petitioners therefore humbly entreat, that you will speedily take such measures as to your wisdom may seem advisable for the tranquillisation of the kingdom of Portugal generally, and particularly for the restoration of order in that part of it called Oporto, to the end that your Petitioners may continue to have their Port wine as heretofore.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

*** *Punch* will willingly present this petition; at the same time, for the consolation of the parties who have intrusted him with it, he begs to assure them, that, however affairs may prevent exportation, they may rely on being able to get as much Port wine in this country as ever.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

LORDS AND LIVERIES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "DUKES AND DEJEUNERS," "HEARTS AND DIAMONDS," "MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS," ETC. ETC.

Ordleu! What a lovely creature that was in the Fitz-battleaxe box to-night," said one of a group of young dandies, who were leaning over the velvet-cushioned balconies of the Coventry Club, smoking their full-flavoured Cubas (from Hudson's) after the opera.

Everybody stared at such an exclamation of enthusiasm from the lips of the young Earl of Bagnigge, who was never heard to admire anything except a *coulis de dindonneau à la St. Ménéhould*, or a *suprême de cochon en torticolis à la Piffarde;* such as Champollion, the chief of the Travellers, only knows how to dress; or the *bouquet* of a flask of Médoc, of Carbonell's best quality; or a *goutte* of Maraşquin, from the cellars of Briggs and Hobson.

Alured de Pentonville, eighteenth Earl of Bagnigge, Viscount Paon of Islington, Baron Pancras, Kingscross, and a Baronet, was, like too many of our young men of *ton*, utterly *blasé*, although only in his twenty-fourth year. Blest, luckily, with a mother of excellent principles, (who had imbued his young mind with that Morality which is so superior to all the vain pomps of the world!), it had not been always the young Earl's lot to wear the coronet for which he now in sooth cared so little. His father, a Captain of Britain's navy, struck down by the side of the gallant Collingwood in the Bay of Fundy, left little but his sword and spotless name to his young, lovely, and inconsolable widow, who passed the first years of her mourning in

educating her child in an elegant though small cottage in one of the romantic marine villages of beautiful Devonshire. Her child! What a gush of consolation filled the widow's heart as she pressed him to it! how faithfully did she instil into his young bosom those principles which had been the pole-star of the existence of his gallant father.

In this secluded retreat, rank and wealth almost boundless found the widow and her boy. The seventeenth Earl—gallant and ardent, and in the prime of youth—went forth one day from the Eternal City to a steeple-chase in the Campagna. A mutilated corpse was brought back to his hotel in the Piazza de Spagna. Death, alas! is no respecter of the Nobility. That shattered form was all that remained of the fiery, the haughty, the wild, but the generous ALTAMONT DE PENTONVILLE! Such, such is fate!

The admirable EMILY DE PENTONVILLE trembled with all a mother's solicitude at the distinctions and honours which thus suddenly descended on her boy. She engaged an excellent clergyman of the Church of England to superintend his studies; to accompany him on foreign travel when the proper season arrived; to ward from him those dangers which dissipation always throws in the way of the noble, the idle, and the wealthy. But the REVEREND CYRIL DELAVAL died of the measles at Naples, and henceforth the young EARL OF BAGNIGGE was without a guardian.

What was the consequence? That, at three-and-twenty, he was a cynic and an epicure. He had drained the cup of pleasure until it had palled in his unnerved hand. He had looked at the Pyramids without awe, at the Alps without reverence. He was as unmoved by the sandy solitudes of the desert as by the placid depths of Mediterranea's sea of blue. Bitter, bitter tears did EMILY DE PENTONVILLE weep, when, on ALURED's return from the Continent, she beheld the awful change that dissipation had wrought in her beautiful, her blue-eyed, her perverted, her still-beloved boy!

"Corpo di bacco," he said, pitching the end of his cigar on to the red nose of the COUNTESS OF DELAWADDYMORE'S coachman, who, having deposited her fat ladyship at No. 236, Piccadilly, was driving the carriage to the stables, before commencing his evening at the Fortune of War public-house; "what a lovely creature that was! What eyes! what hair! Who knows her? Do you, *mon cher Prince?*"

"*E bellissima, certamente,*" said the DUCA DI MONTEPULCIANO, and stroked down his jetty moustache.

"*Ein gar schönes Mädchen,*" said the HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE OF EULENSCHRECKENSTEIN, and turned up his carroty one.

"*Elle n'est pas mal, ma foi!*" said the PRINCE DE BORODINO, with a scowl on his darkling brows. "*Mon Dieu, que ces cigarres sont mauvais!*" he added, as he too cast away his Cuba.

"Try one of my Pickwicks," said FRANKLIN FOX, with a sneer, offering his gold *étui* to the young Frenchman; "they are some of PONTET's best, Prince. What, do you bear malice? Come, let us be friends," said the gay and careless young patrician; but a scowl on the part of the Frenchman was the only reply.

—"Want to know who she is? BORODINO knows who she is, BAGNIGGE," the wag went on.

Everybody crowded round MONSIEUR DE BORODINO thus apostrophised. The MARQUIS OF ALICOMPAYNE, young DE BOOTS of the Life Guards, TOM PROTOCOL of the Foreign Office; the gay young peers FARINTOSH, POLDOODY, and the rest; and BAGNIGGE, for a wonder, not less eager than any one present.

"No, he will tell you nothing about her. Don't you see he has gone off in a fury?" FRANKLIN FOX continued. "He has his reasons, *ce cher Prince:* he will tell you nothing; but I will. You know that I am *au mieux* with the dear old Duchess."

"They say FRANK and she are engaged after the Duke's death," cried POLDOODY.

"I always thought FWANK was the Duke's illicit gweat-gwandson," drawled out DE BOOTS.

"I heard that he doctored her Blenheim, and used to bring her wigs from Paris," cried that malicious TOM PROTOCOL, whose *mots* are known in every diplomatic *salon* from Petersburgh to Palermo.

"Burn her wigs, and hang her poodle!" said BAGNIGGE. "Tell us about this girl, FRANKLIN FOX?"

"In the first place, she has five hundred thousand acres, in a ring fence, in Norfolk; a County in Scotland, a Castle in Wales, a Villa at Richmond, a corner-house in Belgrave-square, and eighty thousand a-year in the Three per Cents."

"*Après?*" said BAGNIGGE, still yawning.

"Secondly, BORODINO *lui fait la cour*. They are cousins, her mother was an Armagnac of the emigration; the old Marshal, his father, married another sister. I believe he was footman in the family, before NAPOLEON principled him."

"No, no, he was second coachman"—TOM PROTOCOL good-naturedly interposed—"a cavalry officer, FRANK, not an infantry man."

"Faith, you should have seen his fury (the young one's, I mean) when he found me in the Duchess's room this evening, *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, who deigned to accept a *bouquet* from this hand."

"It cost me three guineas," poor FRANK said, with a shrug and a sigh, "and that Covent Garden scoundrel gives no credit: but she took the flowers;—eh, BAGNIGGE?"

"And flung them to ALBONI," the Peer replied, with a haughty sneer. And poor little FRANKLIN FOX was compelled to own that she had.

The *maître-d'hôtel* here announced that supper was served. It was remarked that even the *coulis de dindonneau* made no impression on BAGNIGGE that night.

AN ALARMING FACT—OR FICTION.

THE manager of one of the small theatres in London apologised a few days ago for the non-appearance of a promised performer, on the ground that the intended *débutant* was labouring under a severe attack of the Asiatic cholera, and had been advised to abstain during forty-eight hours from any professional exertion. We fancy the advice tendered to a man in this alarming state must have been rather superfluous. A sailor with a bullet just lodged in each leg, might as well be recommended by his medical advisers to abstain for a day or two from dancing naval hornpipes. If the manager in question were to be taken at his word—which is not very likely—and his apology on the score of Asiatic cholera believed, his theatre ought to be placed at once under quarantine regulations, and no one permitted to quit it for a month, or enter it for at least a quarter.

The lessee has, in his anxiety to apologise, gone a little too far; but dramatic promises, like pie-crust—and crockery in a servant's hands—were made to be broken. We recommend the enterprising manager in future to be more careful in the distribution of maladies among the members of his company.

A New Servants' Club.

A PROPOSITION has been made to establish a club for footmen. We are happy to aid an undertaking of so laudable a character; and to show our good intentions, we will begin by suggesting a name for the new concern. What do you think, reader, of the *Knee Plush Ultra* Club?

MODEL ADDRESSES FOR CANDIDATES.

THE difficulty of framing addresses to the various electors throughout the country, has suggested to the benevolent mind of *Mr. Punch*, the philanthropic idea of supplying that "real blessing" to candidates. In order to accommodate all parties, we shall write for each an exposition of political sentiments; and we freely give permission to any member of any of the three sections into which the aspirants for parliamentary honours are divided, to

COPY THE ADDRESS.

We shall begin with that class whose representatives have not only the least to say, but the least capacity for saying it. We shall therefore commence with the

ADDRESS FOR THE COUNTRY PARTY CANDIDATE.

"In coming before you to ask for your votes, I feel that the present prospects of our party are somewhat gloomy. Everything British is suffering under a severe depression: the British Constitution has been so long shouting for help, that it has almost shouted itself into a hoarseness, which has rendered its voice inaudible. The British Lion sits crouching between the combined weight of Free Trade and a Whig Ministry. The British Labourer no longer sweetens the bread of labour with the calm satisfaction of patient industry. The cheerful song with which he accompanied his daily work, enabling him to take six shillings a week to his wife and family, is no longer heard, but he thinks of the corn now coming through the Sea of Marmora to compete with him, and his song becomes a sigh, his whistling ends in wailing. My object in going into Parliament will be to rally the remnants of the country party round the standard of our ancestors, and restore the smile to the wan features of the British Lion. If I can succeed in doing this; if I should be so fortunate as to add one vibration to that tail, which has become stagnant from distress; if I can establish one honest twinkle in the eye of the British labourer; if I can keep one ear of foreign-grown grain from the ports of this country, I shall feel that I have not laboured in vain; and when I resign once more my trust into your hands, I shall do so with the comfortable conviction that I have played the part of a true patriot.—N.B. My committee sits daily at the Duck and Thunder, where any information will be gladly received, and beer liberally supplied to any elector of staunch principles."

We will now attempt an

ADDRESS FOR A CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE.

"In soliciting your aid at the approaching struggle, I avow myself a follower of those principles of which SIR ROBERT PEEL is the highest example, and which will be found thoroughly Conservative in their influence. The plan of that distinguished statesman has ever been to preserve to himself the merit not only of his own views, but of those professed by his opponents; and hence the truly Conservative character of all his proceedings. He and his adherents have allowed others to talk, and have themselves been content to DO, when leaving undone became dangerous or inexpedient; and hence we may assume for ourselves the title of the great DO party, in opposition to the great TALK party formed by our political antagonists. We pledge ourselves to continue the same course that has hitherto secured our popularity. If the independent electors require mere *verba*, let them choose my Whig opponent; but if *acta* are needed, let them send into the House of Commons a Conservative, such as I declare myself."

We now come to the last, though, in promise at all events, by no means the least of the addresses, in the shape of an

ADDRESS FOR AN ULTRA-RADICAL CANDIDATE.

"Though I come forward to ask the votes of those who have them, I would scorn to represent your property if I did not also represent your throbbing impulses of philanthropic patriotism; and I should little regard your ten-pound households if I did not hope to take with me into the House of Commons the warm sympathies of millions of my fellow-countrymen. I do not go into Parliament as member for your humble borough, if I go at all; but I enter the legislature as the embodiment of a myriad of gushing hopes, patriotic yearnings, and fond anticipations, which I will either die or realise. I hope to see the day when we shall have good, honest day-labourers spending their nights in the House of Commons. Some candidates object to pledges. Perhaps they have good reasons for their hesitation: I have none, and I therefore pledge myself never to cease from my labours until the people receive taxes instead of paying them—until the peer shares his coronet with the peasant—until bread is so cheap, that the bakers give it away instead of selling it—until everything that is wanted may be had merely for the asking—and, in fact, until there is a thorough radical reform in all our institutions."

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE.

AMONG the literary novelties of the day is a book called "Why and Because," which is advertised as being "intended for young persons with a clock face and moveable hands." We never yet met with a young person having a clock face, though moveable hands are by no means uncommon among the juvenile members of society. Indeed, the difficulty of making the little folks keep their hands still has become quite proverbial. A clock face remains a mystery to us, for the nearest approach to anything of the kind we have ever seen is a visage indicating that the party to whom it belongs is up to the time of day, and so far the phenomenon of a clock face has in our experience been realised.

THE BLIND NUISANCE.

(*Imitated from* BYRON.)

HE that don't always bend his head
When London streets he fain would thread,
But with a mild and stately air,
From left to right doth idly stare,
Or looking round him, slightly lingers,
Twirling his guard-chain round his fingers,
Will, as he gives a look behind,
  Not seeing where he means to go,
Receive from a tremendous blind,
  An almost stupefying blow.
So darkly low, so lowly dim,
It breaks the hat from crown to rim.
The taller victim, as he goes,
Receives the blind below his nose;
While the less lofty passer-by,
Sheathes the fierce ledge-point in his eye.
A cry of vengeance fills the air—
'Tis vain, police are wanting there.

Atrocities of Advertising Literature.

WE perceived the other day, among the *Times'* advertisements, an intimation that "a single-handed footman, who knows his business, is wanted, at once, in a small genteel family." There is something horrible in the idea of a person being satisfied with a dismembered flunkey, and taking one with a single hand, in the hope, we presume, of getting at a reduced rate the services of a mutilated menial. As to the poor fellow "knowing his business," that seems a cruel mockery; for what is the use of his knowing his business, when he is deprived of half the power of doing it? We shall hear next of wooden-legged hall-porters coming into general demand, in consequence of the saving that would be effected in pumps and silk stockings.

THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER. PAINTED FOR THE RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH.

THE THAMES DERBY.

UR songs of the Thames Navy have fulfilled their object, by arousing in the fresh-water bosom of the river mariner those feelings of enthusiasm for which the British Tar was formerly conspicuous. We are quite sure, that as long the naval heart is in the right place, our country has nothing to dread; and when we look at the hospital for our decayed seamen, we often exclaim in an outburst of enthusiasm, "As long as England has a Greenwich, she will never have a Wapping!" It was therefore with much delight that we found our efforts to bring out the energies of the Thames Tar had been so far successful as to have roused a feeling among the ploughers of the deep—though, by the bye, the ploughing is often made more complete by the shallowness of the water, which sends the vessels aground—it was, we say, with infinite satisfaction that we heard resolutions had been come to for the purpose of getting up a sort of Thames Derby-day on the river.

The event was to be celebrated, not by a mere competition for a cup, as at Ascot; but by a regular Cup and Ball—the Ball following the presentation of the Cup to the fortunate winner.

At a preliminary meeting of influential naval officers, including the Admiral of the Richmond squadron, the Rear-Admiral of the *Pink*, and other distinguished nautical celebrities, it was resolved, that there should be an annual race, open to all steamers not over five years old; that the heat should be limited to one chaldron of Wallsend coals; and that a small sweep should be contributed by each competitor for the funnel of the winner. Directly the scheme was made known, owners began to enter their boats very freely, and the following were among the favourites:—

Bachelor	. . by	*Windlass*	. out of	*Cofferdam.*
Daffydowndilly	„	*Cognovit*	. „	*Paisn.*
Waverley	. . „	*Accident*	. „	*Jeopardy.*
Childe Harold	. „	*Pullaway*	. „	*Mud.*
Moonbeam	. . „	*Magic*	. . „	*Cucumber.*

There were other favourites on the list, which included most of the well-known Thames steamers, all of which had several backers. Betting was tolerably brisk in the early part of the day, and the various captains sat down to the Trial Stakes at one, which turned out to be very tough work, though by going at it tooth and nail, the difficulty was soon vanquished. At length the time for the race itself drew near, and the Grand Stand at the end of Blackfriars Pier was crowded with the *élite* of the Thames *virtuosi* and steam-boat *dilettanti* of the Metropolis.

The Lord Mayor attended in his private (coal) barge, and among the general company we observed Messrs. Smith, Jones, Brown, and Robinson. The company seems to have been enlivened with music, and the attendance of Coles's Celebrated Rheumatic Band had been expected; but this treat was not forthcoming; and though Herr Schwartz, in his usual handsome manner, offered the gratuitous use of his ophycleide, he was unable to give the benefit of his services, and the ophycleide, without a performer, could not make itself instrumental to the amusement of the company.

Everything being now ready for the race, the competitors were placed in their proper positions. Most of them looked well, with the exception of the Richmond lot, the crews of which appeared to be half asleep; and the Captain of one seemed anxious to repose upon his *Laurel*—which happened to be the name of his vessel. At length, after various false starts, *Snowdrop* shot out first, followed up by *Pink*, while *Jasmine* continued creeping alongside very cleverly. *Bridegroom* now went to work, with *Bachelor* and *Bride* at his heels, as if they had all three been intent on a steeple-chase, when suddenly *Bee* appeared to wax rather energetic; but *Cricket* coming up, took the sting completely out of her. By this time *Ant*, who had been working industriously from the first, got near to the front rank, but *Bee* regaining her ground, became so exceedingly buzzy that she seemed likely to win, had not *Cricket* run in and bowled her out with wonderful dexterity.

In the meantime, *Waterman No.* 12, and *Citizen A*, had been making all the running, and ultimately the former won, by a neck-or-nothing dash through the arch of Blackfriars Bridge, amid the shouts of the crowded assembly. The other vessels were not placed, and indeed both *Starlight* and *Moonlight* were so far off, that they did not make their appearance till late in the evening, while *Laurel* had become planted in the ground from the beginning of the contest.

NEW POLICE REGULATION.

In order to prevent accidents, the Commissioners of Police desire coachmen and equestrians to take notice, that horses' heads must be turned towards Hyde Park while passing the Wellington Statue.

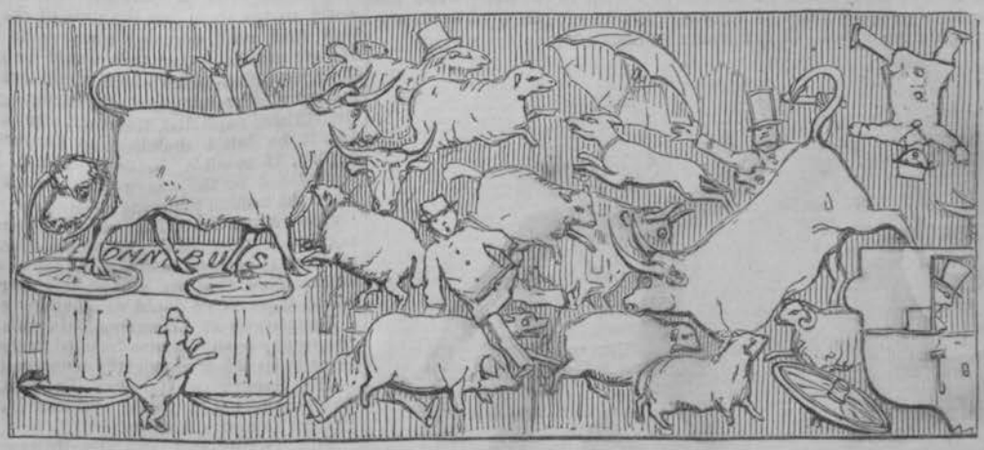
AWFUL APPEARANCE OF PLENTY IN MARK LANE;
OR, THE MONOPOLISTS OUTDONE.

HOLBORN AS IT MAY BE.

If London should ever be swallowed up by an earthquake—though we tremble for the disturbed digestion of the earthquake that takes the fearful meal—we may presume that some centuries hence geologists will be busy in trying to find out what their ancestors were made of. Holborn would present a perfect puzzle to the *savant* of a future age.

We can fancy the perplexity into which the geologist of some thousand years hence will be thrown, when picking out a wheel of an omnibus with his pick, and axeing himself whether that wheel could once have revolved on its own axis.

We can see in our mind's eye the astonishment with which he would



dig out the mummy of a policeman, and after unrolling a layer of capes, might find a tertiary deposit of half-a-crown in the victim's pocket. Here might be the hat of Higgs the drover, and here the skeleton of a suffocated pig, all thrown higgledy-piggledy together in a *rudis indigestaque moles*, such as Holborn now presents in its living aspect, and such as it would be, were an earthquake suddenly to devour it. We are sure that the most skilful of scientific speculators would not be able to decide whether the spot had been used chiefly for animals or for men, since Smithfield renders Holborn Hill as much a pasture for flocks and herds as it is a promenade for bipeds or a thoroughfare for vehicles.

LITERARY ORDERS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

A Naples paper has the following paragraph :—

"Nicolo Corridi, of Corfu, furnishes, in four-and-twenty hours, a complete comedy; in eight-and-forty hours, a tragedy, or the libretto of an opera; in seventy-two hours, an entire poem, in stanzas of six verses, with the exclusion of any particular letter or letters of the alphabet. The *poet* resides in the Hotel de Londres, Rue Guantari, No. 22, à Naples."

The preceding advertisement is enough to make Mr. G. P. P. X. Y. Z. James ashamed of his indolence; and calculated to achieve the phenomenon of inventing a blush on the cheek of Monsieur Alexandre Dumas for his extreme slowness. We should say that Signor Nicolo would be the very man to finish the Catalogue of the British Museum; and we have no doubt he would be perfectly willing to leave out any particular letter or letters, which the Trustees might think *de trop*, or out of place in such a literal publication.

This exclusion of certain letters is something new in the art of writing poetry. We never heard of a person having an antipathy to certain diphthongs or liquids; probably there are some sensitive minds who faint at the sight of a K, or go into hysterics at the mere mention of the letter X; for there is no accounting for antipathies, any more than there is for tastes. It would be rather awkward, however, for the Corfusian poet, if a lady entertained a violent hatred against all the vowels, and gave him an order for a poem with the exclusion of A, E, I, O, U. The poet's only chance of executing his commission would be, to write the poem in the Welsh language, which has been pronounced by a great linguist to be the most consonant of all languages. Another item which surprises us in the Signor's bill of fare is, that the libretto of an opera takes longer to write than a comedy. We are confident he is not acquainted with our *Bohemian Girls* and *Matildas*, or else he would have amended his advertisement in the following style:—"A complete comedy in four-and-twenty hours, and the libretto of an opera whilst the person waits." It is quite a new era in the literary world, when an author can be hired, like a cab, by the hour. There should be a scale of charges drawn out, to prevent imposition. We suggest the following :—

AUTHORS' FARES.

The hire of an Author—first hour	2*s.*
Ditto ditto second hour	1*s.*

And after the rate of 6*d.* for every succeeding hour, and 6*d.* for every fractional part of an hour.

The above is for authors writing only with one pen; but for those who have been trained to write with two pens—one in each hand, after the Dumas system—two-thirds more of the above fares are to be taken.

Stoppages not allowed. Back fare, or reading over the copy, to be 1*s.* for 100 pages of prose, and 6*d.* for 500 pages of poetry. In cases of dispute as to time or length, the copy to be read and measured by the parish beadle, and the expenses to be paid by the losing party. All ideas, jokes, metaphors, and sentiments, old, middle-aged, or new, left in the MS., to be the property of the hirer for 12 months; but the author to be answerable for all libels above 40*s.* Authors hired by the day, week, month, or year, to be paid according to private agreement.

There is already an office in the Strand for the hire of authors, where all kinds of literary job-work are executed upon the smallest terms, from a sermon to a conundrum for a tobacco-paper. We should not be surprised shortly to hear that there was a stand for authors opened in Stationers' Hall, where any rich amateur who is ambitious to reach popularity, can engage any vehicle he pleases to arrive at that end; no matter whether it be in the walks of fact, or fiction, or a little of both, such as history—or neither, such as Mr. Ainsworth's romances. Signor Nicolo Corridi might come over and officiate at the head of them, as the literary waterman. Alas! that the ranks of literature should be reduced to those of a hackney-coach stand!

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S LOCUSTS.

We are sorry to learn that the wheat in the neighbourhood of Blenheim has, to a great extent, been devoured by locusts, in the shape of hares and pheasants. The *Globe* informs us, that

"It is a sad fact that, from the very large quantity of game preserved on the Duke of Marlborough's estate at Blenheim, some of the corn-growing land in the locality will not produce a bushel of corn to the acre. His Grace has some hundreds of acres of arable land in his occupation, which is now unproductive, and which has not this season been cultivated."

The man, it has been said, deserves the thanks of his country, who makes two blades of wheat grow where but one grew before. What does he deserve who causes an acre to yield but one bushel of corn, and the land on which corn grew, or might have grown, in abundance, to produce none whatever?

Unholy Matrimony.

Queen Isabella of Spain, it is said, intends, for good and sufficing reasons, to apply to his Holiness the Pope for a divorce from the husband of her compulsion. Though a marriage may have proved the destruction of a woman's happiness, its dissolution may not in ordinary cases be allowable. The nuptial knot is a hallowed ligature—when duly tied; but this instance is exceptional. Whom Louis-Philippe hath joined together, it may be competent to man to put asunder.

THE COMING ELECTION.

The House of Commons is at present full of contrast, caused by the apathy of those members who don't mean to stand again, and the energy of those who mean to ask a renewal of the confidence of their constituents. The former will sit still and even sleep over the voting away of thousands in the miscellaneous estimates, while the latter will throw themselves into an agony of excitement at the possible waste of a single halfpenny. To the retiring member, the remainder of the session is a tedious bore, which he desires to hasten to a close; while the aspiring member loses no opportunity of showing that he continues alive till the very last to his legislative duties. If the reader will but

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE,

AND ON THAT,

he will form a very correct notion, by which he can comprehend at one view who will be the candidates at the forthcoming election.

A NICE NEW NEWSPAPER.

We have a great fault to find with our daily contemporaries: what we complain of is, the badness of their news. Not that the intelligence which they contain is inaccurate; on the contrary, it is, unfortunately, for the most part, too true. We are sure that there remains a want to be supplied in the matter of newspapers. There is a large and respectable class of persons who have nothing in the world to vex them but the state of the country, of which they read such alarming accounts in the diurnal press. We are confident that they would be glad of a paper on their breakfast-tables which would exhilarate and cheer, instead of depressing and disheartening them. Let some enterprising capitalist, therefore, start a new daily journal. Let it be called the *Morning Comforter*. Let its information, if possible, be true; if not, let its columns be replenished by the imagination; somewhat, for example, after the fashion following:—

Good News from Ireland—Sligo.—We are happy to say that both landlords and people, about here, are setting to work in earnest to ensure, as far as in them lies, better times. Now that we are putting our shoulders to the wheel, there is no doubt we shall get on.

Abundance at Liverpool.—In this town, at least, the "twopenny buster" seems destined to change its appellation. The species of loaf so vulgarly denominated now sells at $1\frac{3}{4}d.$

The Safety of Railway Travelling.—For the last six months not a single accident has occurred on the Eastern Counties Railway.

The Income-Tax and the Revenue.—So ample have been the returns upon exciseable commodities during the last quarter, that it will now become possible, with perfect safety, for Government to venture on the abolition of the income-tax.

It is generally admitted that poetry is the charm and solace of life; the enjoyment of which, we are sure, would be much promoted by the introduction of such poetry as we have above written into newspapers.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE CITY PIG.

The generic name of this animal is *Sus Aldermanicus;* variety, *Londinensis*. It may be placed at the head of the porcine family, being the greatest known hog. The City Pig possesses, in an eminent degree, the characteristics peculiar to its species—excessive voracity, and love of dirt. It is an indiscriminate feeder, as will appear from the specification of a few only of the articles which it has been known to consume at a single meal:—Turtle, fish of a dozen kinds dressed in as many different ways, venison, currant-jelly, roast sirloin, green goose, blanc-mange, turkey poults, Italian cream, asparagus-tops, oyster patties, quail, cabinet-pudding, partridge, cheesecakes, pheasant, *Charlotte Russe*, teal, plover, widgeon, prawns, woodcock, cucumber, custard, and lobster salad; together with iced punch, Champagne, Hock, ale, porter, Sauterne, and sparkling Moselle; besides Stilton and Neufchâtel cheese, nuts, apples, peaches, preserved ginger, pineapple, almonds and raisins, cheese-cakes, sweet biscuits, and strawberries: with Port, claret, Burgundy, and brandy-and-water.

The digestion of the City Pig is proportionate to its appetite; so that it frequently acquires the weight of twenty stone. Its predilection for dirt is yet more remarkable than its propensity for food. It delights in the foulest mud, and has its favourite cess-pools and sewers, in which it loves to lie and wallow. It is especially partial to Smithfield Market, in the mire of which Paradise it revels with almost frantic enjoyment. To any clamour that may be raised for the purpose of driving it from these beloved haunts, it replies by a succession of angry grunts.

An attempt to dislodge it from the slush of its choice occasions it instantly to set up its bristles, and display symptoms of violent irritation. To the endeavour to stir it, the animal simply opposes the passive resistance of its bulk and weight, which nothing but a number of very strong men in parliament could overcome. It possesses, in so striking a degree, the common quality of the *Pachydermata*, thickness of hide, that the sharpest poke will not induce it to budge an inch; and so dense is its skull, that there is no driving anything into its head. The uncleanly habits of the City Pig, to which it is addicted with all the obstinacy of its species, occasion it to be a most dangerous neighbour. The air in its vicinity is poisoned by the exhalations emitted from the various nuisances which it rejoices in; whence the districts which it inhabits are devastated by fever and pestilence. It is highly desirable, therefore, that the City Pig should be removed from its sphere of mischievousness. It required the power of a Sovereign to rid England of its wild boars, and the authority of Government must now be exerted to clear the City of its pigs, or at least to impose a compulsory cleanliness on those dirty animals.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

These veterans have been reviewed, and though they went gallantly through the exertion at the time, we understand that many of them have felt the fatigue a great deal since, and have been suffering less from the mock action than the re-action that followed. Though they have all, in their turn, stood fire, they were unable to stand the sun; and the heat of the day is more dreadful to them than they once used to find the heat of the battle. It has been proposed, therefore, to allow a parasol to each as a portion of his accoutrements. This adjunct to the military equipment of the veteran *corps* will be a great consolation to those who ought, at least, to be allowed the shade of their parasols, since they are no longer permitted to repose under the shade of their laurels. It is all very well to bask in the sunshine of glory; but at a certain time of life, "taking it cool" is much to be desired.

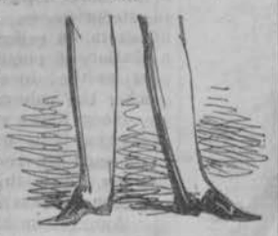
A SUGGESTION FROM SIBTHORPE.

In consequence of the recent high price of bread, Colonel Sibthorpe has set his wits to work, and those very diminutive labourers have come to the conclusion, "that if the bakers are ordered to use no yeast, any further *rise in bread* will be quite impossible."

PARTY BOOTS.

It is an old saying, "Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you are;" but we say, "If you want a character, let us look at your boots, and we will give you one." Phrenologists may fumble over the head; but looking at the heads of politicians to form an estimate of the quality, we soon discover that there is nothing in them—the sole is the true criterion for judging of a man's pos-ition, dis-position, or even his in-dis-position to serve the interests of his fellow-creatures. Let us make a brief examination of a few pairs of boots and shoes, that we may judge of the standing their wearers are entitled to.

As Whiggery happens to have a pretty firm footing just now, let us examine the *chaussure* of that party. Here we find the understanding in tolerably good order, but there is an exhibition of foppery which is not quite agreeable, and which would prevent the owner from taking the straightforward path if there seemed to be anything in the way that might prove a little inconvenient. The Whig *chaussure* does not seem quite so well adapted as it ought to be for going boldly on wherever duty directs, regardless of an occasional mess into which all are liable to fall, but which any one with a stout sole and a good serviceable understanding may easily go through, with a fair amount of perseverance and courage.



Lord Morpeth's retiring over-delicacy with regard to the Health of Towns Bill shows the peculiarity of the Whig *chaussure*, which partakes a great deal more of the weak insignificant pump than the bold boot that boots not where it goes, so that the path leads in the right direction.

The Country party foot-gear is of a different stamp, but is not less expressive of the position of its wearers. There is a desire to retain the top, although the thing has gone by long ago, and the pretensions to such a distinction have become utterly ridiculous.

The Young England, or Disraeli *chaussure*, is something really melancholy to contemplate. There is a sad indication of being on its last legs, and the curl of the toe bespeaks that all is up with this unhappy section of politicians. Even Holywell Street, with all its associations, would refrain from naming a price for this worn-out remnant of "leather and prunella."

High Church and Low Church are strongly marked in the article which now occupies our attention. The boots of the former evince a starched stiffness truly characteristic of the spirit that animates their wearer; but it is "quite another pair of shoes" with Low Church, whose comfortable modesty bespeaks a mixture of humility and selfishness that will be found blended in a very great degree in the class we have laid by the heels in the annexed illustration. We shall wind up our gallery with the working man's *chaussure;* and any one who looks upon the picture may judge that the labourer is reduced sometimes to very shocking extremities.

PUNCH'S MEDICAL ADVICE TO THE NATION.

Well, Mr. Bull, I have heard your story. Your complaint consists in a disorder of the circulating medium, accompanied by febrile excitement, and depression of your nervous system. You are suffering, in fact, from the effects of the railway fever, which attacked you about a year-and-a-half ago. This affection produced a most serious disturbance of your economy; it occasioned a lavish expenditure of your means, which, if you had husbanded them, would have enabled you to defy atmospherical and all other injurious influences. Your present symptoms are those of reaction, consequent on an inflammatory process.

You also consider that your constitutional disorder is in part owing to a local disease, situated in your Irish region. I am rather disposed to refer that local disease to a constitutional origin. Your chief symptom, you say, is a tightness of the chest. This, sir, arises from congestion of the cavities of your heart, which I need not tell you lies in your Bank; the valves of that organ will not act, and their closure may be attributed to the treatment you received in 1844, whilst you were under the hands of that medical gentleman at Tamworth.

The numbness and paralytic indications which you feel in your lower extremities are all referable to the obstruction at the centre of your circulation. Your primary attack was occasioned by plethora or fullness, producing a derangement of the functions of the brain, evidenced by *bulimia*, or canine appetite, which, I should explain to you, is an inordinate craving for strange food—sometimes, as in your case, for gold. Now, in plethora we bleed; though it is better, if possible, to content ourselves with equalising the circulation. However, you have been bled more than sufficiently; indeed, you are evidently suffering from excessive venesection. Now, then, for your treatment. Although you are in a state of debility, you are an inflammatory subject; I therefore dissuade you from recourse to artificial stimulants. These will merely palliate present sensations; ultimately they will only aggravate your woes. What I recommend to you is, for the next three or four months, extreme moderation in diet. Take your three meals daily, but eat and drink at each about half of what you have been accustomed to. Live, in short, upon sixpence a day, and earn it. Avoid alcoholic liquors, especially whisky and gin; for the conversion of grain into alcohol is a chemical process, which in the present state of your system is peculiarly likely to disagree with you. Let your bread be at least a day old before you eat it; and let it be made of seconds instead of fine flour. Any surplus nutriment that you may have, may be distributed over the pores or mouths at your extremities, which are at present in a state of inanition. You will find your account in pinching the stomach to feed the pore.

By-and-bye, when you feel yourself a little firmer on the legs, and able to get about, take this prescription to the shop of the old lady in Threadneedle Street, and get one of the assistants to put it up:

℞: Of £. s. d. M. Bill j. To be cashed immediately.

The price of the medicine will be only about three per cent.; a few repetitions of it will complete your cure, and all that distressing sense of pressure which you now experience will be removed. In the meantime, keep up your spirits; and for that purpose, amongst others, continually read my book. I believe, sir, that your vital organs are untouched, and that your disorder is merely functional. And now, sir, go about your business; and as to my fee, considering your present circumstances, I shall not trouble you for more than threepence.

Punch's Railway Intelligence.

We regret to perceive that our own little line at Kensington is still unenlivened by traffic, and as the steed starves while the grass grows, so are the shareholders starving while the weeds are springing up on this suburban railway. We understood that the Great Western had adopted the poor little outcast, in which case it would no doubt become strong and healthy; but at present it remains in a puny condition. We are sure that nothing is required but respectable connections and active treatment to make this little railway all that its best friends could desire.

Memoir of a Would-be Member.

The versatility of Mr. Cochrane, the would-be M.P. for Westminster, is well known; but his talent in this line is scarcely appreciated. It ought, in justice to this gentleman, to be known, that his military exploits have been rather remarkable. He was warmly interested a few years ago in the affairs of Portugal; but such was his extreme impartiality, that he made first to Don Pedro, and afterwards to Don Miguel, offers of his services, which were declined by both.

The facility with which Mr. Cochrane can adapt himself to different views may be useful to him in his political career, and may enable him, when rejected by the Liberals in Westminster, to fit himself to a Conservative constituency at some future period.

THE GREAT LINEN-DRAPERY NUISANCE.

First Linen-draper. "What 's the next Article I can have the pleasure of showing you, Sir."

Victim. "Nothing more, thank you."

Second Linen-draper. "We've some sweet things in Shawls, Sir—quite new."

Third Linen-draper. "Allow me, Sir, to tempt you with one of these beautiful Handkerchiefs."

Fourth Linen-draper. "These dresses, Sir," &c.

Fifth Linen-draper. "Here are Ladies' Aprons, Sir, most beautifully worked, quite Elegant, very tasty, and fashionable," &c.

[Victim *resolves never to enter the shop again.*

POWER OF FRENCH INVENTION.

The *Siècle* informs its readers, that the success of Jenny Lind is altogether a matter of money. The enthusiasm has been got up by the critics, who have been paid 20,000 francs for their panegyrics. Our French contemporary, of course, is well informed, though it is rather too bad that the secret should have been betrayed in this treacherous manner. Which of the papers has played false? Is it a morning, or a weekly, or a twice-a-weekly, or an evening journal, who is the base traitor? We advise all the theatrical critics to combine together for the purpose of discovering who amongst them has revealed the awful secret of the critical fraternity, and to demand back his share of the 20,000 francs. By the bye, as there are somewhere about five hundred papers published during the week in London, a single share of the 20,000 francs, said by the *Siècle* to be paid to the numerous body of critics, cannot amount to much; but this only proves, of course, what an enormous amount of praise can be purchased in London for less than a sovereign. The French really imagine that everything is purchasable in England. They believe that a person can buy the succession to the throne, if he is but rich enough; and that one can have a new moon any day by paying for it. But there is one thing which not all the money in the world could purchase, and that is, to induce the English to be angry at the ridiculous nonsense the French writers so humorously invent about them. The only way of paying them off is by laughing at them. Evidently, the old proverb ought to be altered to "*Le Français, né malin, inventa l'Anglophobie*," for the childish way in which they display it on every little occasion, is much funnier than their "*vaudeville*."

A TITLE FOR SIR PETER.

The result of a great man's achievements is always the acquisition of a name. This often is a really distinctive appellation. Publius Scipio, from his victories over the Carthaginians, was called Africanus. Justin was honoured with the title of Martyr. We have had a William termed the Conqueror, and a Henry entitled the Defender of the Faith. France boasts of her Louis le Debonnaire, and does not boast of her Philippe Egalite, nor, by the bye, will she probably boast of his son. There was once a Peter who was surnamed the Hermit, there was another Peter denominated the Great; there is still another Peter, who has as yet received no name in addition to simple Laurie, but who has done his very best to gain one. By his heroic championship of sewers and cess-pools; by his gallant defence of the vested interests of sinks; by his stedfast adherence to the cause of mire; by his manful resistance to the scavenger and the besom, Sir Peter Laurie has fairly earned the honourable *alias* of—Stick-in-the-Mud.

Quite as good as Money.

As there is a great scarcity of gold, we propose that some new scrip be issued, to be called the *Jenny Lind Scrip*. This might easily be managed by allowing the tickets for the Italian Opera House to be received as a legal tender. Their value would of course depend upon the particular place to which the holder of the scrip would be entitled admission. A pit note would be less than one for the stalls, and a *coupon* for the boxes would be higher than either. This scrip has already been circulated to a very great extent in the Money Market, and in every instance has realised large sums. The holder of four Opera bonds for private boxes, with six *coupons* to each, cleared £100 last week.

An issue of gallery debentures also would rectify the evil in the same degree, though of course to a more moderate extent; for, being at a very high premium, they would supersede for a time the use of gold. We advise ministers to be careful with the Exchequer Bonds, which only frighten people and agitate the market, and recommend them to purchase largely in the Lumley Funds, which is the great circulating medium at the present moment, and increase in value every day. If they do not do this rapidly, they may depend upon it the Emperor Nicholas will be before them in the market, and will be sending over some £5,000,000, or some such Russian trifle, to buy up as much Jenny Lind Scrip as possible, as being the very best stock in Europe he can invest his money in. By the bye, there is a talk of a fresh issue of half-farthings. We are confident there is no demand for them, as long as there are so many English Opera-House debentures in the market.

A GOOD BERTH.

All the new appointments have been filled up by Lords. What a piece of extraordinary luck it is, there is such a thing in creation as a peerage! If there were no nobles in the world, England would be without a government; for no one under a Baronet, it seems, is qualified to be a minister. A plain Mr. has no title for office, though ennobled by the highest ability; but an Earl, who has nothing to show but his crest, has the best title—that of nobility. Look at the present government; how it is crowded with Viscounts, and Earls, and Right Honourables! Every head in the cabinet has a coronet upon it; but this is not to be wondered at, for the Whigs have always proved, whenever they had a chance, how strongly they were attached to a good berth. "Lodge's Peerage" might appropriately be called "The Guide to Government Situations."

IRISH ALL OVER.

The *Times* has announced that the Irish circuits have been postponed for three months, on account of the prevalence of fever in Cork. The judges, it seems, like everybody else in Ireland, will make any thing an excuse for neglecting their business. We shall next have Irish constables refusing to apprehend a thief on the plea that it is a rainy morning.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Offices in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 12th, 1847.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

LORDS AND LIVERIES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "DUKES AND DEJEUNERS," "HEARTS AND DIAMONDS," "MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS," ETC. ETC.

THE sensation produced by the *début* of AMETHYST PIMLICO at the Court of the Sovereign, and in the *salons* of the *beau-monde*, was such as has seldom been created by the appearance of any other beauty. The men were raving with love, and the women with jealousy. Her eyes, her beauty, her wit, her grace, her *ton*, caused a perfect *fureur* of admiration or envy.

Introduced by the DUCHESS OF FITZBATTLEAXE, along with her Grace's daughters, the Ladies GWENDOLINE and GWINEVER PORTCULLIS, the heiress's regal beauty quite flung her cousins' simple charms into the shade, and blazed with a splendour which caused all "minor lights" to twinkle faintly. Before a day the *beau monde*, before a week even the vulgarians of the rest of the town, rang with the fame of her beauty: and while the dandies and the beauties were raving about her or tearing her to pieces in May Fair, even MRS. DOBBS (who had been to the pit of the "Hoperer" in a green turban and a crumpled yellow satin), talked about the great *hairess* to her D. in Bloomsbury Square.

Crowds went to SQUAB AND LYNCH'S, in Long Acre, to examine the carriages building for her, so faultless, so splendid, so quiet, so odiously unostentatious and provokingly simple! Besides the ancestral services of *argenterie* and *vaisselle plate*, contained in a hundred and seventy-six plate chests at MESSRS. CHILDS, RUMBLE and BRIGGS prepared a gold service, and GARRAWAY, of the Haymarket, a service of the BENVENUTO CELLINI pattern, which were the admiration of all London. Before a month it is a fact that the wretched haberdashers in the city exhibited blue stocks, called "Heiress-killers, very chaste, two-and-six;" long before that, the *monde* had rushed to MADAME CRINOLINE'S, or sent couriers to MADAME MARABOU, at Paris, so as to have copies of her dresses; but, as the Mantuan bard observes, "*Non cuivis contigit*," —every foot cannot accommodate itself to the *chaussure* of CINDERELLA.

With all this splendour, this worship, this beauty; with these cheers following her, and these crowds at her feet, was AMETHYST happy? Ah, no! It is not under the necklace the most brilliant that BRIGGS and RUMBLE can supply; it is not in LYNCH'S best cushioned chariot that the heart is most at ease. "*Que je me ruinerai*," says FRONSAC in a letter to BOSSUET, "*si je savais ou acheter le bonheur!*"

With all her riches, with all her splendour, AMETHYST was wretched—wretched, because lonely; wretched, because her loving heart had nothing to cling to. Her splendid mansion was a convent; no male person ever entered it, except FRANKLIN FOX, (who counted for nothing,) and the Duchess's family, her kinsman old LORD HUMPINGTON, his friend old SIR JOHN FOGEY, and her cousin, the odious, odious BORODINO.

The PRINCE DE BORODINO declared openly that AMETHYST was engaged to him. *Criblé de dettes*, it is no wonder that he should choose such an opportunity to *refaire sa fortune*. He gave out that he would kill any man who should cast an eye on the heiress, and the monster kept his word. MAJOR GRIGG, of the Life Guards, had already fallen by his hand at Ostend. The O'TOOLE, who had met her on the Rhine, had received a ball in his shoulder at Coblentz, and did not care to resume so dangerous a courtship. BORODINO could snuff a *bougie* at a hundred-and-fifty yards. He could beat BERTRAND or ALEXANDER DUMAS himself with the small sword; he was the dragon that watched this *pomme d'or*, and very few persons were now inclined to face a champion *si redoutable*.

Over a *Salmi d' escargot* at the Coventry, the dandies whom we introduced in our last volume were assembled, there talking of the heiress; and her story was told by FRANKLIN FOX to LORD BAGNIGGE, who for a wonder was interested in the tale. BORODINO'S pretensions were discussed, and the way in which the fair AMETHYST was confined. Fitzbattleaxe House in Belgrave Square is—as everybody knows—the next mansion to that occupied by AMETHYST. A communication was made between the two houses. She never went out except accompanied by the Duchess's guard, which it was impossible to overcome."

"Impossible! Nothing's impossible," said LORD BAGNIGGE.

"I bet you what you like you don't get in," said the young MARQUIS OF MARTINGALE.

"I bet you a thousand ponies I stop a week in the heiress's house before the season 's over," LORD BAGNIGGE replied with a yawn; and the bet was registered with shouts of applause.

But it seemed as if the Fates had determined against LORD BAGNIGGE, for the very next day, riding in the Park, his horse fell with him; he was carried home to his house with a fractured limb and a dislocated shoulder; and the doctor's bulletins pronounced him to be in the most dangerous state.

MARTINGALE was a married man, and there was no danger of *his* riding by the FITZBATTLEAXE carriage. A fortnight after the above events, his Lordship was prancing by her Grace's great family coach, and chattering with LADY GWINEVER about the strange wager.

"Do you know what a poney is, LADY GWINEVER?" he asked. Her Ladyship said yes; she had a cream-coloured one at Castle Barbican; and stared when LORD MARTINGALE announced that he should soon have a thousand ponies, worth five-and-twenty pounds each, which were all now kept at COUTTS'S. Then he explained the circumstances of the bet with BAGNIGGE. Parliament was to adjourn in ten days; the season would be over; BAGNIGGE was lying ill *chez lui*; and the five-and-twenty thousand were irrecoverably his. And he vowed he would buy LORD BINNACLE'S yacht—crew, captain, guns, and all.

On returning home that night from LADY POLKIMORE'S, MARTINGALE found among the many *billets* upon the gold *plateau* in his *antichambre*, the following brief one, which made him start:—

"DEAR MARTINGALE,—Don't be too sure of BINNACLE'S yacht. There are still ten days before the season is over; and my ponies may lie at COUTTS'S for some time to come. "Yours,

"BAGNIGGE."

"P.S. I write with my left hand; for my right is still splintered up from that confounded fall."

To Railway Speculators—Alarming Precedent.

AN injunction was the other day granted by the Vice Chancellor, to restrain the transfer of shares disposed of by a lunatic. This is a fearful precedent. If transactions in the share-market are to be invalidated merely because the parties to them were lunatics, how many bargains made during the railway mania will be allowed to stand?

PUNCH'S PRACTICE CASES.

WATSON *ex parte* DUGGIN *ats.* GREAVES.

GREAVES had gone with instructions to WATSON to draw a bill of foreclosure. Whereupon DUGGIN, clerk to WATSON, executed a provisional foreclosure at once by shutting the outer door, and refusing to execute a release until GREAVES had given him a fee. GREAVES having a dinner in reversion, and being unwilling to go in as the remainderman, wished to call upon a casual ejector (a policeman), but DUGGIN held GREAVES in possession by the skirt of his coat, who was thus seised in tail. DUGGIN having refused to execute a release, unless he was put in possession of the fee, GREAVES consented to surrender two-and-sixpence as a base fee, and the parties now came before the Court for further directions.

ARNOLD, C. J.—I scarcely see how we can interfere. The question for us is, in fact, whether an attorney can be considered assets in the hands of the clerk of a conveyancer. It is clear that if the seisure had been by the vest, a sort of vested interest would have been established; but after all, had the attorney's coat been torn off his back, he would have remained as a mere *nudum pactum* for the benefit of the clerk of the conveyancer.

HARDWICK, J.—This seems rather a matter for the Prize Court than for us, because there was a capture of the clearest kind, and the clerk, who was in fact an underwriter, can scarcely be allowed to carry assurance to the length he would have done had he been permitted. There was undoubtedly a *ne exeat* served upon the attorney, who had a perfect right to demur; but he had his remedy by avoiding the entry, which he had better do for the future.

Everything refused.

A Cambridge Election Song.

COME, all ye learned Houses, come, your heads together lay,
Determine on your candidate with all the haste you may;
Of a fit and proper person make your choice, to represent
Alma Mater and her interests in the coming Parliament.

Chorus.
We won't select a member for a head with learning stuff'd;
No: we'll wander o'er the peerage, and we'll hunt the noble tuft.

Whom chose ye for your Chancellor? A Senior Wrangler? No.
You heeded not, although he ne'er had pass'd his little go;
Your disregard of scholarship you boldly did evince,
With the dignity of Chancellor when you adorn'd a Prince.
Chorus. We won't, &c.

Since you've a Prince for Chancellor, resolve with one accord
To make your representative in Parliament, a Lord.
Not one who takes, but who is born unto a high degree,
Which is better than a B.A., or M.A., or LL.D.
Chorus. We won't, &c.

For honours mathematical or classical renown'd,
Choose nobody, but choose a man with honours ready crown'd;
For mere attainments let us prove we would not give a thank,
And that what we set by far the higher store upon is—rank!

Chorus.
We won't select a member for a head with learning stuff'd;
No: we'll wander o'er the peerage, and we'll hunt the noble tuft.

Musical Intelligence.

SOME curiosity has been excited in the European mind—we allude, of course, to our readers—on the subject of HERR SCHWARTZ, whose name has been introduced into our paper on one or two occasions. SCHWARTZ is an ex-member of COLES'S Rheumatic Band, consisting, of course of wind instruments, which he quitted in consequence of the objection he felt to the blowing of hot and cold; to which, as a member of the Rheumatic Band, he was continually liable. The HERR has commenced a series of steam-boat *Séances*, and is arranging a funnel *Fantasia*, as well as a paddle-box Polka, in commemoration of the forthcoming *Festa di Rosherville*.

SUBSTITUTE FOR POTATOES.

SEVERAL persons have been eating haricot beans as a substitute for potatoes. We have tried these beans, and consider them quite a stable dish; but we must confess, that of all haricots we prefer haricot mutton.

SALUBRITY OF SMITHFIELD.

THERE is an old saying, that every one eats a peck of dirt in the course of his life; but a calculation of how much dirt one drinks—held in solution in Thames water—has, we believe, never been completed. The friends of Smithfield Market are, no doubt, not merely reconciled to the sort of fare which we all are said to partake of rather largely, but they appear to delight in the consumption, as if, on the principle of *similia similibus*, a large accession of mundane dirt to human clay were greatly to be desired. On the supposition that there is something salubrious in filth, we may account for the allegation as to the wholesomeness of Smithfield Market.

The purity of the water in the vicinity has been much talked about, and we have therefore caused a drop of it to be magnified and analysed. The accompanying section will show the parts of which the Smithfield fluid is composed. It will be seen that Mammon is one of the chief

ingredients, though Folly forms no inconsiderable portion of the disgusting mixture. We are, however, preparing a patent filter, which, by applying the principle of very hard pressure, will, we trust, have the effect of purifying even Smithfield from the foulness with which it is at present encumbered.

A COLLECTOR OF CURIOSITIES.

AN enthusiast has offered £100 reward to any one who will produce a play-bill which contains the printed proof of an English piece being performed, or an English actor ever playing an English character, by royal command of HER MAJESTY,—dramas for elephants and hyenas, of course, excepted. We think the generous enthusiast is in a fair way of winning the £100 himself; for if there ever was such a curious document in the world, every impression must have been bought up long ago, and must be now, from its extreme rarity, at a much higher premium than £100. He may go through the process of removing his proffered reward from his right into his left pocket, and can repeat the transfer with the greatest security, as often as he is in want, in this warm weather, of a cool hundred. We are afraid the particular printer's-ink has not yet been invented which is to strike off the identical play-bill our enthusiast is dying to possess in order to enrich his cabinet of curiosities.

Sauve qui Peut.

THE Chamber of Deputies have thrown out the proposition for an uniform rate of postage, proposed on ROWLAND HILL'S plan. We thought the French were such a military nation that they would have rushed into anything that was uniform; but it seems that the charge made was so strong, that they could not meet it. After all, we must not blame their want of courage, for the uniform in question was a British one.

REFLECTION AT A TABLE-D'HOTE.

LIFE is an ordinary, at which those who wish to be helped must help themselves!

BEANS *versus* BREAD.

THE subjoined communications may interest numbers of our readers who are eating bread made out of mangel-wurzel and bran, in consequence of the supposed scarcity of wheat flour.

(No. 1.)

To the Editor of Punch.

"SIR,

"I perceive that certain persons have been writing letters to the *Times*, recommending haricot beans as a substitute for bread and potatoes. These gentlemen, Sir, do not consider that by putting beans into people's heads, they are taking bread out of our mouths. I trust that the country will never be persuaded to put itself on beans, so long as there is plenty of corn in it. In England there is, at this moment, abundance of corn to be had—only for the buying. I belong to a highly respectable class of persons who have thousands and thousands of bags of wheat under lock and key, at the service of anybody who will give six pounds a quarter for it.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"A CORN FACTOR."

(No. 2.)

"MAST. PUNCH,

"I HOPE, sur, you dooant goo wi' them chaps as is tryun to purswaide their feller Christians to ate banes instead o' bred. What's to become o' we varmers if people takes to sitch diet as that there? You try and laaf um out on't, Mast. *Punch*; ax um who'd goo and ate banes like a Hoss, or moor like a Hass, when a could git a good Whate Looaf? Talk o' there not beeun enuff carn in the countree, massy ho! Why, even I knows better nor that. I've a got lots, myzelf, that I was offer'd ninety-zix shilluns a quarter vor last week. O' coorse I ke ps it on hand, in hopes of a vurder rise; and if so be as folks was to take to banes, what a nice mess I should be in! Bred, zur, is the staaf o' life; banes be only a broken rade. Let's ate English bred, zur, and not Vrench banes—thof I hears they comes mostly from Ameriky, which meaks the matter wuss. Would ye goo and spend your money upon the Yankees, which your own country might enjoy? Yaa! Come to the British Varmer, my bucks, and gie un his fipun ten a quarter for his carn. I be, zur,

"Your sarvant to cummand,

"ZIMON COULTER."

THE SUN SNUFFED OUT.

THE latest invention is to take photographic portraits by means of a lighted candle. We must say the dip has been burning at both ends lately. It was only the other day that the dip of the magnetic needle was discovered, and now it breaks out in a new light and takes portraits with a lucifer match. Henceforth what will be the R.A.s of the Academy, compared to those of a rushlight? SIR MARTIN SHEE will be thrown into the shade, WINTERHALTER will be sent to the wall, and the talented PICKERSGILL will be obliged to hold the candle to PRINCE ALBERT, whenever his Royal Highness burns for another portrait.

We cannot help thinking that His Royal Highness will be quite dazzled, almost blinded by this new invention, for every little *rapin* of a boy, who is in command of a short six, and every loyal engraver who can handle a long four, will be rushing to the Palace to ask for a royal sitting. We can imagine His Royal Highness sitting before a frame-work of guttering candles, like those we see in the French cathedrals, doing penance in this fashion for his handsome face!

RAILWAY BREAK AND BREAKAGE.

A MR. LEE has invented a Patent Railway Break. We hope and trust that this will supersede the Break at present most commonly met with on railways—that of railway bridges and passengers' necks. The old Railway Break is decidedly a break-down.

ODD TASTE.

MR. PAYNE, the City Coroner, will insist on sitting officially upon every fire that he hears of. We never yet met with such an odd taste as that implied in the act of making the hob one's hobby.

THE NEW COUNTY COURTS ACT.

THIS Act, which was to serve as a sort of parcels delivery for bringing justice home to every man's door, is all very well in theory; but the sort of justice that is being brought home to the door seems, in nine cases out of ten, to be scarcely worth the house-room it would occupy. In consequence of some dissatisfaction that has been expressed with the decisions, we understand that arrangements have been made by which variety will be secured, and all tastes accommodated. There are to be, in future, two or three different decisions on the same point, so that any one objecting to one mode of settling a difficulty may, by raising the same question again, get a decision of an exactly opposite character. We have not heard whether the same judge will give the public the benefit of this agreeable alternation in a single Court, or whether the practice will be confined, as at present, to the contradiction of the judgment of one Court by the judgment of another. By the existing arrangement every variety of justice may be had by resorting to a sufficient number of tribunals; but the tendency of the practice appears to be towards a system by which the same judge will contradict himself as well as his fellow functionaries; and thus, a client, without going out of one Court, can have the same matter decided in ways quite opposite to each other.

THE LAST OF THE ETHIOPIANS.

THE Ethiopian Mania is, at last, upon the wane; and, since the announcement of the final nights of the original band, soot has fallen at least 40 per cent., while lamp-black is a drug, and burnt cork has lost all its buoyancy. Now that the rage for black vocalists is just over, we may look for a healthier complexion in the aspect of public amusement; and we shall not have so many performers announcing themselves as attractions to the world, on what the lawyers would call a merely "colourable" pretext. Hitherto, the public would seem to have been as much in the dark as the Ethiopians themselves; for pretenders have been tolerated, if they only had the face to pass themselves off as deserving of patronage.

The original introducers of this black spot upon public taste, have been presenting people with their portraits, in order that a record may be preserved of one of the most extraordinary features in the history of gullibility. We find that each visitor to the St. James's has been allowed the option of taking a portrait, either plain or coloured—that is to say, dyed in the ink from which he has derived his income—of the individual serenader taking his benefit. We regret that we were not consulted as to the means of having

"Two faces under one hood,"

by getting the double effect of the Ethiopian and the European in the same picture. The annexed truly artistic sketch, from the paint-brush and scrubbing-brush of a picture-cleaner in the National Gallery, will convey a capital idea of our method of giving two likenesses in one, by preserving, on the same canvass, the dark and the bright side of these Ethiopians, who have so long contributed to the public amusement, and—no doubt—to their own emolument.

Burdens on Property.

ON French railways, previous to the opening of any viaduct, enormous weights are passed over it to test its strength. Should this practice ever be adopted in England, we recommend for the purpose MR. DISRAELI'S Election Addresses. If the viaduct does not give way under one of them, before it has got half-way through it, it may be taken for granted it will bear any weight in the world.

PITY THE POOR PRISONERS.

IN consequence of the success of the Pentonville Model Prison, the "separate system" is to receive an important extension in Westminster. MR. BARRY has received orders to build fourteen additional committee rooms in the new Houses of Parliament.

GOOD NEWS.

WE understand that there is no truth in the report of the potato disease being prevalent this year; and indeed there are at present no signs of it, for SERGEANT MURPHY has written to say that his health is, if possible, better than ever. We are glad to find one of the "peoples' champions" in such capital condition.

THE END OF A FIVE MINUTES' BURST.

Stout Gentleman. "THAT'S THE WAY TO GO OVER A GATE! I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT ME SO FAR BEHIND THAT TIME."

A Favourite Antipathy.

COLONEL SIBTHORPE'S objections against Railways have never been published. We hasten, out of justice to our facetious Member, to supply the omission :—

"I dislike railways, because they cut up the country.

"I hate them, because they are the greatest levellers in the world.

"I object to them, because I object to any one running through my property excepting myself.

"I have an especial aversion to tunnels, as I do not see upon what grounds England has to be bored by them.

"My antipathy against the smoke cannot be described in colours black enough. The prettiest spots on the face of the country have been rubbed out by the new lines that have been run across it, and its most lovely features buried under a heap of cinders, which every railway carries in its train, for all the world like the train of CINDERELLA. In fact, if railways are allowed to run much longer, England will soon be reduced to a state of ashes, and will have to be swept twice a year, or else it will ultimately disappear from the surface of the globe.

"I have the greatest dislike against directors, guards, policemen, and every one connected with railways. I think a stoker will go any lengths to attain his end; and I am of opinion that every railway engine is more or less an engine of destruction, and that nothing will stop it when once it has made up its boiler to go a certain distance.

"I have several objections, quite as stringent as the above, but don't feel disposed to state them just at present.

"COLONEL SIBTHORPE."

PARTURIUNT MONTES.

SEVERAL correspondents have written to us to know whether we can give any geographical particulars of the *Mons Jullien*, which is now being placarded all over the metropolis. In these days of decided tendency to make a mountain out of a molehill, the appearance of a *Mons* with the name of *Jullien* may be partly accounted for. We cannot give any very elaborate description of this *Mons;* but we understand it is at present to be seen somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Surrey Hills, an imaginary range of mountains that are said to be visible from the window of every attic in the metropolis, if we are to believe the word of every lodging-letting landlord or landlady. The *Mons Jullien* has a dark summit rising over a front of whiteness equal to that of *Mont Blanc*. The longitude of the *Mons* is nothing very considerable, but the latitude allowed to the *Mons* is sometimes really astonishing. The *Mons Jullien* would have saved MAHOMET a good deal of trouble had he been disinclined to go to the mountain, for the mountain would—for a consideration—have at any time gone to MAHOMET.

PUNCH'S ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

WE have heard it rumoured that PELL, the celebrated Bones of the Ethiopian serenading party, intends offering himself as a candidate at the ensuing election, for the representation of Andover. The ingenious PELL anticipates the discovery of some new effects on his peculiar instrument, should he gain the confidence of a place so celebrated for its treatment of the bones, as exemplified in the great Crushing Case.

STANWOOD will, it is understood, come forward for the next Parliament, on the old Conservative interest, to which his facility in making white appear black will render him a most welcome addition.

A DANGEROUS CHARACTER.

Policeman Sibthorpe. "COME, IT 'S HIGH TIME YOU WERE TAKEN TO THE HOUSE; YOU 'VE DONE QUITE MISCHIEF ENOUGH."

CAPSICUM HOUSE—FOR YOUNG LADIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INJURED WIFE.—A NEW ARRIVAL.

"THERE's a young lady's footstep," we cried; and BLOSSOMS received the intelligence as though prepared for it.

"No doubt it 's my rib—that is, the young lady that sat up last night — coming, with CARRAWAYS," said BLOSSOMS. "It 's about dinner. Get behind that holly-bush, and you 'll see how Miss GRIFFIN — she 's a wonderful woman — teaches her gals everything. This young lady, you 'll find, is learning the Injured Wife."

We followed the direction of BLOSSOMS, and saw Miss PALMER — meek, blue-eyed PALMER — accompanied by her guardian, CARRAWAYS, slowly move down the walk. Yes; behind the holly-boughs — like hopeless love — we gazed at beauty through a maze of thorns. PALMER — though significantly encouraged by the elbow of CARRAWAYS — could not carry her injuries with dignity. Her face was as fair, bright, and open, as though she had gone to early sleep with the lilies of last night; and had not, until three in the morning, now winked at the *Wives of England* and now snuffed the drowsy candles. Surely, we thought, no temper—small, domestic thunder-cloud—will ever threaten in those soft blue eyes; no words, like swarm of angry bees, will ever issue from that honeyed mouth. It is quite impossible, we thought, that the wedding-ring can score one sharp or angry line about those lips, now so frankly, sweetly ripe! And then we remembered that we looked at youth and beauty on the other side of the holly-bush—and we thought of the piercing, cruel thorns that might oppose them in the worldly way.

Miss PALMER, timidly as a dove, approached BLOSSOMS, and tried to frown. Beautiful are such trials, that is, most beautiful in their failure. Success, as sometimes in other matters, spoils all. And therefore let wives—if they *will* be prettily wayward—let them, by all means, try to frown; but—oh, ye household gods, that pinch dimples in unwrinkled cheeks—never let them succeed. At such a time, defeat gives to them the sweetest grace.

Miss PALMER tried to speak upbraidingly; but her lips broke into a set of smiles, and her full white throat seemed as though swallowing her laughter. "That will never do, Miss," said CARRAWAYS, in a low voice. "If you don't frown, and speak your mind, you 'll always be put upon. Look at me."

Hereupon, CARRAWAYS — rehearsing the Injured Wife — threw back her head, and swept up to BLOSSOMS. In a moment, there was a storm in every corner of her face; black and all black. Her lips were bent, and, to our thought, barbed like fish-hooks. CARRAWAYS was a spinster; but it was clear she had great imaginative powers; for it was impossible to look connubial injury more to connubial life. BLOSSOMS—not sufficiently hardened in the iniquities of a husband—acknowledged the fine ideality of the passion; for he dropt his head, and shook like a tame rabbit, eyed by a snake.

"And I suppose," said CARRAWAYS, rehearsing with energy, "I suppose, MR. BLOSSOMS, you call yourself a man?"

"Why—yes—that is if I may be so bold,"—and then he took breath, and courageously added—"my dear."

"Don't dear me, MR. BLOSSOMS; you know I hate it." Nevertheless, a little bit of red and white dawned in CARRAWAY'S face; and her eye broke with a mild forgiving light upon the fictitious husband.

"Pray, MR. BLOSSOMS, if I may be allowed to ask the question, do you dine at home to-day?"

"Yes, darling"—and CARRAWAYS affected to shiver at the endearment—"in course. Never so happy, you know, as when at home—never. So my love,"—CARRAWAYS remained very calm—"my dear, I don't know what it is that 's put it into my head, but—what *do* you think of a little mutton broth?"

"Mutton broth," said CARRAWAYS, evidently relenting, "I'm sure it 's a shame to put innocent sheep to any such use. Mutton broth!"

"Well, you do make it so nice, my dear," said BLOSSOMS, "you fairly drive me to it. 'Tisn't the drink at night as I care for, but the mutton broth next day. I never drink it, my darling, that I don't feel virtuous for a week; perhaps more."

"You don't deserve that anybody should care a bit for you," said CARRAWAYS, observing that Miss PALMER had wandered into another walk. The teacher, however, was not made the less earnest in her task by the neglect of her pupil; certainly not. For, moved by the passion of her assumed part, she sidled, wife-like, nearer to BLOSSOMS, and, looking in his eyes, and holding out her hand, she repeated the opinion, that he was undeserving of the love of any mortal creature.

MR. BLOSSOMS—not to be behind-hand as a husband—took the proffered palm, squeezed it, and with the quickness of a serpent, as CARRAWAYS afterwards declared, wound his arm about her waist. At this harmonious moment, the voice of FLUKE—like a bird's—rang through the garden.

"PALMER, dear—PALMER"—cried Miss FLUKE, and she came bounding, floating down the path.

"Here, love," answered Miss PALMER, turning a tall white rose-bush; and, to our fancy, looking as though, dryad-like, she was a part of it. "Here, dearest."

"Oh, come away from this nonsense," said FLUKE, running up to her.

"Nonsense!" cried CARRAWAYS; "are you aware, Miss FLUKE, that Miss PALMER is pursuing her studies?"

"Studies! I say, all nonsense. Miss GRIFFIN might as well teach people how to sleep. Do you suppose when I 'm married, I shan't know how to scold my husband? Teach ducks to swim. I warrant me! You only find the husband, and I 'll find the injuries."

"I shall report your conduct to Miss GRIFFIN," said CARRAWAYS, and with rigid eyelids she walked to the house, MR. BLOSSOMS, a little sheepishly as we thought, taking another way.

"Miss GRIFFIN!" exclaimed FLUKE. "Why, you see this little thumb, PALMER?" And the young lady exhibited one of the smallest and prettiest samples of thumbs we ever beheld. "Well, Miss GRIFFIN, as tall as she is, is right under it."

"You never say so!" cried the simple PALMER. "Why, what do you know?"

"I know that when people suffer people—'specially when people are of a certain age—to go down upon one knee to 'em, why, then people ought first to stop up the key-hole."

"Why, you never mean"—and Miss PALMER, in excess of wonder, could say no more.

"Don't I mean? But I do though. And when, too, people leave letters for people in the strawberry beds! Bless your heart, I know everything. That Miss GRIFFIN is as much my slave—only I would'nt hurt her, poor soul—as much as if she was any blackamoor. Why, that MR. CORKS is a play-actor."

"You never say so!" cried Miss PALMER, really alarmed.

"A positive play-actor, my dear. He played the *Ghost* in *Hamlet* when Miss GRIFFIN fell in love with him."

"In love! Miss GRIFFIN! Oh, FLUKE," cried PALMER; "you scandalising little creature."

"Fell into love—or rather, walked into love; for people don't fall into it at her time of life. Well, she admired him for his deep voice and full figure. For a whole week she was going about the house, thinking of him. One day—you were at home then—one day, at the Pie-crust Class, not thinking of any of us, she held up the rolling-pin, and said in a solemn way to herself, 'Remember me!' All the girls stared; but I shouted out, 'Alas, poor Ghost!' Well, she coloured up so, I wonder she didn't set her cap afire."

"You, *do* surprise me," cried the mild PALMER. "But are you sure, love?"

"Sure! I've got the play-bill in my box; and unless GRIFFIN behaves herself, some of these days won't I flourish it!"

"Girls, girls," cried a bouncing brunette—SOPHY CANDYTUFT, aged eighteen—as she ran down the garden, followed by two or three giggling wenches—"Girls, what do you think? There's a letter come from Miss RUFFLER, that went to India, as governess says upon the Marriage Service."

"Well, is she married?" asked Miss PALMER.

"Married, to be sure she is married," said CANDYTUFT, "and sent us a turtle."

"Real, or mock!" exclaimed FLUKE, jumping and clapping her hands.

"You foolish creature," replied CANDYTUFT, "a live turtle. And moreover, there 's such a handsome young officer, with his edges trimmed with gold, that 's brought it."

"La!" cried FLUKE, "a handsome officer! What have they done with him? Not tied him up, I hope."

"He 's now in the parlour," cried Miss CANDYTUFT, and FLUKE and

PALMER immediately—without at all thinking of the matter—arranged their curls, and gave a twitch here and there to their gowns.

"I hope they 'll not bring him here," said the gentle PALMER.

"I hope they will," cried FLUKE. "Tell me, CANDYTUFT—has he got black eyes—curly hair—and a skin of nice sailor brown ?"

"MISS FLUKE !" exclaimed MISS CANDYTUFT.

But at this moment MISS GRIFFIN appeared at the top of the walk; and in her hand an unfolded letter.

HINTS TO CANVASSERS.

THE difficulty of a personal canvass has frequently been alleged as an excuse for omitting this ceremony, by individuals offering themselves as candidates for Parliament. We think the compliment of a call on every elector can just as well be paid by a man's portrait as by himself.

The subjoined sketch exemplifies the idea to which we beg to direct the attention of would-be Members of Parliament.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO FASHIONABLE DANCING.

RESUSCITATION OF THE DANCE.

A LITTLE while ago the dance was apparently on its last legs, and only one form of it continued in full vigour, namely, that quick succession of rapid steps, comprising the interminable dance which some people are always leading their creditors. To get up a quadrille used to require as much canvassing and soliciting among the constituents as an election for a member of Parliament. The hostess at a *soirée* intended to be *dansante* was compelled to ask the suffrages of those around her with the most persuasive eloquence, in order to return a sufficient number of members for getting through the usual measures. Even then the apathy exhibited was of the most freezing character, and the parties paired off with languid listlessness. This state of things has been succeeded by another totally different. The movement has reached the ball-room, the waltz has taken a favourable turn a-head, and the legs now stand up for a freedom of action which they had lately denied themselves. The constituents of a quadrille, instead of waiting for entreaties before they would sluggishly exercise the Terpsichorean franchise, now rush eagerly to the pol—ka, and use the elective privilege in the choice of partners.

In searching for the causes of the revolution thus effected, we find the Polka at the bottom, as well as at the top of every one of them. The Polka has broken down the old aristocratic barriers of the formal Quadrille, and opened the doors of the dance to all, by removing its old limits. The Quadrille, though favourable to the formation of sets, was opposed to that broad and universal spirit of equality which the Polka encourages. It is true that, like other free institutions, the Polka has sometimes been abused, and carried to an objectionable extent; but, on the whole, the freedom it has introduced into the ball-room has not been destructive of order or propriety.

Though the dance has, of late years, assumed more of character than it formerly possessed, we do not mean to say that the steps and figures of the stage can be, with propriety, introduced into the *salon*. Want of space would interfere to mar the buoyancy and beauty of those bounds which tell so well on the dramatic boards; for a CERITO-like movement in a ball-room would carry the executant from the door to the fire-place, or from the wall to the window at a jump, causing a routing of the occupants of the rout seats to an extent that would be far from agreeable. The proceedings that are eulogised as fawn-like when seen upon the stage, would be sadly *de trop* at a *soirée*, and the gambols of the gazelle, though charming when exhibited in an ample space, would be inconvenient amongst the handing round of refreshments in glass and china-ware. Even the Highland Fling, which is comparatively quiet at the theatre, would never do in private life, for the Highlander must not be allowed to have his fling amidst a private circle.

The College Hornpipe is well enough at a noisy assembly of undergraduates, but not the most experienced master of the Terpsichorean art could tone it down so as to adapt it to the limits of a *soirée dansante*. Who but BARON NATHAN would attempt the Truandaise amid the intricacies of tea-trays, a collision with which might furnish a tambourine accompaniment far more striking than appropriate ? Who would attempt the *pas de fascination* in Grosvenor Place, or give the gambols of a Gitana through a first floor—by courtesy called a *suite* —in Baker Street ? What would the Cachucha be in Cadogan Place, or how would the Sylphide's flights up and down chimneys be carried out in every-day life, to say nothing of the direct violation of the Act against climbing-boys, among which—as masculine means feminine in legislative language—climbing girls are of course included ? Our Guide to Fashionable Dancing will therefore not teach the young idea how to shoot up into the air like our friend SHALLABALLAH from his box; nor will it give lessons for bounding about upon one leg, as if human beings were unipeds and not bipeds; but we shall endeavour to guide the steps of our readers in the right direction. By placing their feet in our hands they will be perfectly safe, and will never be found tripping.

THE USE OF TEMPLE BAR.

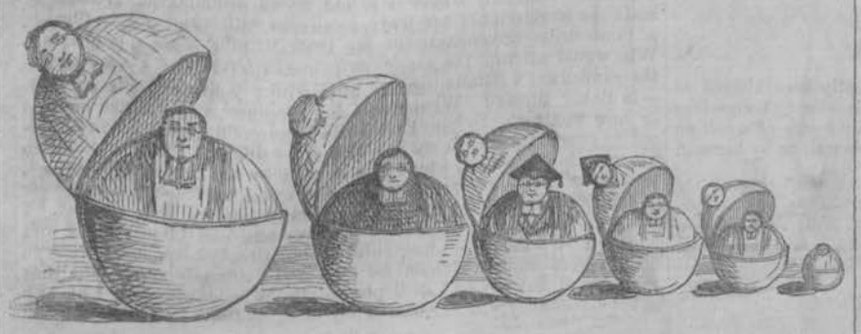
A MOST unexpected advantage has recently been discovered in Temple Bar, by its being found adapted to a purpose which the architect could never have ventured to contemplate. For the last few years it has been good for little more than to serve as an outpost to the paviours, by aiding them in blocking up the thoroughfares; or rather, it might be regarded as a sort of advanced *piquette*—appropriately placed near Picket Street—to keep off the carriages and cabs that might have otherwise driven down upon the breast-works being continually thrown up by the gas-work people, or the emissaries from a hostile water company, which is so frequently in possession of some of the principal passes in the metropolis.

The important fact has, however, at last been brought to light, that Temple Bar is serviceable as a kind of fortress to defend the city against the invasion of those gigantic advertising vans, that put, in many instances, a complete stop to the progress of industry. Happily, puffing has reached such an enormous height as to have out-grown the very gaps through which it would have forced itself, and it has thus become the victim of its own enormity. We beg to propose to the civic authorities that the Bar should be regularly manned with a small reserve of policemen, empowered to act against an invader in the shape of a monster van, and prevent the possibility of a siege becoming successful. While the advertiser is attacking the city in the van, a corps of the Civic Raw Lobstery could rush round to the rear, and might easily turn the flanks of the horse, or cause the foe to wheel sharp round and surrender at discretion.

HALE! HALE!—ALL HALE!

Every one knows that Hail is in its nature a fluid that derives substance from its excessive coolness; and the clerical Hale, whose career illustrates the fact that "it never rains but it pours," is a living proof of extreme coolness giving substance to an otherwise somewhat insignificant particle.

Having compared the Reverend Archdeacon Hale to an object in nature, we may be excused for likening him to an object of art, with which most of our readers are, no doubt, familiar. He is a sort of Reverend Seven in One—an article shaped like an apple, but which,



when opened, shows another apple underneath, and the fruit is so frequently multiplied that an involuntary exclamation of "Go it my pippin!" escapes our lips as we find a succession of pippins one after the other present themselves. Thus, in examining one of the largest specimens of the fruits of church patronage, which looks sufficient of itself to satisfy an extravagant appetite, we find a great deal of "that within which passeth show;" for, as we remove each layer of ecclesiastical dignity, we find something else beneath, but every good thing that reveals itself has Hale in the middle of it. We never knew a man so capable of pairing off with himself as the Reverend individual alluded to.

BRASS-BAND SERENADERS.

The *Daily News* informs us that a party of sixteen gentlemen, members of the German Vocal Club, repaired to Miss Lind's residence at Brompton, and executed several beautiful serenade airs in a very superior and musician-like manner. Our contemporary must be mistaken. These gentlemen were surely not vocalists, but instrumental performers; and there must have been much brass even in the band that could presume to play in Jenny Lind's hearing. To give Jenny Lind music, is pretty much like pretending to make jokes for the amusement of *Punch*, or carrying coals to Newcastle. We would recommend Jenny Lind to keep a policeman on her premises, who would compel any individuals indulging themselves in airs under her window, to perform the best movement they could possibly be capable of—that of moving on.

Zoological Intelligence.

The recent death of the elephant at the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, has caused a vacancy at that establishment which will not be filled up very easily. The late elephant was highly respected by all the fellows of the Society. He has left no property behind him, for his trunk has been diligently searched, and nothing whatever has been found in it. We are told that there are two or three candidates already in the field, with the view of offering themselves to fill up the gap occasioned by the demise of the great creature whose decease has recently happened.

Our Committee on the (Thames) Navigation Laws.

While the House of Commons has its Committee sitting on the General Navigation Laws of the country, we have issued our commission to inquire into the more limited, but yet vitally important subject of these laws, as they affect the Thames, its craft, and the persons engaged on board of them.

The most valuable results have been arrived at in the course of the inquiry, as may be seen from the subjoined extracts from the mass of evidence.

John Jiggers, Captain of the Minnow half-penny steamer, examined.—Is aware of the existence of laws for the Thames navigation. Takes the right-hand going down, and the left coming up. Understands the principles of navigation; means by them the signs for "Back her," "Ease her," "Stop her." Has been in the habit of running down funnies, occasionally. Can't see how it can be helped. It's no use starboarding or porting the helm to get out of their way. They always do what you do. Suppose it's the desire of imitation, because they naturally think you must be right. Believes the navigation might be improved by taking away the Bridges; this would give increased employment to the steam-boats in conveying people across, and save the time now spent in lowering funnels. Thinks the increased use of steam-boats the great thing to be desired. Does not consider half-penny steamers unsafe, except in holiday times. They may be rather crowded on Easter-week and about Whitsuntide. If people go a pleasuring, thinks they like a crowd going down the river. Disapproves of any interference with the numbers to be carried. It would be contrary to the principle of self-government to confine them. Never takes more than he has standing room for. Sir Peter Laurie is in the habit of going by his boat. Has heard him talk about self-government.

Thomas Drysalter examined.—Is a clerk in an establishment in Thames Street. Is a member of several boating clubs. Spends his holidays on the water. Flatters himself he knows the river. Starboard and larboard are words used on the river. Has heard them often used on board the steamers, and has used them himself. Does not attach distinct ideas to them, but steers according to the circumstances of the case. Has not been run down lately. Cannot swim. Battersea Reach is considered dangerous when the wind is fresh. Perhaps it may be dangerous when the oarsmen are fresh also. It is a law of the river to get drunk at Avis's after a boat-race. Considers that the great thing to be desired is the doing away with the steamboats; they cause a swell, and are very dangerous to rowing boats. The directions given from them are seldom intelligible. Would have them kept to the middle of the river, like omnibuses. The funnies and gigs should be considered as foot-passengers. Has his life insured in the Pelican. Did not mention that he was in the habit of going on the river when he effected the insurance.

James Mudlark, examined.—Is a waterman. Gets his living by going off to gents. that go overboard. Has picked up a tidy lot. Finds they can't often get their hands into their pockets when out of the water. Thinks a material that won't shrink should be used for boating-trowsers. Steamers ought to be encouraged. Many honest men, like himself, would lose their bread if it warn't for the steamers. Is sorry to say they are getting more cautious. Hasn't had a jolly good accident these six weeks. Means, by a jolly good accident, an eight run down, when the gents. are in liquor, and pay handsomely: or a pleasure-boat capsized, with females on board. Always makes a point of landing females first. Doesn't see what is to become of him if people learn to swim. Life-preservers are all humbug. Would sooner trust to a waterman himself.

MIR-ABILE DICTU.

A French paper, *Le Bien Public*, tells us that there has been lately seen twice, a splendid *mirage* at Macon. We don't know what our Gallic contemporary may call a splendid *mirage*, but Sir Peter Laurie is ready to lay a bet that nothing in France can equal the *mir(e)age* in the neighbourhood of Smithfield Market. (*Oh!*)

A Motto for the Statue.

"Here we go up, up, up;
Here we come down, down, down."

Such ought to be the lines engraven on the pedestal about to be prepared for the Statue. However illustrious the Duke may be by his own deeds, there is no doubt that no one can be more indebted to his *descent* than the Hero of Waterloo.

A SAD TRUTH.

Of all kindnesses it must be confessed that lending books is the one which meets with the least return!

(*Communicated by a gentleman who has only the third volume of Guy Mannering left out of the entire Waverley Novels, which he once possessed*).

NOT SUCH FLATS AFTER ALL.

The Sandwich people intend, it is said, to elect a son of the Duke of Newcastle as their representative. If all is true that we have heard of the independent electors, there is no doubt that Sandwich knows very well on which side its bread is buttered.

Travelling Gent. "Oh! Beans are an excellent substitute for Potatoes, are they? Then, Waiter, bring me a feed of Beef and three penn'orth of Beans."

PUNCH IN LEADENHALL STREET.

We have been induced to put forth the following announcement, by the pathetic appeals which we continually read in the newspapers, addressed

To the Proprietors of East India Stock.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have the honour to announce to you that it is not my intention to oppose Major Mulligatawney, on the vacancy in the direction of your affairs. At the same time, I beg respectfully to state that I have a very serious intention of soliciting your suffrages on some future occasion, because it has struck me that an East India Directorship must be a remarkably lucrative appointment. I have been led to adopt this opinion by the exceedingly earnest, not to say abject terms, in which candidates for that office generally implore your support. I therefore beg, beseech, and intreat all of you whose votes are not already bespoken, to reserve them for me; and I solemnly assure you that I shall proceed to the ballot whenever I see any chance of my being elected.

I am fully impressed with a sense of the importance and responsibility of the duties I am desirous to undertake. I shall, if eventually placed by your suffrages in the Court of Directors, devote my time and my best energies to making as good a thing of the office as possible.

I have the honour to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your most obedient and faithful servant,
PUNCH.

HINT TO ELECTORS.

The greatest tightness prevails in the Election Market. Agents are rushing about the country in all directions in search of rising young men to take empty seats, and fight for contested ones. "Friends of the Constitution" are not to be had for love or money, and "Radical Reformers" are shy. Why should not the recruiting system be tried? We subjoin a bill, which might be put up in all clubs, west-end hotels, the opera lobbies, and at Hyde Park Corner:—

WANTED!

A FEW FINE YOUNG MEN,

TO SERVE THEIR COUNTRY IN THE ENSUING PARLIAMENT.

Lots of Work, and no Play!

There is no limitation as to Age or Height. Reading and Writing are indispensable. Young Men of aspiring dispositions will find this a noble opportunity! They may enter either the Veteran Peel's corps, or the Heavy Division, under the immortal Bentinck, or the old Buff and Blue, under the gallant Russell.

A coalition is hourly expected, and double sets of places must certainly be established! Now is your time!

Names received and Young Men inspected at the Carlton and Reform Clubs, Pall Mall.

Hurrah for the British Lion!

A NOTE FOR PERSONS GOING ABROAD.

The best passport, after all, is an English Bank-note. It is very portable, and is current everywhere, being perfectly understood all over the Continent. It will admit the bearer into places he would otherwise have no means of seeing, and will carry him much further than a common passport. It does not require to be *viséd*, though there is a difficulty sometimes, when a traveller is a long way from home, in getting it renewed. These passports can be procured at any time from the Bank of England; but any generous "Governor" has the privilege to grant them. This privilege, however, is rarely abused by them; and an absent son who is studying at a German University, and happens to have lost his passport, often experiences, to his cost, very great difficulty in procuring a fresh one. Travellers cannot be sufficiently cautioned against parting with a passport of this valuable nature; for when once it has gone out of their hands, especially at a French hotel, they may be sure they will never see it again. Young gentlemen should likewise be careful not to rely too much upon the respectability of this passport; for, no matter how high the stamp of it may be, still, they will find it worth nothing, and that they will be stopt for some time on their journey, if they venture, when abroad, to rush into those extravagant excesses which a Bank-note is allowed by indulgent magistrates sometimes to cover in their own country.

SEMPER IDEM.

"I see Drury Lane will be empty next year." "Nonsense! Bunn has taken it." "Well, my dear fellow, that 's exactly what I mean."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—Saturday, June 19, 1847.

PUNCH'S PRIZE NOVELISTS.

LORDS AND LIVERIES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "DUKES AND DEJEUNERS," "HEARTS AND DIAMONDS," "MARCHIONESSES AND MILLINERS," ETC. ETC.

THE tall footman, number four, who had come in the place of JOHN, cashiered (for want of proper *mollets*, and because his hair did not take powder well), had given great satisfaction to the under-butler, who reported well of him to his chief, who had mentioned his name with praise to the house-steward. He was so good-looking and well-spoken a young man, that the ladies in the housekeeper's room deigned to notice him more than once; nor was his popularity diminished on account of a quarrel in which he engaged with MONSIEUR ANATOLE, the enormous Walloon *chasseur*, who was one day found embracing MISS FLOUNCY, who waited on AMETHYST'S own maid. The very instant MISS FLOUNCY saw MR. JEAMES entering the Servants' Hall, where MONSIEUR ANATOLE was engaged in "aggravating" her, MISS FLOUNCY screamed — at the next moment the Belgian giant lay sprawling upon the carpet—and JEAMES, standing over him, assumed so terrible a look, that the *chasseur* declined any further combat. The victory was made known to the house-steward himself, who, being a little partial to MISS FLOUNCY herself, complimented JEAMES on his valour, and poured out a glass of Madeira in his own room.

Who was JEAMES? He had come recommended by the BAGNIGGE people. He had lived, he said, in that family two years. "But where there was no ladies," he said, "a gentleman's hand was spiled for service;" and JEAMES'S was a very delicate hand; MISS FLOUNCY admired it very much, and of course he did not defile it by menial service; he had in a young man who called him "Sir," and did all the coarse work; and JEAMES read the morning paper to the ladies; not spellingly and with hesitation, as many gentlemen do, but easily and elegantly, speaking off the longest words without a moment's difficulty. He could speak French, too, MISS FLOUNCY found, who was studying it under MADEMOISELLE GRANDE, *fille-de-chambre de confiance*; for when she said to him "*Polly voo Franey*, MUNSEER JEAMES?" he replied readily, "*We, Mademaselle, j'ay passay boco de tong à Parry. Commong voo potty voo?*" How MISS FLOUNCY admired him

as he stood before her, the day after he had saved MISS AMETHYST, when the horses had run away with her in the Park!

Poor FLOUNCY, poor FLOUNCY! JEAMES had been but a week in AMETHYST'S service, and already the gentle heart of the washing-girl was irrecoverably gone! Poor FLOUNCY! poor FLOUNCY! he thought not of thee.

It happened thus. MISS AMETHYST being engaged to drive with her cousin the Prince in his phaeton, her own carriage was sent into the Park simply with her companion, who had charge of her little Fido, the dearest little spaniel in the world. JEAMES and FREDERICK were behind the carriage with their long sticks and neat dark liveries; the horses were worth a thousand guineas each, the coachman a late Lieutenant-Colonel of cavalry: the whole ring did not boast a more elegant turn-out.

The Prince drove his curricle, and had charge of his *belle cousine*. It may have been the red fezzes in the carriage of the Turkish ambassador which frightened the Prince's greys, or MRS. CHAMPIGNON'S new yellow liveries, which were flaunting in the Park, or hideous LADY GORGON'S preternatural ugliness, who passed in a low poney-carriage at the time, or the Prince's own want of skill, finally; but certain it is that the horses took fright, dashed wildly along the mile, scattered equipages, *piétons*, dandies' cabs, and Snobs' *pheaytons*. AMETHYST was screaming; and the Prince, deadly pale, had lost all presence of mind, as the curricle came rushing by the spot where MISS AMETHYST'S carriage stood.

"I'm blest," FREDERICK exclaimed to his companion, "if it ain't the Prince a drivin our Missis! They 'll be in the Serpingtine, or dashed to pieces, if they don't mind;" and the runaway steeds at this instant came upon them as a whirlwind.

But if those steeds ran at whirlwind pace, JEAMES was swifter. To jump from behind, to bound after the rocking, reeling curricle, to jump into it, aided by the long stick which he carried and used as a leaping-pole, and to seize the reins out of the hands of the miserable BORODINO, who shrieked piteously as the dauntless valet leapt on his toes and into his seat, was the work of an instant. In a few minutes the mad, swaying rush of the horses was reduced to a swift but steady gallop; presently into a canter, then a trot; until finally they pulled up smoking and trembling, but quite quiet, by the side of AMETHYST'S carriage, which came up at a rapid pace.

"Give me the reins, *malappris! tu m'écrases les cors, manant!*" yelled the frantic nobleman, writhing underneath the intrepid charioteer.

"*Tant pis pour toi, nigaud*," was the reply. The lovely AMETHYST of course had fainted; but she recovered as she was placed in her carriage, and rewarded her preserver with a celestial smile.

The rage, the fury, the maledictions of BORODINO, as he saw the latter—a liveried menial—stoop gracefully forward and kiss AMETHYST'S hand, may be imagined rather than described. But JEAMES heeded not his curses. Having placed his adored mistress in the carriage, he calmly resumed his station behind. Passion or danger seemed to have no impression upon that pale marble face.

BORODINO went home furious; nor was his rage diminished, when, on coming to dinner that day, a *recherché* banquet served in the *Frangipané* best style, and requesting a supply of a *purée à la bisque aux écrévisses*, the clumsy attendant who served him let fall the *assiette* of *vermeille ciselé*, with its scalding contents, over the Prince's chin, his Mechlin *jabot*, and the grand *cordon* of the Legion of Honour which he wore.

"*Infâme*," howled BORODINO, "*tu l'as fait exprès!*"

"*Oui, je l'ai fait exprès*," said the man, with the most perfect Parisian accent. It was JEAMES.

Such insolence of course could not be passed unnoticed even after the morning's service, and he was *chassé* on the spot. He had been but a week in the house.

The next month the newspapers contained a paragraph which may possibly elucidate the above mystery, and to the following effect:—

"*Singular Wager.*—One night, at the end of last season, the young and eccentric EARL OF B—GN—GGE laid a wager of twenty-five thousand pounds with a broken sporting patrician, the dashing MARQUIS OF M—RT—NG—LE, that he would pass a week under the roof of a celebrated and lovely young heiress, who lives not a hundred miles from B—LGR—VE SQU—RE. The bet having been made, the Earl pretended an illness, and having taken lessons from one of his lordship's own footmen (MR. JAMES PLUSH, whose name he also borrowed) in 'the *mysteries* of the *profession*,' actually succeeded in making an entry into MISS P—ML—CO'S mansion, where he stopped one week exactly; having time to win his bet, and to save the life of the lady, whom we hear he is about to lead to the altar. He disarmed the PRINCE OF BORODINO in a duel fought on Calais sands—and, it is said, appeared at the C— club wearing his *plush costume* under a cloak, and displaying it as a proof that he had won his wager."

Such, indeed, were the circumstances. The young couple have not

more than nine hundred thousand a year, but they live cheerfully, and manage to do good; and EMILY DE PENTONVILLE, who adores her daughter-in-law and her little grand-children, is blest in seeing her darling son *enfin un homme rangé*.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(MIDNIGHT.)

SHADE OF NAPOLEON. "*Sir Trench, pour trente-deux ans j'ai pleuré ce jour, mais enfin je suis vengé.*"

THE LEPUS VASTATOR.

CONSIDERABLE doubt exists whether the *aphis*, which is said to produce the potato-blight, is a true *vastator;* but as to the fact that the *Lepus* is a genuine *vastator*, or devastator, there is no mistake. The ravages which it commits upon young wheat, clover, and turnips, are enormous, as the farmer, whose lands are unfortunately infested by it, can testify to his cost. There are two varieties of the *Lepus vastator;* one commonly known as the Hare, *Lepus timidus;* the other, *Lepus cuniculus*, as the Rabbit or Coney. These creatures require no microscope to distinguish them, being perfectly visible by the naked eye, with which a farmer can often count as many as a hundred of them in a single field of clover, wherein, in a few days afterwards, there remains very little clover to be seen. They constitute a perfect scourge to agriculture, the object of which science is to bring waste lands into cultivation, whereas they, wherever they abound, bring cultivated lands to waste.

These *vastatores*, the rabbit variety in particular, are singularly prolific. The latter species, according to PENNANT, "will breed seven times a year, and bring eight young ones each time. On a supposition that this happens regularly during four years, their numbers will amount to 1,274,840." The fecundity for which they are thus remarkable is a measure of the sterility which they occasion, and hapless, indeed, is that agriculturist on whose fields they are allowed to increase unchecked. Pernicious as the *Lepus vastator* is to the landed interest, the maintenance of the pest is ascribable to the landowners, who appear to regard it as a sacred animal, as certain superstitious nations consider snakes and reptiles. Nothing would be more easy than the extirpation of these noxious vermin, to which the only obstacle consists in certain Acts of Parliament—the Game Laws.

THE POWER OF ROYALTY.

THE amount of good that Royalty can effect in this country is astonishing—only less astonishing than that which it has yet to do. A Royal nod, wink, word, scratch of the pen, can abate a nuisance or abolish a wrong. Evil is still eradicable by the Royal touch. We are informed, by the *United Service Gazette*, of a wonderful cure of one of the many forms of it, wrought—not, indeed, by the Sovereign, but—by a Prince of the Blood. The vice of gambling was prevalent in the Hibernian United Service Club, where it had led to the ruin of several officers. PRINCE GEORGE OF CAMBRIDGE—to his honour be it spoken—intimated his intention of withdrawing his name from the Club's books, unless the practice were discontinued. His Royal Highness had but to speak the word. The committee of the Club promptly acceded to his wishes, and have determined to discountenance gambling within its walls to their utmost power. Such virtue having been proved to reside in a mere Prince, what may we now expect from Majesty herself? Perhaps the gratification of reading, in our contemporaries, announcements such as the following:—

"The QUEEN, desirous, it is understood, of reviving the taste among her subjects for the higher order of the Drama, has graciously intimated her desire to MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER, of the Haymarket, that he should take measures for the production, at his theatre, of a five-act play; which, on its appearance, she has further been graciously pleased to promise to honour with her presence. We hope and trust that our dramatists will zealously bestir themselves to produce a performance that may be worthy of the attention of their Sovereign."

"HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY has commanded the Professors of the Royal Academy of Music to make a selection of the most proficient vocalists among their pupils, who are to have the honour of singing at HER MAJESTY'S concerts. The QUEEN, we are informed, has determined on this step, in order to try whether anything but Royal encouragement is wanting to render native talent in all respects equal to that of foreigners. We are very sanguine as to the success of the experiment."

"We are authorised in stating that it is the express command of the Sovereign that no Irish landlord shall be presented at Court, or presume to intrude into her gracious presence, who does not, at least during six months of the year, reside on his own estates."

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, actuated no less by his personal feelings than by those of his august consort, has announced his determination to speak to no nobleman or gentleman of whom his tenants complain for preserving game."

The monarchy of England is, in one sense, limited. Of course it cannot—and never did—harm. For beneficial purposes, however, its will is absolute law; and now that Royalty knows the extent of its sphere of usefulness—which may be defined a circle with no end to its diameter—it will no doubt exert itself therein indefinitely.

The Weather.

EVERY day last week the Clerk of the Weather has been turning on the water at the most profuse rate. It has been laid on everywhere in the metropolis, but nowhere so liberally as on the Regent Street Arcade, where an opening has been made through the roof to give the water every facility of coming in. The consequence is, a series of the most popular aquatic *fêtes* has been given during the last week. The Beadle on one occasion paddled backwards and forwards in a most elegant gondola, and one or two SWANS from EDGAR'S enlivened considerably the watery scene. It is intended, as long as there is the present depth of water in the Arcade, to get up a few rowing matches, and the left-hand Beadle has challenged the right-hand Beadle to a race in tubs, to be drawn by two cats and two geese, for nuts and gingerbeer for a dozen. The contemplated Quadrant Regatta is not yet arranged, but it is to be thrown open to all the Beadles of England, and it is expected six-and-twenty will start for the gold hat-band which has been presented by MRS. DUGGINS, the lady in the hussar's jacket, who has recently opened the umbrella *depôt* at the corner kerbstone in the Regent Circus, and who encourages all the aquatic sports of the Arcade.

We believe bathing has been allowed after six o'clock, and a boatman has been commissioned by the Royal Humane Society to be in constant attendance in the Regent Street roads in the event of accidents. The two Beadles are being taught to swim under the able bladders of MR. KENWORTHY, whose fame at the National Baths is European. They both do "the plank" admirably; in fact, everything promises a gay season for this popular little watering-place of the metropolis.

ETHEREAL EXPERIENCES.

PUNCH is credibly informed that the use of Ether is superseding that of alcohol, for the production of "agreeable excitement." The ladies, who used to patronise the gin-shop, now drop in at the chemists', to call for their "ounce of Ether and a suction-pipe," instead of the classical "quartern and three outs."

We have made inquiries into the subject, and have received several communications corroborating the fact, and describing the effects of the new stimulant.

"*No.* 1.—*From* CIMABUE POTTS, *Historical Painter.*

"SIR,—I have imbibed Ether, and shall continue to do so till I have produced a work destined for immortality, which I confidently expect to do next week. I subjoin what I remember of my feelings during the ethereal state.

"*First stage.*—Imagined myself in Rome, in company with RAFAELLE, MR. ETTY, (R.A.), and the Editor of the *Art-Union*: the latter in chains, and trampled upon by us in succession. (You are aware I have been the butt of his malignant criticism *for years.*)

"*Second stage.*—Felt immortal, and was congratulated by the daily and weekly papers.

"*Third stage.*—Produced an historical picture, 25 feet by 15, representing the 'Discovery of the dead body of Harold after the Battle of Hastings;' received the premium of £700 from the Fine Arts Commissioners, and was dragged home by the populace in *my own* carriage!

"*Last stage.*—Recovered and found myself, with the bladder empty, in the Goose and Gridiron.

"You may make any use of the inclosed: my enemies will understand *the allusions.*

"Yours,

"CIMABUE POTTS."

"*No.* 2.—*From* THOMAS LINT, *a Student at* BARTHOLOMEW'S.

"DEAR PUNCH,—Ether parties are all the go amongst our fellows. JACK BONES (our clinical assistant, you know) has invented an inhaling apparatus. We sit round the table and suck it, like so many nabobs with their hookahs. It 's glorious, as you will see from this analysis of the effects of a quarter of an hour's jolly good suck.

"*First ten minutes.*—All-overish, with a tendency to pitch into opposite neighbour, succeeded by a lively sense of my own importance.

"*Second five minutes.*—A severe flood of tears, followed (I am told) by a surprising imitation of HERR VON JOEL, and a general challenge to the company.

"*Third five minutes.*—Fancied myself past the Hall and College; with a triumphant demonstration of the nervous system, illustrated by experiments. (I knocked down FLACCID, the new man.)

"*Fourth ten minutes.*—Felt out of debt, and as if in large practice.

"*Fifth ten minutes.*—Gradually came to without the least headache.

"Yours, and no mistake,

"THOMAS LINT."

"N.B. If you will drop in at 59, Goswell Street, you will find Ether on the table, and clean tubes, any Saturday from 9 till 12, P.M."

"*No.* 3.—*Medical Certificate.*

"THIS is to certify, that MR. BUNN, having imbibed five quarts of Ether, declared, on recovering from the effects, that he fancied he had received £5000 damages in the great case of BUNN *v.* LIND. MR. B. was observed to smile and slap his breeches-pocket during inhalation. MR. B., while in this state, produced a song not more than usually incoherent.

"(Signed) JOHN FEE, M.D., F.C.P."

We do not wonder, with these testimonies to its effects, to hear that a company is to be at once "Established to supply the public with an ounce of Ether, direct from Apothecaries' Hall, and a bladder."

THE GREAT CAXTON MEETING.

PUNCH must of course sympathise from the bottom of his heart—aye, from the very soles of his feet—in the proposition for a monument to CAXTON; and he was therefore present at a meeting held a few days ago to further the great object. Some people only further an object by sending it further off from the prospect of fulfilment, and the talk at the late CAXTON meeting was rather of the repulsive order of eloquence, which keeps a purpose back instead of helping it forward.

The report given in all the papers was, of course, very far from literal, but we are fortunately enabled to reproduce some of its most salient points, and particularly a few of those which were embodied in the speech of our old friend DR. BUCKLAND, of Megatherium notoriety. The following is a correct summary of his speech relative to CAXTON; from which it will be seen—as in the old *Hamlet* story—the name of CAXTON was almost entirely omitted:—

DR. BUCKLAND began by paying a compliment to the chairman, LORD MORPETH, and took the opportunity of going into the early history of the Woods and Forests. DR. BUCKLAND then struck out into Swallow Street, and suggested to everybody, that if anybody had walked down Swallow Street a hundred years ago, nobody would know Swallow Street again in its present altered condition. (Nothing said of CAXTON.) DR. BUCKLAND then took a turn into Vigo Lane, strolling leisurely along Glasshouse Street, asking the audience to accompany him to the station-house in Vine Street. (CAXTON still smothered in antiquarian small-talk.) DR. BUCKLAND then lingered over ARCHBISHOP TENYSON'S pump, dropped into NEWMAN'S stable-yard, and took a few gigantic strides along MAJOR FAUBERT'S passage. "I now come," said DR. BUCKLAND—after he had been loitering in Swallow Street for at least half an hour—"I now come to that great invention, the invention of printing." (A feeling of "Ah, now we shall have it at last!" was by this time pretty general.) DR. BUCKLAND proceeded to say that there had lately been discovered somewhere—no matter where; perhaps in some private mare's nest of his own—two wonderful birds, called by the name of Dinornis, having bodies half the size of an ostrich, and legs twice the length of a camel. (Here there was a sort of stare, as much as to say, "What is CAXTON to these birds, or they to CAXTON?") DR. BUCKLAND proceeded to enlarge a good deal on these birds, sometimes adding a yard or two to their legs, until at last he seemed to come to the point, or at least within a circuit of some few miles round it, by intimating that the invention of printing would communicate—what mighty fact do you think?—*the discovery of these two birds to the antipodes!!*

No doubt the object was very much advanced by the subscriptions, if there were any; but the talk will, we fear, be found rather an impediment, as it is calculated to frighten people away from taking part in a matter which serves as a peg to hang up such heavy stuff as DR. BUCKLAND'S eloquence.

THE TRUE BRITISH SAILOR!

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, on hoisting his flag at Portsmouth, has issued an address worthy of T. P. COOKE and the glorious days of the British Navy at the Surrey. Who can read the following inspiriting "bit of fat" (as it would be called in the theatre) without feeling the liveliest inclination to bless his dear eyes, and to bid any lubber "avast," who may not share his enthusiasm:—

"Any young fellows who are fond of fun had better rally round the Old Commodore, whose bit of blue flies on board of her, and who is looking out for squalls."

SIR CHARLES has written a letter to MR. T. P. COOKE, inviting him on board the flag-ship, where he will dance his celebrated hornpipe on the quarter-deck every two hours, and go through his unequalled parting address to his messmates (with the 'bacca-box business) mornings and evenings, for the purpose of exciting a true blue enthusiasm among the men. During the intervals of his performances on board, MR. T. P. COOKE will eat bank-notes between bread and butter, and fry watches at a public-house on "the Hard," thus giving the sailors, who are hanging back from volunteering, a pleasant anticipation of the sailor's life ashore, exactly in keeping with SIR C. NAPIER'S address.

"NOW, MARM, HERE'S A PLACE TO STAND ON. YER MAY SEE EVERY THINK; AND ONLY SIXPENCE!"

THE POLITICAL CHEAP-JACK.

WE understand that an eccentric personage, who has been long well known at Shrewsbury as a Political Cheap-Jack, has been lately going about in Buckinghamshire with his cart, whence he is in the habit of delivering an oration of this sort :—

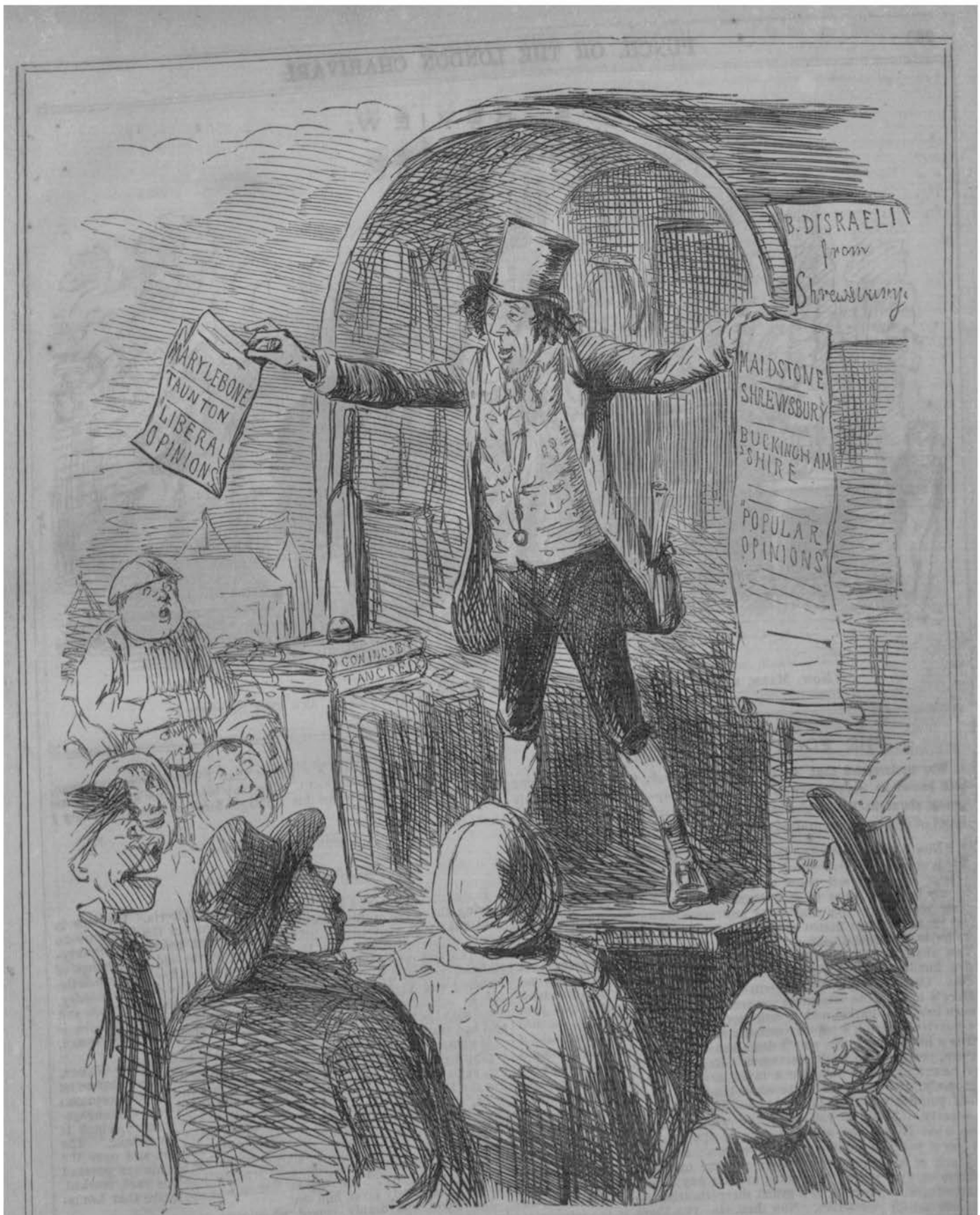
"Now, then, my Bucks—let me have the pleasure of making you a few presents—an assortment of valuable pledges, warranted never to break. I won't sell them to you; there is no such word as sell in my book. I mean to give them away. All I want in return is your plumpers: you that have any come forward—you that have got none may go home and turn your wives' mangles. Here's a valuable Protection screen, warranted to secure all your interests. You shall not have it for a million votes—nor ten thousand—nor five hundred—but I'll give it to any one of you who will offer me two. Or come, say one if you will—half a loaf is better than no bread. Here's a bushel to measure your corn by: you have only to put your corn into that bushel, and it will never come out under five pounds a quarter. Here's a popular measure for you! That gentleman asks if it is a liberal one? No, sir; I don't deal in liberal articles. If you want them, you must go to Brummagem. Here's a whip—a splendid whip—meant expressly to drive a taxed cart. Only handle this whip properly, and you'll throw the whole burden of taxation on the customs—if you don't do that, take my word for it, 'twill be clapped on your property. None of you want the whip?—Don't you?—Ah! I see what it is—you are in a state of apathy. Come, then, here's a box of political quinine pills to cure you. I a doctor?—I believe you—Jack of all trades, and master of some others. Here's a pair of shears—only try 'em; warranted to fleece any flock of constituents but agricultural. There'll be a grand sheep-shearing next session, mind; so look out for yourselves. Now then, sir—you, there, in the top-boots, with your broad-brimmed beaver—Here's a lot of soft-soap, my fine fellow—bless you! 'tis a soap that will wash out the National Debt. If you'll let me—just to convince you—I'll try it on the Malt-Tax; one experiment will prove the fact. What, will none of you let me lose any money with you? Come, now, here's a temptation.—You'll never resist this. Here's a puzzle that will amuse you to the end of your days, and your children, and your children's children—may you live to see them!—Here's a puzzle that I defy any man, woman, or child breathing to make out. Here, my lads, is the grand Asiatic Mystery!—Who'll give me his suffrages for the Asiatic Mystery? Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!"

LES ADIEUX D'ALGER.

BUGEAUD AFRICANUS has been recalled from Algeria. Previous to leaving the scene of his innumerable triumphs—in the *Moniteur*—he paid a farewell visit to the different tribes, who received him everywhere with open arms. The Marshal kept up the old interchange of civilities, and presented them, before parting, with a few balls, which the Kabyles returned with the true fire and hospitality of their country. Dancing was kept up to the very last hour of the Marshal's stay, and the French advanced backwards and forwards, and *chassé* and *dos-à-dosed* with the natives over the mountains, until they were fairly beaten, and had scarcely a leg to stand upon.

MARSHAL BUGEAUD had a pressing invitation from ABD-EL-KADER, hoping he should have the pleasure to see him in the Desert before he left, as he had made every preparation to give him a warm reception; but the Hero of a Hundred Razzias was compelled to defer this engagement, with many others, till his next visit to the country, which is expected to be, like MALBROOK'S, somewhere about "*la Trinité*." The Marshal, however, displayed his gallantry to the last, and gave the Emir another proof of that politeness which he has always pursued towards him in all his campaigns, by sending him his card, marked, "*Pour prendre congé;*" for ABD-EL-KADER was not aware that LOUIS-PHILIPPE had lately given him one.

The Emir was deeply moved when he heard of the Marshal's departure, for though he had always kept him at a proper distance, still he could not help regarding a man who made so many approaches towards him with some degree of pity, if not sympathy, and was pained to hear he was about to lose a faithful follower, who had so often gone out of his way to walk in his footsteps. It is rumoured the Marshal, on his return to France, will retire into private life, to complete the Commentaries "De Bello Africano," which he has begun in imitation of CÆSAR'S.



THE POLITICAL CHEAP-JACK.

"NOW, THEN, MY BUCKS—LET ME HAVE THE PLEASURE OF MAKING YOU A FEW PRESENTS—AN ASSORTMENT OF VALUABLE PLEDGES, WARRANTED NEVER TO BREAK," &c. &c.

The Complaynte of William Caxton.

Good friends, ne do ye not my ghost to shame,
If with thinne sounde it crepe into your ears;
Whenas, for laud of my yburied name,
Ye gatheren, wise clerks, and pleasant peers.
Demè ye not that, these four hundred years,
I, William Caxton, a dead heart did keepe
Withinne the Abbey walls my silent sleepe.

A breath of my quick spirit shrinèd was
In every booke yturned to print from pen,
By my true sons, and therewithal did pass
Athwart the ways and thro' the hearts of men,
And came, bringing me tidings back again
How waggèd the queint world, that so I knew
How my so little art to giant grew.

Naught cravèd I, ne canopy of stone,
Ne of fair brass a daintie monument;
For in my art, meseemèd, I alone
Had set up my own tomb-stone, veramènt.
To be embalmed in leaves I was content;
The clerkly abbey Latine seemèd chaffe
To me, that had all print for epitaph.

Nobler methought it was to bear about
True words that speken wise men, new and old,
Than be from brass by hurrying feet trod out,
Or stretch in effigy of marble cold;
The which, for sixpence each, cokenays behold,
Hurried by vergers that ne letten stop
No man, but all befoul with their slip-slop.

Ne wolde I, by my will, abroad be shewed,
With Nelson high upon a stone pillère,
Like that whereon, as clerkès seyn, abode
St. Simeon the foul for many a year.
And sore I trembled in my bones, for feare
Lest, on some arch, a figure meet of fun
I stand should, like y^e^ Duke of Wellington.

That I ne may be with no statue graced,
As statues goe, I pray each gentle heart!
Save me from all committees, hight of taste,
From "high" or "low," so it be "London" art—
From such honoùr full fain wolde I astart:
Still let me live in bookès, as of old,
Wherein ne Trench can plan ne Wyatt mould.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY FATHER OF A FAMILY.

Espected Sir,—I lately sent a contribution to a newspaper. I am proud to say it was inserted, but in such a reduced shape that I could have cried over it.

"The contribution in question was the birth of a son, (the doctor says it is the finest child he ever saw,) and it ran—the advertisement I mean—as follows:—

"'Yesterday at No.— Gower Street, the lady of Peter Briggs, Esq., officer of that distinguished corps in Her Majesty's service, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, and cousin to Sir John Cummings, merchant at Hong Kong, and late Registrar-General in the Isle of Man, of a son. The mother is doing remarkably well, and the child, a fine healthy boy, is the admiration of every one who has seen it. It has blue eyes, a Roman nose, and has not cried once.'

"Will you believe it, sir, all the latter part of the advertisement was cruelly omitted, and nothing but the plain fact stated, which I must say annoyed me exceedingly, as I felt a little proud (if you are a father, sir, you can understand my feelings) that the boy should resemble me; the last—a most beautiful girl—having been the very picture, eyes and all, of its beloved mother.

"Now, sir, where is the harm of inserting such advertisements, especially if they are paid for. I would not have minded £10 for the insertion of the above paragraph, which I am sure would have been deeply interesting to all our friends, every one of whom would have cared more about it than all the parliamentary debates in the world, let them be ever so lengthy. I am sure it would have made my old grandmother happy for a month.

"I write to know, sir, if there is any newspaper which prints such intelligence? If not, I am confident one started upon domestic principles, in which the birth of a child should be made a prominent feature, like the Overland Mail, and a marriage be allowed to occupy as much space as the news from the United States, would have an immense circulation. A dozen fathers, and as many mothers, might easily start it; the expenses would be rapidly paid by the advertisements, especially if no parent was limited to length. I cannot tell you, sir, my indignation when I saw my dear child compressed into a miserable line. I have written to the Editor in the most indignant style, but he has taken no notice of my letter, though I can assure you it was at least four pages long. I write to you, sir, as the Governor of the Nation, and hope you will find room for this complaint of

"A Father of a Family, (one boy and one girl)."

(We are so far convinced by our correspondent's letter, that we are actually preparing the prospectus of a new paper, to be called "The Morning Roll: a Journal for the Breakfast Table." No. 1 will be ready in a few days.)

THE BORE OF THE BILLET.

TO ILLUSTRIOUS QUARTERS.

The Humble Petition of divers persons, Publicans in Kensington and Hammersmith.

Humbly Sheweth,

That each of your Petitioners is liable, in case of need, to have a certain number of soldiers in Her Majesty's service quartered on his or her house, as the case may be; and that on Monday, the 14th inst., sundry soldiers, principally of the Rifles, were quartered upon your Petitioners, and remained in your Petitioners' houses many days, in order that they might be at hand to take part in a Review in Hyde Park, which your Petitioners humbly submit there was no particular necessity for holding.

That the said Review, which had been fixed for the 16th, was deferred, on account of the weather, to the 17th inst., whence your Petitioners were enforced so much the longer to harbour and entertain the said soldiers.

That the Review was held solely and entirely for the diversion and amusement of certain distinguished foreigners and others; and accordingly, that, for the same ends only, the soldiers were quartered on your Petitioners.

Your Petitioners therefore humbly hope, that you will be graciously pleased to suggest to the said distinguished foreigners and others, that inasmuch as it was merely for their pleasure and gratification that the soldiers were quartered upon your Petitioners, they, the distinguished foreigners and others aforesaid, ought, in reason, for the indemnification of your said Petitioners, to come down with something handsome.

And your Petitioners, as in duty bound, &c.

JULLIEN'S AUDIENCE IN RAINY WEATHER.

The *Mons* Jullien, which has lately raised its head at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, has been experiencing a few dampers during the past week by a series of showers more refreshing to the crops than acceptable to the curly locks of the conductor and his orchestra. On these occasions the visitors to the gardens have of course been few; and Jullien's chief audience have been bears, tigers, and those original lions of the place who are not well pleased at finding an opposition lion, or, as they would tauntingly term him, a Jew-lion, making his appearance amongst them. There has long been a malicious opposition from the beasts towards the band; and while the bear has done his worst to drown the ophycleide in growls, the hyena has been hard at work attempting to laugh down the piccolo. The serpent has hissed his namesake in the band, and the big drum has had much trouble to make itself heard amid the vehement bellowings of the bison. Of course, in rainy weather, the animals have had it all their own way, and they have stood erect on their poles, or forward in their cages, to laugh, as it were, to scorn the aimless efforts of the energetic Jullien. The Surrey Zoological Gardens, though a most delightful place of entertainment in fine weather, is about the last in the world that can derive any advantage from a literal overflow.

WHAT WE ARE GRADUALLY COMING TO.

CORN FOR THE BRUTE, AND BEANS FOR THE MAN.

THE MARLBOROUGH BREED.

It is stated in the papers that the Duke of Marlborough's estates are so overrun with game that the preservation of the latter threatens to be the partial destruction of the former. So completely is the accommodation of the animals *ferœ naturæ* preferred to the comfort and convenience of the human portion of the inhabitants, that it is in contemplation to devote a village entirely to the game, who are to be the place's sole inhabitants. It is probable that the hares may become so civilised in

time as to observe the numerous little courtesies of life, and interchange visits with each other in the comfortable consciousness of security, caused by the exclusion of their natural enemy, Man, from their place of residence. The annexed engraving presents a pleasing picture of the delights of social intercourse among the hares on the estate of the Duke of Marlborough.

What it is to be a Lord.

The Marquis of Normanby, it is rumoured, will resign his post of Ambassador at Paris. Will any one wager with us a private box at the Italian Opera House—on one of the Jenny Lind nights—that the appointment is not already filled up by a Lord? All the Whig appointments seem to be made after one general infallible rule—"None but noblemen need apply." We wonder Sir John Ross did not take out a live Lord with him to represent England at the North Pole. Oh, Debrett, Lodge, and Co.! We wish we could take a page out of your lordly books, and then we might have a chance of being made an ambassador to Timbuctoo, or one of the Sandwich Islands, or even of representing Her Majesty at that Little Pedlington of Europe, Saxe-Coburg.

THE RAILWAY'S GROSS MISMANAGEMENT;

OR, THE COMPLAINT OF THE "ENGINE-DRIVER" VERSIFIED.

You managers of railways,
Who meet to talk and dine,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the line;
Give ear unto your engineers,
And they will plainly show
All the wrack, which, alack!
From mismanagement doth flow.

All who are engine-drivers
Must have tremendous pluck,
For when you get upon your seat
You trust your life to luck;
You must not be faint-hearted
For crash or overthrow,
And the spills from the ills
Of mismanagement that flow.

Sometimes our trains are mix'd up,
Of common sense in spite,
With several heavy carriages,
And others that are light;
Out rolls the train, and no man
What next may come can know;
But whate'er happens here
From mismanagement doth flow.

But our worst source of peril
By far, is when we find
One engine put before the train,
And one to push behind;
Then jamm'd and crush'd together
Of carriages the row
Oft will be—which, you see,
From mismanagement doth flow.

Unto our trains, of breaksmen
There is a shameful lack;
And hence it is our lives and limbs
So often go to wrack,
For want of due assistance
Our peril when we know:
This defect from neglect
And mismanagement doth flow.

Ye legislative sages!
On you it is we call;
For as for our proprietors,
Gain is their all in all,
Which, for the public safety,
They somewhat must forego,
Or your bills stop those ills
From mismanagement that flow.

Dissolving Portraits.

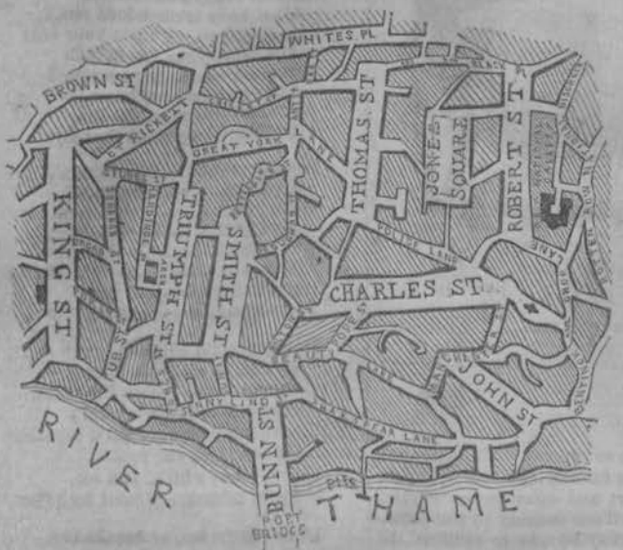
The motto for the Photographic Portraits should be "Light come, light go," for as they are taken by the means of light, so they disappear, *similia similibus*, by the same agency. A correspondent assures us, that of his portrait, which was only taken "a little month" ago, there is not a single feature left, excepting half a whisker, and that is gradually melting away into thin hair. We are sorry for our correspondent's whiskers, and recommend him to try a new portrait. We have been told that nothing can take the curl out of Beard's.

Mrs. Harris in Algeria.

Some one, we forget whom, calls Abd-el-Kader "the philosopher's stone of the French army."

MODERN STREETOLOGY.

STREETOLOGY is a modern science, but, like many other of the modern sciences, the more we advance in it, the further are we off from understanding it. The present cry is for wide streets, and accordingly wide streets are formed; but, like the gentleman who built a house without a staircase, our architects plan wide streets without any consideration how we are to get into them, or how we are to get out of them. Thus we get plenty of streets, but no thoroughfares; for every new way of any extent or importance is remarkable for its beginning at a place from which no one ever comes, and ending in a quarter to which no one is ever going. We have magnificent preparations made for opening a communication between Cook's Court and Jones's Buildings, but the approach from Cheapside to Blackfriars is still narrow, tortuous, and often inaccessible.



The nomenclature of new streets is conducted on the same absurd principle. The boldest ways have the meanest appellations, while the most illustrious titles are given to the dirtiest lanes and the humblest alleys. We find Smith Streets with foot-pavements twelve feet wide, while Waterloo Street is in some remote hole, through which WELLINGTON could never have brought up a van half the size of one of JULLIEN'S. The only really appropriately-styled thoroughfare we know of is Little Brougham Street, somewhere in Bermondsey, which winds about in the most extraordinary manner—now assuming an openness, and even a grandeur, that frequently belong to its prototype; and now falling away into the most meandering and most eccentric courses conceivable.

If we were to move for—and get—a return of the amount of streets monopolised by such ordinary names as JOHN, ROBERT, THOMAS, and GEORGE, to say nothing of our old friend SMITH, we should find the three first by themselves in possession of at least half the entire Metropolis. We hope that one of the earliest motions made in the new Parliament will be for a Committee to inquire into the expediency of erasing at least one half of the ROBERTS, JOHNS, GEORGES, and SMITHS from the Directory, or street statute-book.

ANOTHER FRENCH REVOLUTION!

ALL the clerks and persons employed by the French Government have received orders to shave off their moustaches. This daring attack upon the liberty of the person and the best affections of *La Jeune France* has not been made without the strongest precautions having been previously taken by the military authorities to suppress any public outbreak. The fortifications round Paris have been reinforced doubly strong, and the artillerymen of Vincennes have been ordered to stand to their guns with lighted matches, and to fire upon the capital at the very first demonstration of a seditious movement. We subjoin the latest intelligence we have received upon this, the greatest epoch which has occurred in French history since the three days of July.

June 10th.—LOUIS-PHILIPPE has retreated to Neuilly. His ministers have entreated him upon their knees to rescind the fatal order. His Majesty was firm, and excused himself by saying he was determined to put a new face upon France. "Oh, Sire!" exclaimed GUIZOT in an attitude of supplication, "alter the face of France as much as you please, but do not sacrifice the moustache which has so long adorned it; or else, have a care, Sire," continued the faithful Minister, in a voice of suffocating emotion, "the hairs of your Majesty's head are numbered." "*Mon ami, je porte une perruque,*" was His Majesty's only reply.

June 11th.—A deputation of ladies has waited upon the Queen at Neuilly. She was moved by the cries of the petitioners, and has promised to take the moustaches of France in hand. Confidence is restored, and this evening there was seen in the Boulevard des Italiens a *réunion* of the most popular "*barbes*" of Paris. Every variety of moustache attended, and the meeting was made still more formidable by the adhesion of the "imperials," who are naturally alarmed at this sweeping state of things, as they consider that if the moustaches fall, they will be cut off the next, as the two have generally hung together. Great excitement prevailed at ten o'clock, when it was announced at the *Cercle* that the MARQUIS DE VIEUXCARAMBOLE and JULES DE FUNAMBULE, who are known to be two of the most extensive whisker-growers throughout France, had joined the Moustachio-League. The Funds have fallen three centimes.

June 12th.—The *marchands de cire-à-moustache* have presented a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, in which they prove that if the moustaches go, they must go also, as their merchandise is only of that nature which enables them to live from "hand to mouth."

Twelve o'clock.—There is an alarming report at the Hôtel Vantini that EUGENE SUE has shaved off his moustache. This report, however, is disbelieved by those who know how much EUGENE loved it. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, however, has declared, "*sur la parole d'un gentilhomme,*" which cannot be disbelieved, that he has seen the moustache in a black frame, suspended with *immortelles*, in poor SUE'S bed-room, with the following epitaph underneath it: "*A mon plus fidèle ami, qui ne m'a jamais quitté pour 25 ans.*" VICTOR HUGO is writing an Ode to it.

Two o'clock.—The *Doctrinaires* declare that this tyranny of shaving off what a Frenchman clings to, of all others, with the greatest tenacity, is grounded upon the fortifications of Paris, in which it was evident the great plan of LOUIS-PHILIPPE was to "*raser toute la capitale, et de ce coup faire la barbe à toute la France.*"

June 13th.—There has been a long discussion in the Chamber of Deputies.—MONSIEUR THIERS vehemently stigmatised this odious law, in a speech of four hours, as a master-stroke on the part of LOUIS-PHILIPPE to renew the *entente cordiale*, by sending up the price of English razors and the *Savon de Vindsor*.

Ten o'clock.—The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE has joined the insurgents. The entire fleet is with him. The army is also on the side of the *Moustachionistes*. All the barbers have fled from Paris. The complexion of affairs is getting blacker every day. QUEEN CHRISTINA has sent in word to the Council of the League, that she gives her entire countenance to the cause. BOU MAZA has done the same. The excitement spreads every hour; there is no knowing where it will stop. It is reported that the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE has been arrested and shaved in a most barefaced manner, *à la pointe de la baïonette*, as an example to others. The Prince has not been seen, but his friends say he is too much cut up to show his face.

Twelve o'clock.—Two ministers have thrown up their *portefeuilles* sooner than resign their moustaches. MARSHAL SOULT has been closeted with a soap-brush for these three days. The last time the servant looked at him through the key-hole the old veteran was observed to be in tears. He evidently could not nerve his hand—that brave hand which has never trembled before—for the fatal blow. The Marshal's moustache is supposed to be in its fiftieth summer.

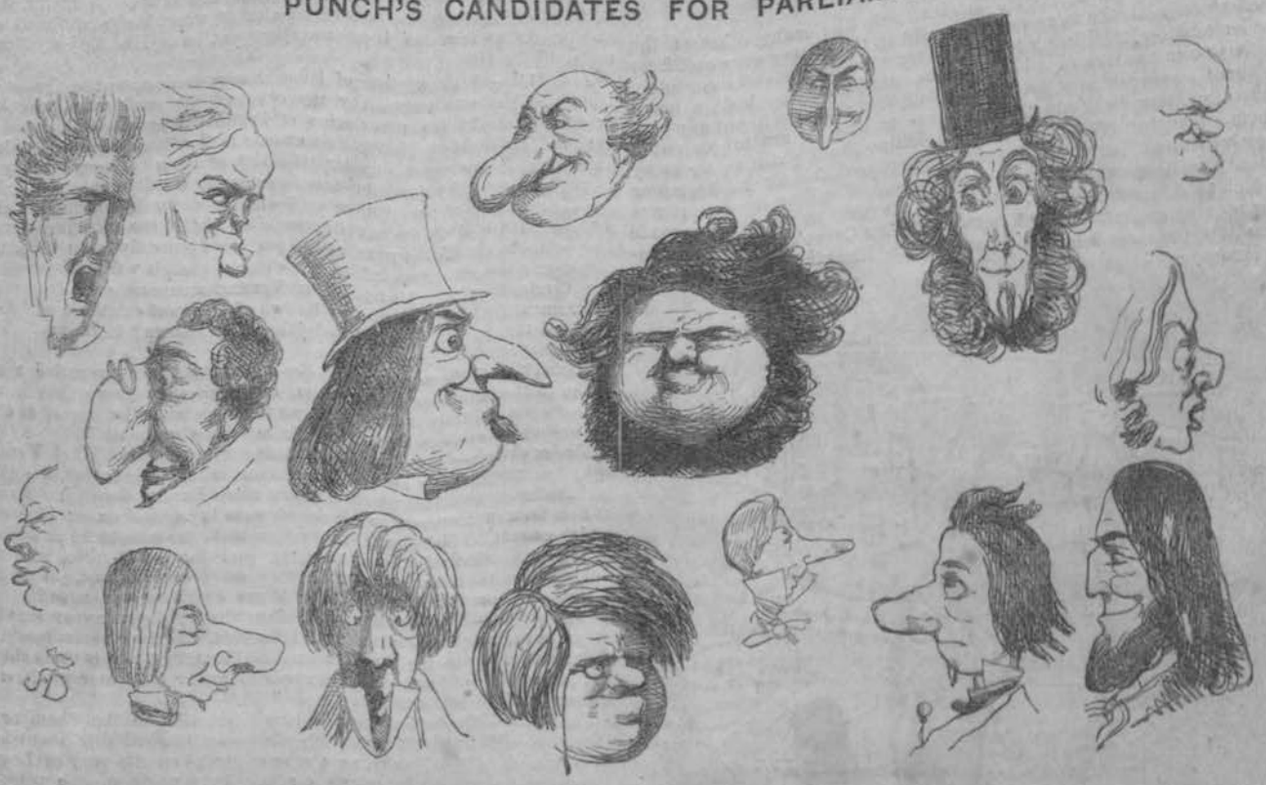
Three o'clock.—The public offices are all closed. All those holding Government appointments and moustaches have resigned, and as every person in France who has an appointment has also a moustache, there is not a person left to carry on the government. All the ministries are deserted. It is expected that the navy will next resign, and then the army, in which case LOUIS-PHILIPPE must abdicate, or else rescind the unpopular order. In the meantime he has thrown himself upon the fortifications of Paris. May they be a soft cushion to receive him in his fall!

We shall publish the progress of this revolution, which hitherto has been carried on without the spilling of a single drop of blood,—excepting in the case of the martyr SUE, who, in removing the left moustache, slightly cut himself,—in editions, if necessary, every quarter-of-an-hour. We have six electric telegraphs working night and day on the different roads. Let us hope the heir to the throne—the COMTE DE PARIS, who at present is too young to side one way or the other—will not be ultimately cut off by a *coup de rasoir!*

DOUBLY HAZARDOUS.

THE Insurance Offices intend introducing a clause into their policies to the effect that no insurance will be paid when the life has been lost on a railway. The risk is considered now to be infinitely greater than that of a sea voyage.

PUNCH'S CANDIDATES FOR PARLIAMENT.



No one will deny the right of *Punch* to have a voice, and a pretty loud one, too, in the choice of members for the ensuing Parliament. We have therefore to call upon the electors throughout the kingdom to send to Parliament such persons, who, if they cannot be either useful or ornamental, may at least be found amusing, by their being adapted to caricaturing purposes. An emptiness of head may be accompanied by a fulness of cheek, or a shortness of intellect by a length of face, that may prove in the highest degree acceptable to the public, through the representations of our artists. Those who cannot serve their country as politicians, may at least have the merit of diverting her as grotesques; and we hope that this will not be forgotten in those places where the candidates are on an equality of intellectual insignificance, while one can boast a large majority of moustache or some feature entitling him to decided pre-eminence. An enormous imperial would enable the supporters of such a man as COCHRANE, for instance, to get up a cry of "COCHRANE and TIP!" a cry which the electors of Westminster would, we trust, never disgrace themselves by attending to, however effectual it might be in some half-starved, sneaking little borough, to which we recommend the Wandering Minstrel to transfer the offer of his services. One of our artists has supplied us with a few sketches representing the sort of thing that would be useful for the artistical department of *Punch*, and we recommend candidates at once—if they wish for our support—to get themselves regularly "made up" after some of the accompanying patterns.

INCREDIBLE ATROCITY.

A STATEMENT, which really appears incredible, appeared on Friday, last week, in the columns of several of our contemporaries. It will be recollected that JOHN TAWELL, a Quaker, was executed in March, 1845, for murder; and that the wretched man left behind him a widow, and a large amount of property. Now, our contemporaries concur in asserting that this poor woman has been deprived of that property upon the pretence that by her husband's conviction it has become forfeited to the crown! They affirm that this monstrous act of cruelty was perpetrated by a commission of "escheat," held at Hertford on the evening of Thursday, the 17th instant. The *Times* informs us that—

"The proceedings did not commence until 3 o'clock, *and so secret had the matter been kept*, that, with the exception of the commissioners, jury, and legal gentlemen and witnesses connected with the inquiry, no persons except reporters were present."

Well might the authors of such iniquitous proceedings have kept them secret. But this is not all. The newspapers further relate that the commissioners proceeded to institute an inquiry as to the amount of the property left by TAWELL, which was estimated at nearly £8000; and that, in order to determine the question, they had actually the barbarity to summon before them MRS. TAWELL herself.

"MRS. TAWELL wept bitterly, and appeared to suffer great distress of mind."

Why, surely all our contemporaries must have been the dupes of some wicked incendiary. This case of legal atrocity may perhaps be founded on fact. Such a transaction may have occurred in the dark ages, in the times of hanging, drawing, quartering, and burning alive; or, a long while ago, it may have taken place in Turkey, where it was customary to raze a criminal's dwelling-place, and to sell his poor innocent widow and children for slaves; but at this day, no one, even in the East, except a BEDERHAN-BEY, would think of punishing a widow for the crime of her husband.

What an inconceivable refinement of cruelty, too, to drag the wife into court to beggar herself by her own evidence! We will venture to say that so shocking a piece of inhumanity never disgraced even the Star Chamber. As soon should we dream of seeing the penal statutes enforced, as the obsolete law which avenges itself on an offender's relatives. No: the whole story must have been a malignant fabrication, designed, by imputing to the Crown and the Government a deed revolting to humanity, to bring the constituted authorities into contempt.

A HINT TO CRUEL "GOVERNORS."—Sons are like jellies; as they are moulded so they will turn out.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 6, York Place, Stoke Newington, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office, in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by them, at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, JUNE 28th, 1845.

Panorama 8 September 1847
D. D. R. & A. Society

HIGH ART IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

PUNCH is, in the opinion of all artists, the only competent person to dictate to the Fine Arts' Commissioners. We have been overwhelmed with communications on the subject of the Westminster Hall Exhibition, just opened. The judges, like the man in the fable of the Miller and his Ass, seem to have given satisfaction to nobody among the artists, except the prizeholders. As some consolation for this, however, they have given satisfaction to everybody else.

MR. BEATO ANGELICO PUGIN HARDLINES sends us an indignant denunciation of the Commissioners, for overlooking the claims of early Christian Art. "Why," he asks, "is my picture of *Esther before Ahasuerus*, in my finest manner, and in good preservation (see sketch), allowed to stand unsold, against the wall of my studio? The canvass is ten feet by five; the figures are seven feet high, and in the grandly severe taste of the fourteenth century, when the Art was at its zenith of religious power and chastened purity. Look at the earnest manhood (not unmingled with rising admiration) of the king,

and the womanly, devotional sweetness of my *Esther*, and then tell me why this work is not filling a space in the House of Lords?"

MR. LEMPRIERE LAYMAN laments the utter absence of the good old subjects which used to form the leading incidents in the artist's History of England.

"There is not one picture of *Alfred burning the Cakes!*" groans MR. LAYMAN. "Where is our nationality? I looked in vain for a *Finding of the Body of Harold*. There is, it is true, a *Burial* of the said body, but a body must be found in order to be buried. Where, I ask, is *Margaret of Anjou and the Robber?* Where is *Eleanor sucking the Poison?* What can be expected for Art when we see our artists thus leaving the old paths to paint battles of Meanee, and such contemporary rubbish? We shall next see *Gil Blas* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* banished from the Academy."

He sends us the above sketch of his great work of *Charles II. in the Oak*, and demands public comparison between his picture and MR. TOWNSHEND'S, on the same subject. "Where, in MR. TOWNSHEND'S picture," he wishes to know, "is the characteristic touch of manners in the *Roundhead smoking the Pipe and Short-cut of the Period*, whom you see on the right of my sketch? Besides, MR. TOWNSHEND'S king has no insignia of royalty; by which the effect of his figure is utterly lost. Observe, too, the expression of concern in the face of my CHARLES, significant at once of his uncomfortable seat in the tree, and the presence of his enemies underneath. There is a delicate touch, with much point (though I say it,) in the Roundhead's pike, so dangerously near the Royal Person!"

We are anxious to do justice to our correspondents, and accordingly expose their sketches to the criticisms of the public—in other words—the readers of *Punch*.

Our Obituary.

WE regret to announce the death, at the family residence in George Street, Hanover Square, of the British and Foreign Institute, aged between four and five years, sincerely regretted by its sole surviving parent. Its death was occasioned by a rapid decline, but it had been weakly from its birth. Its end was tranquil, as it was completely exhausted by its previous struggles. A hatchment has been put up, with a "*Non*" inserted before the usual "*Resurgam.*"

The Parliamentary Bills of Mortality record an alarming number of deaths among the Infant Bills. This period of the session is usually fatal to numbers of these poor little creatures, whose parents are guilty of the greatest cruelty in deserting their offspring, or otherwise making away with them. The crime of Legislative Infanticide is, we are afraid, on the increase. A monster in human form, known by the name of STRUTT, was recently detected in the act of dropping a Railway Bill at the door of GEORGE HUDSON, ESQ., M.P.; and it is only by the greatest exertions of several humane individuals that the Health of Towns Bill, whose parents have been suspected of an intention of cruelly abandoning it, has been preserved alive through the session. It is not yet out of danger.

SELF-ACTING FURNITURE.

WE have seen advertisements in all the newspapers, for some months past, with this heading. We have not the least notion what it means. Can it be that modern ingenuity has invented furniture which helps us to discharge our duties to ourselves and our neighbours? We can at once appreciate the value of a bed which, at 6 o'clock every morning, turns out the occupant on the floor, and makes itself; or a shower-bath which persists steadily, on the coldest days, in irrigating its owner, notwithstanding his struggles; or chairs and tables which, the moment a quarter's rent is due, take themselves in execution, and set off to the broker's; or a dining-table which, the instant the guests had eaten and drunk as much as was good for them, should walk out of the dining-room and into the kitchen, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the gentleman at the head of it. It would be difficult to live otherwise than virtuously in a house thus furnished; and we trust that the "self-acting furniture" is constructed to act upon none but high and severe principles of social morality.

Counterfeit Suns.

TREMENDOUS consternation has lately prevailed in Scotland, according to the *Elgin Courant*, at the appearance of several counterfeit suns, which, as the Scotch are very slow at discriminating between real brilliance and sham, have proved very embarrassing. Various mistakes have arisen from persons endeavouring to keep themselves warm in the wrong sun, out of which the shine has not been sufficiently taken to prevent imposition. We understand that a respectable thermometer was so far deceived as to stand at sixty-five degrees in one of the fictitious suns, which the too credulous instrument had mistaken for the old original luminary.

A PROBLEM FOR THE PEOPLE.

Lent an umbrella—to get it back again.

Punch's Visits to some of the Courts of Europe.

MIDST all our long acquaintance with "Camps and Courts," we recollect nothing that can be compared with the County Court in Castle Street. Though we have never been regularly presented at this Court, we have succeeded in making our way thither; but we never have yet been, and we trust never shall be, implicated in any of its very numerous levees. The Castle Street County Court has no pretension to architectural grandeur. The façade is of the plainest deal; but, thrown up into relief, in the centre of a dark-green portal, is—or ought to be—a bright brass knocker. Time, and the boys—those inveterate enemies of everything great as well as of everything little—have perhaps torn it away, and plucked out by the very roots that tongue to tell the arrival of a visitor—that tongue which every reader of YOUNG's *Night Thoughts** will recognise as the bell in the door-post. There is something wondrously humble in the entrance to that County Court of Castle Street! Nothing marks it as the abode of Justice but a board over the top of the portal, bearing the simple words, "Westminster County Court;" and, if our recollection does not deceive us, it is bounded on one side by a tailor's, as if all who entered the County Court might be sewed up at the shortest notice.

The admittance by the passage is easy enough, and reminds us of our old friend the Latin quotation—

> ——"facilis descensus Averni,
> Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad
> Hic labor, hoc opus est;"

which may be literally rendered thus:—

> The door is open, and the passage short,
> Quick the descent into a County Court;
> The depths and dangers of the Law's abyss
> 'Tis really quite impossible to miss;
> But to escape that atmosphere of fees,
> And taste once more a purer, healthier breeze;
> To quit that Court where ushers grandly frown,
> Telling the various "parties" to stand down;
> To quit that Court—where PHIPPS enacts the Snob—
> Aye, that 's the labour—there 's, indeed, the job.

On penetrating to the end of the passage, which is ornamented with a series of *poses plastiques*, in the shape of drunken witnesses lolling against the walls, the stranger finds himself in a species of hall, where clerks are employed at various compartments, saying as little as they can in answer to inquiries, and doing as little as possible. At one end of this hall is a tremendous window, the lower part of which is formed of ground glass, but through an upper pane of the glazed aperture the top of a forensic wig is occasionally visible. The bobbing up and down of this venerated horse-hair reveals by glimpses the fact that justice is being administered on the other side of the window. The traveller now pursues his way towards the Court itself, threading a maze of human as well as wooden barricades; for what with the rails put up by the carpenter, and the still stronger obstacle of suitors, the steering is exceedingly difficult through the sea of mortality that leads by the Ushers' Straits to the Judges' Harbour.

It would be as well for every stranger intending to reconnoitre this Court, that he should take with him a guide, for the people employed on the spot are remarkable for their ignorance of everything connected with the locality.

Quitting the menials on the floor, let us soar up to the lofty bench, and join the judge, who, refreshed by a buttered biscuit, regaled by the scent of a bouquet, and irrigated by a stream from an adjacent decanter, pours forth his equitable decisions with a grace and dignity worthy of a higher tribunal. "His Lordship," "His Honour," "My Lud," "Sir," and "You, sir," as he is promiscuously called by the suitors or witnesses, in their various gradations of respect or familiarity, has indeed hard work of it; and a half-crown barometer nailed to the wall on his right hand must be a most useful guide in enabling him to preserve that coolness which marks his demeanour, however hot and angry may be the contest between plaintiffs, defendants, and visitors. The admirable discrimination he exhibits when a rush of contradictory oaths comes upon him from all quarters of the Court at once, is really something astonishing, and it is only the quickness of his intellect, sustained by the nicety of his discretion, that can enable MR. MOYLAN to administer justice with the firmness and facility for which he stands or rather sits conspicuous.

The bench itself is formed by one of those folding wash-hand stands, which open so as to make three compartments, and the outside couple are devoted to the decanter and bouquet, by which the judge is sustained in his arduous duties. The centre compartment is of course hollow, being intended for the wash-hand basin; but the learned judge covers the round aperture with his "pad" and note-book, while under it he keeps his bag of biscuits, as well as a bottle of scent, when the presence of one of the unwashed, as a party or a witness, brings a very strong case before the county tribunal.

Over the bench, but quite out of everybody's sight—except the usher's—is a clock, which is never right; and higher up is a skylight, which is never open. On the right and left of the bench are seats covered with green baize, intended, we suppose, for the reception of royal or illustrious visitors. On the left of the judge, but far enough off to make it difficult to get at him without tumbling over an inkstand, sits the associate, on whose left is a square hole in the wall, through which he is enabled to chat with the people in the next room, or play at catch-ball by darting papers from one apartment to the other through the little aperture. We must confess that none of this pastime was going on during our visit, for the associate was hard at work as long as we stayed, except when he was interrupted by the shouts for silence and the bad jokes of the spectacled usher.

Opposite the bench is a raised division for plaintiff and defendant, but the partition between them is too low to prevent that interchange of high words, which in nine cases out of ten they are sure to come to. The witnesses seem to consist of anybody who happens to be in the way; for we remarked, while we remained in court, that no fact stood a moment unsupported for want of a witness. The plaintiff and defendant took it in turns to swear down each other as long as a witness was left on either side; and as the judge, very properly, seemed to say, "What am to do? I must take the peoples' oaths!" the trial became a kind of game at odd man, in which the suitor who could go on longest bringing a fresh witness to the scratch, per force obtained the judgment in his favour.

As every alternate witness had to be summoned from a public-house hard by, there may be, perhaps, a house of call for witnesses somewhere in the neighbourhood. Whenever a fact was waiting to be deposed to, the party had only to run to the public-house, when he would return in a few minutes with somebody perfectly prepared to

swear to anything. It might be a saving of time to count the witnesses on both sides at once, and begin by giving a decision in

* YOUNG, or somebody else—but, in our multiplicity of reading and research, we may have made a mistake—calls a church-bell the "tongue of Time."

favour of that party who could show, as far as numbers are concerned, a balance of evidence. After witnessing some half-dozen of these trials, in which a majority of those who exercised the swearing franchise gained the victory, we went away with the conviction that a good deal of the justice brought home to every man's door cannot be taken in without the person who receives it being taken in also.

THE CANT OF CANTWELL.

An Irish Roman Catholic Bishop, most inappropriately named Cantwell, his cant being of the worst description, has addressed to Mr. John O'Connell a letter which contains the following passages :—

"The sad condition to which our unfortunate country is reduced, and the treatment which she has received from an English Parliament during this season of unexampled suffering, are sufficient to arouse every Irishman who is not lost to all sense of national honour, or national safety, into the most determined exertion to repeal the miscalled Act of Union. * * * * *

"The scenes of unparalleled wretchedness by which we are everywhere surrounded; the inhuman course pursued by the present Ministry; the inadequacy of their measures to save the lives of the famishing millions; the present legislation tending, or rather producing, the certainty of beggaring the rich and starving the destitute; the utter disregard of Irish feeling; the total ignorance of Irish wants, and thorough indifference of Irish interests evinced by England, whether Whig or Tory;—these extinguish in us every hope for our oppressed and misgoverned country, save what is to be derived from a domestic Parliament."

Dr. Cantwell complains of the "*treatment*" which Ireland has received from an English Parliament. What sort of treatment, on the part of Parliament, he would have preferred for her, it is difficult to conjecture. Since, however, he so decidedly condemns the treatment she has met with, we may presume that he would have wished it to be precisely the reverse of what it has been. Parliament would, therefore, perhaps have pleased Dr. Cantwell, had it, instead of taking Irish affairs into consideration as soon as it met, postponed them to the end of the session. Instead of voting several millions for the relief of Ireland, Parliament, to have gained Dr. Cantwell's approbation, should have refused to give her a sixpence. Parliament, in short, should have given Ireland neither time nor money; whereas it has bestowed more of both on her than it could afford, and consequently earns the abuse of Dr. Cantwell.

Moreover, according to Dr. Cantwell, the course which the Ministry has pursued towards the Irish is "inhuman." As that course consisted in feeding them, he evidently disapproves of their having been fed. "England, in fine," says Dr. Cantwell, "has shown an utter disregard of Irish feeling, and a total ignorance of Irish wants." Possibly, if Irish feeling and Irish wants are represented by Dr. Cantwell, England has evinced an utter disregard of Irish bad feeling, by ministering, in spite of it, to Irish necessities. She has also shown her ignorance of Irish wants, if those wants are comprised in the want of a "domestic Parliament." She has imagined that the wants of Ireland were the want of bread and potatoes, which, in her "total ignorance," she has done her best to supply. But if she does not know what the Irish want, she knows very well what they do not want. They do not want such bishops as Dr. Cantwell.

PRIMA FACIE ATTRACTION.

The Ethiopian Serenaders advertised, that on their final performance on Saturday, July the 3rd, they would "appear for the first time in white faces." It will, of course, be seen from this, that the Ethiopian Serenader, like somebody else, is not so black as he is painted. "To this complexion have we come at last," would have been a suitable motto for the occasion. We cannot very well account for the adoption of the black face; but we presume they thought that, like Bunn's "hollow hearts," it was necessary to "wear a mask," in order to obtain the general countenance. Those who have seen the serenaders *au beurre noir*, would scarcely be reconciled to seeing them *au naturel*, and the difficulty of believing black to be white, must of course be great among the public at large, by whom the Serenaders have been visited. Byron tells us of hair having "grown white in a single night," on account of "sudden fears;" but we remember no precedent for this change from a black skin to a white in a similarly brief period.

This washing of the serenading blackamoor white, is one of those wonders which can only be performed within the walls of a theatre, and we recommend its adoption by every party of black serenaders all over the kingdom.

A CRITICAL COMPLAINT.

One of the daily critics, in speaking of Mademoiselle Caroline, the female equestrian at Vauxhall, declares that she appeared to be a part of the horse, and the scribe intimates that he could not distinguish the fair rider from the animal. This is indeed holding her up as "the very *Centaur* of attraction."

SHAKESPEARE AT ASTLEY'S.

The exile of Shakespeare from Covent Garden and Drury Lane threatens now to be permanent. It is evidently a case of transportation for life, instead of mere banishment for a limited period. Under these circumstances there is every probability of an asylum being offered to him over the water at Astley's, where Sheridan has lately found a welcome. *Pizarro* has been literally "mounted," in fine style, at that Theatre; and we hope that instead of seeing Shakespeare only occasionally set to music, we may have the pleasure of seeing him very frequently set to harness and horsemanship. *Othello*, as an Equestrian Tragedy, would be a very exciting novelty.

There is also internal evidence in many of Shakespeare's plays, that the immortal bard contemplated availing himself of the resources of the royal amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, or some similar establishment, for a perfect performance of his tragedies. *Richard's* ardent longing for "a horse! a horse!" can only be accounted for upon the principle we have suggested. Again, it has been doubted by a very high authority, whether *Othello* does not utter some allusion to his keeping a gig in the beautiful speech which ends—according to the pronunciation of an eminent French artist—with the words, "Chay-horse is come again!" We are quite convinced that a rapid act of Shakespeareship in the circle at Astley's, would be an extremely attractive feature of the performances at that popular place of amusement. *Hamlet's* philosophy could not come with better effect than spoken from the back of a horse at full gallop, which would finely illustrate the ups and downs of life that astonish and perplex the moralist. We beg to recommend the subject to the serious attention of the friends of the late Swan of Avon. And we hope a public meeting will be called as early as possible.

Quite Natural.

An hospital on a very extensive scale, has just been built at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western. We have no doubt that in time every large railway will have its hospital, not only at the limits of the line, but at some of the principal stations. Such a result must be looked for in pursuance of the inevitable law that supply is the sure consequence of demand. We shall not be surprised if hospitals become regular portions of every railway scheme, for the Directors of a Company ought to have all the workings of the line as much under their own eyes as possible.

SERVING FRENCHMEN LIKE OYSTERS.

Louis-Philippe, when pressed for his reason why he had ordered all his government *employés* to shave off their moustaches, replied: "A constitutional weakness. I like my *natives* best with their beards off."

WANTED—A Few Party Cries for the approaching General Election. Persons possessing any of the above articles, either new ones or old, if in good condition, and not too much used, will meet with an immediate sale for them by applying at Westminster, to the door-keepers of the H. of C.

N.B. Separate entrances for parties with Whig and Tory Cries. A quantity of old Cries to be disposed of.

TO BE SOLD, *without reserve*, the Protectionists at the approaching Election.

STRANGE EPIDEMIC.

Our attention has been called to a fearful epidemic which seizes on the clerks engaged in paying money-orders at the new office in St. Martin's-le-Grand. The symptoms are very peculiar, and seem to affect every one the moment he takes his place as an underling in the office alluded to. The patient is first afflicted by a vacant staring of the eyes directly an order is presented to him for payment. He is then troubled with a sort of speechlessness—peculiar to official subordinates—which prevents him from answering the questions addressed to him. His hand seems to be paralysed, for it is scarcely able to take hold of the order on its being shown to him, and a species of coma overtakes him when he has to produce the money, which he can scarcely manage to take from his till, much less to count out and pay over without the greatest difficulty, which renders the operation very painful to witness, as well as exceedingly tedious. Sometimes the patient is seized with fits of yawning and stretching of the arms, particularly when the money-orders wanting his attention are unusually numerous. We have been requested to administer a little of the bark of our baton, which we have no doubt will act as a stimulant to these money-order functionaries, who are getting almost useless from their apathetic listlessness.

WIT OF A SAVANT.

We understand that Sir Roderick Impey Murchison was lately riding in a cab, the horse of which was what is technically termed "a screw." The brute refused to move, when Sir Roderick kindly suggested to the driver to provide himself in future with the "patent screw-propeller."

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION.

The danger of giving loose to the fancy is frequently pointed out; but we have seldom heard so sad a case as that of a friend of ours, who having lately been feeding on haricot beans, in consequence of the dearness of bread, has taken it into his head that he is changed into a horse, and has made various attempts to draw his own gig, while he is neglecting his ordinary avocations. What makes the matter worse is the fact that the poor fellow who fancies himself a horse is saddled with an enormous family; and he has been running about exclaiming, with *Macbeth*:—

"At least we'll die with harness on our backs,"

all over his neighbourhood.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI PASSING THE RUBICON

Mr. Disraeli has informed the electors of Buckinghamshire that "he waited some time before he determined to pass the Rubicon, but having passed the Rubicon, he will certainly go to Rome." He is at

liberty to go to Jericho if he likes; but we should like to know when it was that Disraeli passed the Rubicon, and what is the situation of the Rubicon that Disraeli passed? We find that he has elected himself champion of the yeomen, but we have not heard by whose suffrages this distinction has been secured to him. Such an event as Disraeli passing the Rubicon is worthy of a cartoon—an honour which it will be seen we have awarded it.

The Siege of Gibraltar.

We have heard a great deal of what railways were to do in annihilating time and space; but who would ever have thought that Gibraltar would so soon be brought within a sixpenny fare by the omnibus? Such is, nevertheless, the fact, for "the Rock" is now accessible from the Strand every five minutes, and that impregnable fortress in the Mediterranean is scarcely more than a stone's-throw from the "Elephant"—as the Elephant and Castle is curtly called by travellers.

The spirited proprietor of the Surrey Zoological Gardens, who has already brought Vesuvius home to every man's door, and rendered ancient Rome accessible to the million, has presented us with a cheap Gibraltar, which is served up *au naturel* in the first instance, and afterwards *à la Tartare*, for only one shilling. A survey of Gibraltar from the lake of the Surrey Zoological Gardens is exceedingly interesting, though the first glance convinced us that Gibraltar must have been sadly Gibr-altered since we were there last, if the picture is a *fac simile* of its present condition.

Jullien is there also, and we regret to say, is not half so effective by daylight as by gaslight. He looks very faded in the morning, and he reminded us a good deal of Vauxhall in the middle of winter.

PUNCH TO PETER BORTHWICK.

My Dear Peter,

In consequence of the very proper part you took on the Poor Law Amendment discussion, on Thursday, June 24th, in the House of Commons, when you succeeded in introducing a clause to prevent the separation of man and wife after the age of sixty, and beat the Prime Minister, who opposed this just and humane provision, I hereby give you an indemnity, for six months from this date, for all the folly you may have committed or may hereafter commit, until this protection expires. And I hereby call upon all my emissaries to give you "aid and protection" for the space I have named; and I subjoin a description of your person, by which you may be known by all my allies, in all quarters of the globe.

Name, Peter Borthwick.—Age, old enough to know (generally) better.—Forehead, usually considered empty until now.—Nose, poking into affairs it don't understand, except in the present instance.—Height, very insignificant, but materially raised on this occasion.

(Signed) Punch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will T. O. oblige the Editor by forwarding his address to the office?

"LITTLE JACK HORNER."

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Parliament Pie;

He put in his thumb
And pulled out *his* Plum,
And said, "What a good Boy am I!"

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END OF THE VOLUME.

00126515

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018